

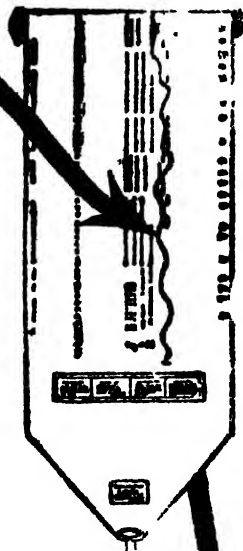
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EAST & WEST.

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CHRIST OR ANTI-CHRIST ?

THERE are many who suppose that the world will evolve through various stages into a state of universal peace, where its different populations will live in the enjoyment of such good things as have been provided for the use of mankind ; but the thoughtful student of History knows that such an idea is but the fanciful product of an idle brain. He reviews as far as possible the kingdoms of the earth from the beginning and finds that such has never been the case, on the contrary, no sooner has a nation arrived at the height of its perfection, either in military force, in art, and more especially in wealth, than it declines, for there are limits to human achievement and always something to be attained which is beyond the criticism of human judgment, because it is spiritual.

The Pharisees of old thought that the consummation of Christ's defeat was in his death upon the Cross ; we know it to have been the supreme moment of victory not only until time shall end, but through all eternity. We see men of great intellectual power *managing the Church*, but that is only really effective as far as such men recognise that " God is a spirit and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." There can be no new creative power in religion to suit national tastes ; it does not depend either on pomp, music, ritual, or a well-paid parson and a softly-cushioned pew. It does not crave for some new and mighty vision, some conqueror with the echoing blare of trumpets, the flashing of swords, the tramp of mighty men ; it will always come to the soul as the light does to the earth, without noise ; in a soft whisper as the spirit sighs for God and He meets that sigh as it ascends. Nature does not allow any partial

decay without endeavouring to cast it forth, so perhaps the Church strives through the centuries to cut away useless accumulations of error, or to meet the many forms of anti-Christ springing up around us to-day; for such men as Strauss, Eichhorn, Kant, and Nietzsche may be necessary parts of the Almighty purpose of God; but no dreams, however great, will, or can, displace the triumph of Jesus Christ, the Divine Son. To the end, the words of Julian the Apostate must ring true, "The Nazarene has conquered." You can give us no king, no hero, no chivalry however exalted, in exchange for our faith in Him. Anti-Christ may offer you World-Power, Wealth, Dominion, all that is beautiful in strength and pomp, but the *grave* bars the road, weariness and bitterness must come to all who delight in such things, for each needs a peculiar power of appreciation, associated only with the vigour of life.

I will not continue in my own words, but those of the Rev. T. J. Hardy,* who has studied in a German University and has many German friends. Mr. Hardy recently delivered an address called "A Word of Warning to Englishmen."

People of all kinds were much impressed, instructed and edified by it, and I purpose to give some extracts from this address; it loses the vigour imparted by the vivid personality and enthusiasm of the teacher, but none of its wisdom or truth; the subject will appeal to all Christians and those whose indignation has long since been aroused by the prostitution of German intellect in the service of Anti-Christ.

AT THE BACK OF THE WAR.

"No doubt you have come across in the newspapers such expressions as 'the German intellectuals', 'the new world faith,' and so forth. You have wondered what such expressions mean. They refer to a movement which has been going on in Germany, and particularly in Prussia, for the last forty years. That movement is largely traceable to the teachings of *Friedrich Nietzsche*.† What was the main drift of his teaching?

I say 'the main drift,' because it is not possible to do justice to the whole output of a voluminous writer like Nietzsche in a few sentences. There is much in his books which

* Rev. T. J. Hardy M. A. of St. Peters, Bournemouth.

† Friedrich Nietzsche born in 1844, and died in a mad-house after eight years' incarceration.

is of purely literary and artistic interest: but I am speaking here of the main drift of his teaching as it is affecting Europe to-day.

Shorn of its subtleties and side-issues, the teaching to which Nietzsche devoted his life is, that Christianity is a mistake, a mistake that has held Europe in slavery for nearly twenty centuries.

You probably find it difficult to credit such an idea. You have been accustomed from childhood to regard Christianity as unquestionably the path of advance. The bare idea that we must retrace our steps, and return where mankind stood before Christ came, seems as absurd to you as if someone were to advocate a return to savagery. Nevertheless, the idea that Christ was mistaken, and that all that has flowed from His influence has been a mistake, is the doctrine that is taken in all seriousness by the power which has thrown down the gauntlet to practically the whole of Christian Civilisation.

How did Nietzsche come by this idea? You have probably read General von Bernhardi's famous book, 'Germany and the Next War.' If so, you have seen the motto which von Bernhardi prefixes to that work: 'War and audacity have achieved more for mankind than charity.' Those words are taken from Nietzsche's principal work, 'Thus Spake Zarathustra.' 'War and audacity' are, according to Nietzsche, the lines along which man has been evolved, and along which he must advance to his goal in the 'superman.'

This means that Might alone is Right, and selfishness, cynical and unshaped, is the sole standard of conduct for the individual and the nation. Strife consequently is the normal condition of human existence. In his monstrous parody of the Beatitudes, Nietzsche says: 'Ye have heard men say, Blessed are the peacemakers, but I say, Blessed are the warmakers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jahweh the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahweh.'

On the other hand, 'Charity'—Nietzsche rightly selects the word as expressing the social aspect of Christianity—is an error, subversive of the strength of the race because it means the preservation of the weak and defenceless, the aged, the deformed—in a word, 'the unfit.' There is some case for hospitals so far as science is concerned, but only for the advancement of know-

ledge, not for the relief of misery. *Chastity* has no place in his programme. Need I go further into detail?

Charles Kingsley in his poem "Christmas Day" sums up the beneficent influence of Christ —

"Who taught mankind, . . .
 What 'tis to be a Man : to give, not take ;
 To serve, not rule : to nourish, not devour :
 To help, not crush ; if need to die, not live
 To give the eternal lie to sell and sense
 And all the brute within "

Turn round those contrasts, and you have "What 'tis to be a *Man*" according to the 'Gospel' of Nietzsche.

The contrast thus brought out is not exaggerated. It is not too much to say that Nietzsche hated Christ to the point of ferocity. That hatred is shared and carried to greater lengths by his disciples. They call themselves frankly "the Immoralists." They claim to be "beyond good and evil."

These disciples of Nietzsche are not an obscure party like the Nihilists, propagating their doctrine in secret, and frowned on by the National authorities : they are the trusted and authorised teachers in the great Universities of Prussia. They are the educators of the Officers who are matched against ours on the fields of Europe at this moment.

Why am I writing this? Why am I trying to help you to realise what Nietzsche's doctrine and the outcome of it is? To inflame you against Germany? Not at all, that is not my mission. I am drawing your attention to what is *at the back of this war*, because the same spirit of Anti-Christ is at our gates, because, incredible as it may seem to some of you, the doctrine of Nietzsche has already got a hold in England. I want to point out to you what it is that has prepared the way for it in Germany, and is preparing the way for it in this country.

You may have noticed the great change which has come over sceptical writings in this country within the last ten years. The old-fashioned scepticism which was championed by Huxley, and Tyndall and Clifford could and did still maintain Christian ideals. Its attitude was practically that of John Stuart Mill, who told us that we could have "no better ideal of virtue than so to live as Jesus Christ would approve our life." When Gladstone called

Mill "the Saint of Rationalism," he exactly characterised this kind of scepticism. It was rationalistic, but there was a certain after-glow of saintliness about it, though rather of a Puritan than of the Catholic type. So long as that spirit remained, the rule of Christ was not overthrown. So long as men continued to admire Jesus, they would, in some sort or other, conform to the kind of life that is based on Jesus.

We have changed all that. To-day, our foremost sceptical writers teach men to trample on the character and ideas of Jesus. That is an exceedingly serious indictment to make. I am going to prove it.

I am asking you to consider men who are living and writing to-day, teaching in our Universities and contributing to our current literature, who have repudiated, not only the Christian Creed, but Christian morals also.

Mr. H. W. Garrod, a distinguished scholar at Oxford, has recently told us that the whole system of Christ is obsolete.

Mr. Henry Sturt writes that of all the terrible intellectual disasters in Europe, the prevalence of the Bible, and particularly of the New Testament, is most to be deplored.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson, of Cambridge, is simply *contemptuous* of all Christian ideas.

Mr. H. G. Wells, in his study "First and Last Things," confesses that the personality of Jesus does not appeal to him at all. Perhaps the climax has been reached in the recent historical work of Mr. J. S. Hay, who has set up the Roman Heliogabalus, with all his *nameless vices*, as the standard of modern admiration.

I might quote Mr. Bernard Shaw, and several others, but I think the above citations sufficiently support my assertion that the new scepticism—which of course is not "scepticism" at all but a positive exaltation of Paganism over and above Christianity—has brought the Anti-Christian spirit which Nietzsche stands for within our own Universities, and that wider University, literature and the periodical press.

The enemy which has worked such a transformation in Germany within the last quarter of a century is at our own gates.

You may, however, tell me that the men and opinions cited are purely academic, that they do not affect the life of the nation, that the nation, as a whole, is not likely formally to repudiate Christianity.

EAST & WEST

‘ Nations do not formally repudiate or adopt.* Changes in national spirit do not come by Act of Parliament : the spirit and attitude of a people do not come in that way. A nation’s attitude grows imperceptibly. A nation’s civilisation changes imperceptibly. What we are witnessing to-day is what Mr. C. F. J. Masterman has aptly called “the impersonal motion of secular change.” It is not an affair of Charters and Declarations. It works silently and secretly as the leaven : but its results are made manifest.

What about the indifference to-day to Christian faith and practice ? The alienation of our men, and especially of our young men, from religion ? Twenty years ago you could confidently appeal to a Hyde Park crowd as to the moral beauty of the character of Jesus Christ : you cannot do so to-day.

I know that some people find it difficult to grasp the connexion between civilisation and the creed. Let me put it as briefly and plainly as I can.

At the back of Christian civilisation are Christian ideals. At the back of Christian ideals is faith in Christ as He is revealed in the New Testament and the Creed.

Create an impression in the public mind that the New Testament and the Creed are no longer credible, and you destroy the basis on which our civilisation is founded.

What many of us have been trusting to is civilisation alone, apart from the Creed. But the present War has proved to a demonstration that the thing that stands between us and unbridled human passion is certainly not civilisation.

Let me remind you of the opening sentences of the *Times*’ “ *History of the War.*” It begins.

“ Then was seen how frail were the political and commercial forces on which modern cosmopolitanism had fondly relied for the obliteration of national barriers. The elaborate system of European finance which, in the opinion of some, had rendered war impossible, no more availed to avert the catastrophe than the Utopian aspirations of international socialists, or the links with which a common culture had bound together the more educated of the Continent.”

Those are not the words of a preacher picturing the imaginary consequences of a Christian civilisation. They are the sober,

* Japan formally adopted Christianity.

disinterested statement of the leading English newspaper. They will go down to our descendants as the unvarnished record of the complete collapse of Education, Science, Art, Literature, Commerce, Finance—in a word of *Civilisation*—to hold in check the Lust of Power, once civilisation has been divorced from the Faiths that brought and spread it, once men are committed to the views which the teachers whom I have cited are to-day advocating in England.

The *Times* historian dwells only on the failure of civilisation to prevent war. But what would he have said had he foreseen, at the time of writing those sentences, the nameless horrors which have attended the progress of an army inspired by the Nietzschean spirit? It is difficult to write of those things calmly.

Well then, if the logic of facts deals thus with Nietzsche's premises, is it not time we turned our attention from the fields of Belgium to the Universities of England? Is it not time we protected ourselves against foreign ideas? We forget the deadly work of those who are familiarising our youth and our working classes with the very spirit that has set the spy his task, and Professors and Fellows of Colleges and *Litterateurs* who are more dangerous than those who enjoy our hospitality, to destroy us.

There have been times in the history of the States when self-protection has compelled those States to penalise the work of men, who, no matter from what motives, were propagating ideas subversive of the civilisation of those States. Such a time is now upon us. If it is criminal to poison a man's food, it is criminal to poison a Nation's beliefs.

English civilisation is in danger.

We need the direct methods of the soldier, not only on the fields of battle abroad, but in the forges and factories of thought at home.

* * * * *

My task is now to point out how the way has been and is being prepared for this return of Paganism which we have been contemplating both as an accomplished fact in Prussia, and as an incipient danger in England.

Let me recall an incident from my own experience. Twenty-three years ago a party of us, students at one of the German Universities, were discussing Nietzsche, who was then only just becoming a factor in German thought.

One of our number observed that he could never bring himself to believe that any civilised nation could commit itself to such a frank and cynical return to the jungle as we had been reading that day. Another, who has since made his mark in the Roman Catholic Church in Austria, replied that he would give Germany five and twenty years to adopt the whole Nietzschean ethos—if the criticism of the Gospels kept the course it was then holding in the Universities.

Little did I think with what startling force and in what lurid setting I was destined to see that remarkable prophecy fulfilled before that quarter of a century had expired.

Believing as I did then—as I do still with regard to certain parts of Germany—in the simple and strong humanity of the German race, in its truthfulness, in its sacred virtues of the hearth and altar, in its reverence, its love of parents and offspring, its devotion to the weak and helpless, the prophecy of that student seemed to me at the time like the ravings of a fanatic.

And now!

Now that I pass from the latest telegrams to turn again the pages of Nietzsche and von Bernhardt and Treitschke, and the comments of even such moderate men as Eucken and Haeckel and Harnack.

Well, the prophecy is fulfilled. It is true.

It is true, because the conditions of its fulfilment unhappily held good.

"If the criticism of the Gospels kept the course it was then holding in the Universities."

These are the words I would fasten upon the brain of the reader.

It is the criticism of the Gospels that has rendered the German mind incapable of the Christian Faith.

Do not misunderstand me; I do not mean that German criticism has disproved the evidences of the Christian religion. Nothing of the sort.

The evidences of the Christian religion are as strong to-day as ever they were.

What criticism has done is this: it has rendered the mind incapable of the Faith.

It has made Christianity little more than the raw material for critical investigation. It has divorced it from devotion.

It has divorced it from life. It has slain the spiritual perception, which is the organ of belief.

Criticism, however, is not an impersonal force. It is the sum of the work of certain individuals. I have no doubt they would be glad to be relieved of their responsibilities in the matter, but the fact remains that with them rests the responsibility, and I have no option but to say that I remind you of the work of men like Mr. Streeter, Mr. Kirsopp Lake and Mr. James Thompson, who are among the more prominent in the work of destructive criticism.

I say these men are pursuing the very same course as their pioneers--the Uhlans of Anti-Christ--have pursued in Germany.

You may say that the masses of our population know very little, and care very little, about the work of these men.

They both know and care a great deal more than some of us think.

Journalism, the true University of these days, sees to it that the conclusions of the "critics" filter through to every household and not merely to the eye but to the understanding of every clerk and artisan. In consequence our bread-winners of to-day have come to the conclusion that Christianity has exploded.

Here again, we shall not blame Journalism. It is not the function of Journalism to suppress, but to enlighten. The Journalist exists not to censor facts, but to mediate and explain them. It is not the newspapers that are at fault; it is the men whose conclusions the newspapers circulate.*

The working man reads the learned Doctor's pamphlets which his newspaper gives him and he naturally concludes that the people in the Church who really *know*, admit that Christianity is no longer believable, and that the rank and file of the clergy are only trying to bolster up a collapsing faith.

This sort of thing cannot go on. What is the use of supporting an army when the officers are allowed to fire on their own men from behind?

That, however, is not the main issue here. The main issue is this: if the critics are suffered to go on wrecking the faith in the name of a Christianity peculiar to themselves, what we must expect is the Germanising of England.

* There follow other examples of eminent scholars, but it is not necessary to give them. Faith has nothing to do with a man's intellectual attainments.

When the mind of a people is rendered incapable of the Catholic Faith, it reverts to the condition it was in before the Catholic Faith came

It is so in Prussia to-day. There is nothing to arrest such a reversion. Civilisation, apart from faith, is impotent. There are only two forces in this world: Christ and Anti-Christ.

In proportion as we value the civilisation based on Christ, we are pledged to take extreme measures with the men who are shaking the public confidence in Christ.

If you can calmly contemplate a national life in which Power and Lust are the dominating influences, then, and only then, can you afford to be indifferent to this state of things within the Church of the Nation

What is to be done?

Much, more than can be fully indicated here. But here are some indications of what we need:

- 1 A deepened conviction of the connection between Christian civilisation and the Catholic Faith.
- 2 A return to the simplicity of Religion. Religion has been partaking of the morbid intellectual development which has long threatened the West, and of which the troubles I have been pointing out are phases. God who made us compact of intellect, affections, and will, ordained that these elements should work together. When one of them is developed at the expense of the rest, disaster invariably follows.

This is no plea for an unintelligent religion. It is a plea that we should recognise the claims of religion on our devotion and our life as well as our intelligent interest. We must get back our devotion, our love of prayer, our wish to live so as to please God, our hatred of Sin, our true and soldierly loyalty to Christ.

Petitions are being sent to the Bishops to stay the unchartered freedom of thought employed by those who abuse their positions as priests and Christian teachers.

Should these petitions fail, other and stronger measures must be taken. At all costs we must purify the Church of traitors to the Faith. It must not avail such men to pose as scholars engaged in research. We do not want research—of the kind which has given these persons celebrity. We do not

need "foundations", what we need is men who will bring us into touch with Christ, and help us to live by the Faith of the Son of God

3 We have the New Testament and the Creed, we do not desire more. This we will have at whatever cost, believing that even the integrity of the Church is in consequence beside it

4 But what we want is Catholic Unity. Surely, it is not for nothing that France, Belgium, England and Russia, representing as they do among them the great phases of institutional Christianity, should have been brought together against a common foe. Surely, the situation is not without hope for the future of Christendom. Unity will certainly mean sacrifice. It will mean the putting aside of prejudice. It will mean to a great extent forgetfulness of the past. But is any sacrifice, *save only that of truth itself* too great to secure a consolidated front against the menace of the Anti-Christ? To this end everyone of us can contribute. We can influence. We can educate. We can pray the prayer of Christ, 'That they all may be one, even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee'

The early Church, fresh from the breath of Her Divine Founder, knew of but two forces operating in mankind—Christ and Anti-Christ

That was an age of sharp contrasts, when the Church was engaged in a life and death struggle with the spirit of the Cæsars.

The ages passed. The contrasts were worn down. There arose a third element which was neither quite the World nor quite the Church. Men called it civilisation.

In that element the Church and the World intermingled. On the one hand, the Church moderated her attitude. On the other, the nakedness of human passion was marked with Christian sentiment.

It has been reserved for these days to break down the illusion.

Once more the Church, the Catholic Faith, stands confronted with what has all along lurked beneath the impotent mask of

* I fear this will never happen until Christ comes. For men alas! are no more saints in the Church than out of it. Probably, it will be the persecutions of Anti-Christ that will make them so.

ivilisation, and now bestrides Europe in all its nakedness and horror.

Surely, Newman was inspired with the spirit of prophecy when he wrote in 1840, after speaking of the prospective failure of Liberalism to preserve the faith —

Then indeed will be the stern encounter, when two real and living principles — simple, entire, and consistent, one in the Church, the other out of it — at length rush upon each other, contending not names and words, or half views but for elementary notions and distinctive moral characters.

The 'stern encounter' has come.

Christ and Anti-Christ "two real and living principles — simple, entire, and consistent."

Under which banner are we fighting? For which principle are we making? To which Cause does our daily life contribute?

Christ or Anti-Christ. On the one hand Christ, and with Him all of gentleness, chivalry, faith, worship, pity, self-denial, reverence for God, and man and woman — on the other, Anti-Christ, and with him not only the wanton destroyers of peace, the devastators of Christian cities and Churches and seats of learning, the murderers of the aged and infirm, the outragers of women and children — the mutilators of poor dumb beasts, but also the scholarly corruptors of our Nation's youth, the infidels of English pulpits and lecture-rooms, the men who, arrayed in their robes of sacrifice — pass from the altar to betray the Son of Man with a kiss."

Mr. Hardy's words seem fully justified.

There is the striving of spirit against spirit, but were we not told it would be so? And this increase of evil has been checked by the rage of man against man, it has been curbed by War, Pestilence and Famine. Humanity has desired these things, has invited them, and they have come to give inward liberty, and while enduring these pains, men will not lose faith in God. Sorrow shows us the deep waters of the heart and they reflect the face of the Eternal Father — the protective force of their Creator, without whom they could not have been, and to whom nothing is great, and nothing is small.

When Christ was upon earth, He did not *compel* recognition of His Divine Power, as He could have done. *He does not do so even now.* His Church is still here, even though the men who

subscribe to the articles of Christian faith, do not believe them. These have entered the profession, only to earn their bread ; they are the wolves in sheep's clothing ; they are shepherds who tear the folk, and that in various ways •

It changes nothing, we pray, and the Holy Spirit comes to us, for has He not said—the Christ—"Lo ! I am with you always even unto the end of the World "

•
Oxford

VIOLET DE MALORTIE

LORD ROBERTS

November 14, 1914

Lord Roberts dead ? Nay, called to higher place
And gone
With his accustomed speed and martial grace
Alone

This time to meet
Whatever may confront him on the way
Again, we must say, nay—
An Angel stood to beckon and to greet him,
Together they
Passed to an open Gate through shadows dim
And then—to light of Day.

And we are left in sad and sorry plight
To weep
For him who has been strength to us and shown us light
• Through many a doubtful day.

Nay, nay, •
We cannot mourn his spirit called to leap
• Into the Glorious Day
We would that he had stayed with us till peace
To earth had come,
But he has reached the Land where fightings cease,
Called Home.

•
Oxford.

JEAN ROBERTS

THE IMPERIAL CONSCIENCE.

“THE common notion that peace and virtues of civil life flourish together, I found to be wholly untenable. The words on the lips of the muse of history were, peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and death,” said John Ruskin, the great lover of peace, art and humanity. In India Sri Krishna, who is worshipped by millions as God, preached to Arjun his “Divine Song,” urging him to fight, proclaiming that the warrior who died fighting on the battlefield, found the doors of Paradise ajar. Guru Gobind Singh in the Punjab transformed his disciples into the fighting arm of India. He told the Sikhs that the only boon worth praying for, was the boon of battle, to die fighting in a good cause. And yet in the carnage that has now been in progress for almost four months, in Europe, it is impossible to see the hidden good. Young men in the dawn of their manhood, the treasure and the pride of their homes, have gone forth smiling, and have been swept away into eternity. The mysteries of nature discovered by great research for the service of men, have turned earth into shambles, and Belgium into red ruin. The dawn of a new morning, flashing on fresh-fallen snow proclaims as ever such joy of life, over the trenches, where men are being decimated and the earth is reeking with blood. It seems that Nations accept no Law but that of force. Truth and Equity, applicable in the case of individuals, are powerless to prevail when men begin to see red. They submit only to “the Truth of the Sword and the Equity of the Rifle.”

What is the meaning of this great war? What are the belligerents fighting for? England and France were all for peace. The German Emperor seemed something of an idealist. The German Nation was growing in power and in wealth, having secured a good share of the markets of the world. It

seemed as if the world was interlinked and the wheel of fortune went round from which every nation of the world could take according to its power. The war has clouded the future of modern civilization. It seems a reversion to brute force, an attempt to monopolize the wheel of wealth which ceases to yield its treasures the moment it is stopped. The virile German Nation, in its desire to appropriate more than God gave her, must accept the responsibility. England and France were busy in the making of a new social order and realising their duty toward the weak and the broken. Then why this great war, which has placed the future of the Nations in the melting-pot, and left it to the arbitrament of the sword? Is it the old struggle between the forces of good and evil renewed for the last time? Can it be that the Nations were losing their National Conscience, and forgetting God? Is it because the great Empires, in the noontide of their power, were neglecting the sources which give them their strength? There can be no doubt that in the extreme possibilities of war, things that are artificial and untrue, lose all their values. The shadows disappear and the rulers and the ruled realise their interdependence. The war shows in the clearest possible light, that power comes to those who deserve it, and deserts those who abuse the trust in the piping times of peace. The war may, therefore, be the supreme test which periodically weighs nations and assigns them their real places. The rally round the throne from all sides of the British Empire, proves the success of the British rule. It shows that the ideals that the British Government represents, have not lost their force, or their future potentiality. The great war in which Indians, Englishmen and Colonials are fighting shoulder to shoulder, will give birth to an Imperial Conscience, to inspire the future policy of the Empire and show that it is held together with ties of love, and that the "White Man's Burden" is also his strength. They will realise that ancient barriers of country and colour are of little account, when men have to face 40 centimetre guns and give their lives for a common cause.

The far scattered British Empire shelters white men, brown men, and black men, some of whom belong to the middle ages, and represent times which seem entirely out of date in the modern world. The advance in the past hundred years in Europe has been so rapid, that it has removed afar the points of contact between the East and the West. The emancipated Western

finds little to respect in men fettered by caste and creed, and dark superstition. He is confirmed in the belief that his way only is the best for them. He is too far removed to understand them. He is ready to govern them justly, and he often gives all his time, labour and powers to his work. But he ignores the time-honoured ways of rulers, both in the East and the West, to win popular support, without which no Government, whether autocratic or otherwise, has ever secured any measure of success for any length of time. The Government by prestige is a fetish. The differences between the East and the West are comparatively of recent growth. The East has not moved, while the West has been rapidly marching onward. Tendencies that shape national character are subject to a perpetual change. They are governed by currents of ideas which are always in a state of flux and reflux. The contact with the West has set in motion a new set of ideas in the East, which have changed entirely old habits of thought and are sweeping away ancient barriers, which had their root in ideals which men held dear, and which they are now learning to ridicule. The changeless East is changing. It is useless to conjure up a fading picture of the past which has lost all its fire and colour. There is little attempt to guide the spirit of reform or charm away the wrong, which is caused by the splendid isolation of the rulers due to a constant sense of superiority. People talk of the good old relations which existed between the rulers and the ruled in the days that are gone. The two people were more friendly because they had much in common and were not divided by the difference in Ideals that now hold sway. The English rulers are governed by Oriental traditions which they have absorbed from the country, while Indians are influenced by Ideals which have come from the West. The East has altered and is altering, as the departing Ideals which enslaved sovereign reason are disappearing.

The war will serve a great purpose if it brings home to those who are responsible for the Government of the British Empire its diverse problems, its heavy responsibilities, coupled with its strength and its unity and its future greatness and glory which will depend wholly on the way the different parts of the Empire are associated with its Government.

Some people run away with the notion that enlightened self-interest is a virtue, and Empires are held by prestige and power.

They try to clothe motives, which have their root in self, with all the symbols of Justice and Truth. They deceive, however, only themselves. It is the truth that wins, goes direct into the heart and makes it its own. The rule by prestige combined with the personal qualities of the rulers may succeed for a time, but it is bound to fail in the long run unless it wins the confidence of the ruled. It is with nations as with men that "they can will to be good, but not to be clever, and if they will to be clever at all costs, they will be stupid just when and where they most need cleverness."

Can it be that the great war has come to re-establish the meaning of things? There is an everlasting law that rules the nations, and is often threatened by heresies as old as itself. The nations that live by it gain in power and influence; those that stray away from it are meted out unfailing retribution. God's great Law is often neglected and despised; it becomes faint and fades away, but with it fade away virtues that lead nations to the mount of glory. It wins conformity in the end through streams of blood and immense sacrifices. Some great and good men, have welcomed war in all times and ages. Is it because it proclaims the coming of a better day in which God's Law shall prevail, and all shadows, temptations, and circumstances that obscured the Truth shall make way for the Light, which men live by? The essence of this great law is righteousness. The Nations on the upward path do not ask whether they are superior or inferior to others, but have clear ideas of goodness and duty and follow them to the end. This is their greatest asset. It is her noble ideals that has made England great. Were there shadows gathering which only the flaming fires of a great war could chase away? Let us hope that the great struggle in which our empire is at present engaged, will leave behind an awakened Imperial Conscience for the good of both the East and the West.

HOME AT LAST

SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO WHAT RETIRED ANGLO-INDIANS CAN OR SHOULD DO WHEN ON PENSION.*

A SCOTCH padre once preached a sermon on the following text. "Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took fire-brands, and turned tail to tail, and put a fire-brand in the midst, between two tails"† After a slight pause, which was calculated to impress the congregation, the reverend gentleman commented his address. "The subject, ma brethren," he said "breestles with deeficulties."

I have every sympathy with the gud mon. A most abstruse problem confronted him. Doubtless, he grappled with it successfully, delivered a frontal and a flank attack and found himself master of the field of battle. But the conundrum which he set himself to elucidate was really simple in comparison with that which lies before me—"What old Indian Officers can or should do in England when on pension." That is the text which has been prescribed for our consideration. If Samson and his foxes "breestled with deeficulties," the enigma which faces me may be

* We have no doubt that Mr. Cox's article will be read with great interest not only by retired Anglo-Indians, but also by those who are still in the country. Mr Cox writes from personal experience and with sympathy and knowledge. But we wish he had dealt with the subject more constructively than in a rather desultory sort of way, and made certain definite suggestions whereby the Anglo-Indian at home could be useful, after retirement, not only to his own country but to the country in which he has spent the best part of his life and which provides him with a fairly comfortable pension in his old age. There is no doubt that most retired Anglo-Indians are far from being happy or contented with their lot. The drop in their income on retirement is appreciable, though it is not half so bad as in the case of retired Indians, and they probably pass most of their time doing nothing. But as Mr. Cox points out, there are a hundred and one ways in which they can be useful if they wish to. We invite our readers, Indian or Anglo-Indian, retired or in active service, to offer some further practical suggestions on this important subject.—*Ed. E. & W.*

compared with the riddle which the Sphinx propounded to (Edipus.

There are no means of cutting this Gordian knot. There is no panacea for all the trials which await the old "Qui Hai" when he goes Home to enjoy his pension. Can he enjoy it, or is he fated to lead a life of repining and discontent, to live in the past and fight his battles o'er again, like the superstitious veteran on the stage? A man who has given the best years of his life to India, retires to England with very mingled feelings. He cannot leave without regret the scene of his toil and his pleasures for the last thirty years or thereabouts, the land which has been his home, where he won his wife and where his children were born. In his heart of hearts he feels that no successor will be able to administer his district or division as efficiently as he did himself. But whether he waits until the age limit compels him to go, or prefers to bid farewell to the East a little earlier when the rules of the service permit him to retire, the day comes when the garlands of flowers are hung round his neck at the Apollo Bunder, and the momentous step is taken. On the whole, though not free from doubts, he looks forward with lively anticipation to the pleasures that await him. It is not nothing to live in his own country again amongst his own people, without having to count up the days for the expiration of his furlough, and arrange for his return passage.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

Most officers on leaving India for good are firmly convinced of two things. They believe that their experiences when on leave form a guide to what life in England will be when on pension. They also cherish a fond fancy that remunerative employment of some kind or another is destined to turn up for them. In almost every case these ideas are entirely fallacious and misleading. Most of us, when we came home on furlough, had saved some money to enjoy ourselves with; and if we went out again leaving a few unpaid bills to tailors or dress-makers, it did not particularly

matter. Financial matters righted themselves in a year or two. Meanwhile, there was no difficulty about going to a good many theatres, even in the stalls or dress-circle, not to speak of little suppers afterwards at the Monico or Trocadero. We thought nothing of flying about the country by rail, to visit old friends or explore interesting places. Naturally enough one looks forward to a repetition of this butterfly existence when on pension. But a nemesis of profound disappointment is in store for sanguine temperaments. All this is changed when we settle down to a house of our own. The question of ways and means assumes preponderating importance. The budget is always staring us in the face. How to make a shilling go as far as half-a-crown is the problem that we can never get away from. I am thinking principally of people with about five hundred pounds a year to live on. But the more favoured ones who have twice that income seem to have very similar experiences. There may be a son in the service who needs an allowance to supplement his pay, and a daughter still at school. A house at 60 pounds a year may sound reasonable. But—oh! these Buts and Its and Ans!—you find out that rates and taxes on this house amount to a third of the rent, and convert sixty pounds into ninety pounds. There wasn't anything of the kind in India. Why should there be here? What do you get for it? The lighting of the streets, police protection, school rates and poor rates. The first of these two one looks upon as a matter of course in a civilised country. Education only makes the growing generation discontented, and as for poor rates, you feel inclined to send round the hat yourself on behalf of the deserving poor! Subscription to funds or life insurances still go on. Applications for the support of all kinds of charitable institutions, all most excellent and worthy, come in by every post. At first you send a contribution to some of these. Later on you wish the process reversed! You start with what seems a very moderate domestic establishment as compared with the retinue of servants kept in India where the monthly wages bill came to nearly one hundred and fifty rupees. But later on you find that even this has to be reduced. The National Insurance Act contribution on each servant's wages is not exactly a negligible quantity. Both master and servant grumble heartily at this exaction when pay-day comes round. With the strictest economy when all the weekly, monthly, and quarterly bills are paid, there is

very little left for theatres, or other amusements, or for railway journeys. The imaginary "furlough standard" of living vanishes into thin air.

I have known a few, a very few, old Indians succeed in obtaining remunerative employment; just enough exceptions to prove the rule. One officer of the P. W. D. who was chairman of the Bombay Port Trust, holds a well-paid appointment in the North of England as chairman of the Education Committee. A gallant colonel is secretary of a club. A former District Superintendent of Police in the Bombay Presidency is Chief Constable of a county, but he retired before he was forty-five, the maximum age laid down by the regulations for admission to such appointments. A man of fifty-five had better make up his mind at once that there is no paid occupation awaiting him. Of course if he is prepared to put down a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds, he may become a director in a city company, or obtain a commercial partnership. Promises of fabulous dividends and profits tempt him. He does not realise that he is hopelessly ignorant of city methods. The chances, not to say the certainties, are, that if he goes in for anything of the kind, he will speedily lose the savings of a lifetime, and make acquaintance with the bankruptcy court. On the other hand, a retired officer who wants occupation just for the sake of occupation can find any amount of things to do. I can give my own experiences. I have worked for the National Service League and the Imperial Maritime League. I have been chairman of a local Conservative Association. For a year and a half I was a scoutmaster in Sir Robert Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts. This was, I think, the most arduous duty that I undertook. I find that old Indian officers are welcomed on Municipal Committees. All these things constitute extremely interesting ways of passing the time besides giving one a satisfactory feeling of being a useful citizen. In the first place that I took a house after retiring--a suburb of London--I was asked to serve on the Burial Board. Here I was certainly able to effect a reform. Shortly after I joined the Board the auditors came round and examined the accounts for the year. They raised an objection to the clerk having retained thirty pounds in his own hands instead of having deposited it in the bank as the rules directed him to. Strangely enough they never asked to see the money. Feeling somewhat suspicious I asked the clerk to show me the

thirty pounds. He said that he had never received it. This was amazing as he had entered the receipt in the book. I inquired the reason for this curious procedure. The explanation was that by the rules no funeral could be performed unless the fees were paid beforehand, but that funerals arrived without cash for payment of fees, and the undertakers promised to pay up the next day, which promises were frequently not fulfilled. The clerk, not liking to have a disagreeable scene on such solemn occasions, allowed the ceremonies to take place, and to conceal the fact that the rules regarding payment had been broken, he entered the amount of the fees as having been received. The whole thing was most irregular and unbusinesslike. I find similar slackness very common in England. As I had become responsible for the due observance of regulations, I set myself to put things into order. I went to the various firms of undertakers, and gave them to understand that in future funerals would not be performed, whether this entailed a disagreeable scene at the cemetery or not, unless the fees were paid beforehand, and also all existing arrears made good. There was no further trouble. Amongst other responsibilities that I have undertaken there has been recruiting for the Territorial force; and now duty as an officer of the National Reserve takes up a great deal of my time. It is a case of the willing horse. The more you do, the more you are asked to do.

Not only men but ladies can and do obtain occupations of many kinds, so long as they do not require payment for their services. Ladies can work for the Primrose League, Women's Union Defence League, Anti-Suffrage League (or Suffrage if their views incline to that direction) and endless other organizations of a more or less political nature. The duties frequently consist in getting up drawing-room meetings preliminary to public meetings, verifying registers of numbers, canvassing and so on. The work is generally pleasant and interesting, though from time to time disagreeable episodes are likely to occur. Thus it is clear that no retired Anglo-Indian need pine away for want of something to do.

On the whole I notice that the men who come back to this country are more contented with their lot than ladies. This is perhaps quite natural. For one thing a man is, as a rule, some years older than his partner in life. He recognises the fact that he is not so young as he was. He feels no inclination to go to a ball

and dance till three o'clock in the morning. He looks on the typical "burra khana" of an Indian station as a nuisance from which he is glad to have escaped. He soon finds it a relief not to have to put on dress clothes for dinner every day. He likes peace and quiet, and is satisfied with his pipe, a book, or a quiet game of cards in the evening. But a mem-saheb who has lived in the whirl of gaiety of the Poona or Bombay season undoubtedly finds existence in England appallingly dull, more especially as she has frequently been torn away from the life of excitement and variety before she has in the least ceased to enjoy it. No horses, no carriages, no band, no dinners, or dances! There is really solid reason for annoyance at so startling a change of circumstances and surroundings. It is undeniably the hardest of all for young girls who have been two or three years in some lively Indian station. They really have a deadly time. For one thing there are no men, I mean no men whom in India we should consider "Sahibs," between the ages of twenty and fifty. Where are they? What becomes of them? The empire has swept them away. They are serving in the army or navy or in the civil services of our various colonies and dependencies, planting, ranching, engineering, and spreading civilisation in the back of beyond. There is no room for them here unless they are prepared to carry a black bag to London every day and sit for many weary hours on an office stool to receive less than an engine-driver. They turn up at intervals on leave, have a good time for a few months, and then off they go again to the other end of nowhere. This is not satisfactory for the girls. No wonder that so many of them become suffragettes. If they cannot get husbands, well then, try for votes!

It might be thought from these desultory remarks, that England is a very dull country, without any amusements. Far from it. The money that is squandered upon racing, yachting, motoring, theatres, balls, suppers, hunting, shooting, golf, and goodness knows what all, is simply fabulous. The riches of England seem inexhaustible. That's just it. Money nowadays is the open sesame to everything. What has been called the "Champagne Standard" prevails. With people living all round about whose incomes may be reckoned in thousands, what can you do when you are limited to hundreds, and not many of them? Families on five hundred a year are in an awkward rack. The lower

shopkeepers, artisans, and so on, are much better off. They manage to get far more fun for their money.

Are there no compensations for the various disadvantages that I have touched upon? Does the come-down from, say fifteen hundred rupees a month to five hundred pounds a year, mean a total loss of all the little amenities that make life pleasant? Let us think it out. For one thing the comfort of a nice English house vastly exceeds that of an ordinary Indian bungalow. What dreadful barns we used to have to live in at some of the up-country stations! That is something to begin with. Then there is the climate. If you consider, not two or three months, but the whole twelve months in the year, no country can boast so good a climate as England. Charles II. used to say that one could be out of doors with comfort far more in England than anywhere else. The weather is of course proverbially uncertain. I think I had enough of certain weather in Upper Sind! But if the weather is capricious, and may disappoint us when we have arranged an outing in the summer, we often, on the other hand, get day after day of bright sunny weather with just a touch of frost in the winter. Winter or summer, when it is fine, what can be more enjoyable than for two or three people to go out for the day, taking their lunch with them, on bicycles, and wander along the lanes or over the beautiful moor-lands of a country like Surrey? You should always allow lots of time. It spoils it all to have to keep looking at one's watch or pressing on to reach one's destination at some particular hour. In the summer months I have often covered long distances, always at leisure. I have cycled from Reigate to Brighton and back in one day; and that means sixty-four miles.

Then there is the joy of Spring. India can give us no equivalent to this. Gradually the trees, which for so many months have been bare, begin to show little tinges of green, and day by day these become more and more distinct until nature has clothed the lovely woods with their mantle of summer verdure. A constant succession of wild flowers delights the eye. Milton's "rathèr prinrose" unfolds its delicate pale yellow flower in February, and is followed in due course by cowslips, wild violets, daffodils, anemones, blue-bells, fox-gloves, and dog-roses. Many a field is golden with butter-cups and marsh-mallows. Apple trees, pears, plums, and cherries are laden with blossom of the tenderest tints

imaginable. And in the summer the moors are robed with purple heather that gleams in the sunshine.

The garden too is an unfailing source of pleasure. In an Indian garden the Sahib sits in an easy chair, and tells the mali what to do. Here a jobbing gardener comes for perhaps one day in the week, and receives four and sixpence for his day's toil. What would an Indian mali think of that remuneration? But that will not keep the garden going. No, the Sahib must take spade and rake and hoe, and work hard himself. Back-breaking work it is too at times. However, *finis coronat opus*. What a wealth of beauty an English garden contains in the summer months! Hyacinths, mignonette, wall-flowers, roses, nasturtiums, sweet-peas and heliotropes vie with each other in pleasing the eye and scenting the air. Then in an environment which forbids us from giving dinner-parties, what more charming way of entertaining a few congenial friends than to invite them to tea on the lawn? The table is daintily arranged beneath the shade of a spreading oak or lime, and strawberries and Devonshire cream never seem to taste so well as out of doors.

I do not wish to imply that it is impossible to have any amusements. The summer always brings invitations to tennis and croquet parties. There may be some distance to go to them, but that does not much matter when you have a bicycle. Bridge or whist parties where the stakes are nominal are of fairly frequent occurrence in the winter. Card-players form little clubs, and meet at each other's houses in turn. The expense of golf is, as a rule, not prohibitive, though at some places the entrance fee and subscriptions are much higher than at others. Riding horses, very good ones too, can be hired at rates which one can now and then afford; and I occasionally allow myself the luxury of a gallop across the downs. Once a week the railway companies issue cheap return tickets to London; and one's pension will admit of a *matinée* at a theatre a few times in the year.

A very difficult question is where to settle down. So difficult indeed that old Indians frequently move several times before they find a place which satisfies all their requirements. Educational facilities, the train service, cheapness, soil and climate, apart from society and scenery, have to be considered. Many of these things can only be learnt by individual experience. People coming from India hardly realise how climate differs in various

parts of England. Moist, relaxing Devonshire suits some constitutions, while the air of the bracing eastern counties is held in favour by the more vigorous. I would never recommend people with a small income to live in the real country—I mean three or four miles from a town or a railway station. In these days when every one has a motor the position without this means of locomotion is impossible. Keeping even a pony carriage means keeping a man to look after it, and that simply eats money. A cottage in the country while the glory of the summer flower-fests is singularly fascinating. But the same cottage in winter, approached as it probably is by muddy lanes, presents a very different aspect; and for a small party the long dark winter evenings when there is no one to look in and nowhere to go out to, are exceedingly dull. There is another point which demands careful consideration, and that is the distance from London. If you live too near Town, six miles or so, there is the constant temptation to go there; and lunches and teas cost money. You cannot cross a street in London without having to spend something. Nevertheless, we cannot ignore the existence of London. To old Indians it is the centre of everything. To London one simply must go from time to time whether for business, shopping, family reunions, or social gatherings, such as the Indian Civil Service garden party in the Botanical Gardens, Regents Park, or for occasional sight-seeing and a little fun. If to avoid the cost of journeys to London it is decided to live a hundred and fifty miles away and not to go to London at all, one will find himself or herself somehow or other compelled to visit the metropolis at more or less distant intervals; and the expense of one long journey will amount to that of very many shorter ones. From my experience I should say that from twenty to twenty-five miles is a reasonable and satisfactory distance from London. There is most beautiful country within this radius. You are sufficiently far away to feel a temptation to rush up to town every few days, while when there is occasion to go the price of the railway ticket is not prohibitive.

Speaking for myself personally, with an experience of five and a half years' retirement, I do not think that I am offering any affront or slur to India, after serving for some thirty-two years in that noble country, when I say that it is a perpetual joy to me to be in England. If the conditions of retirement, the *otium cum dignitate*, are not exactly all that fancy paints, if the life

is rather too monotonous and uneventful, I can safely say that I find plenty to occupy my time, and very many pursuits that afford me interest and pleasure.

EDMUND C. COX.

Reigate.

A SONNET.

Beyond the hills, I watched through pensive eyes,
A spreading arch—more fairy-like than flowers,
It sprang from one dark cloud across the skies
And touch'd another, black with thunder showers,
Bride of the Rain ! thou Love of all his tears,
Through which the Sun shone, changing them to Thee,—
Elusive as the music of the spheres—
Or Dawn's first kiss upon the sleeping sea.
(Pale as the moon, in stillness kin to death,)
Then lovely as Thou art, in rose and jade,
Amber with lilac mingling in a breath,—
Till all is naught, for now the sun is shade
But God is Light, thus storm and stress may be,
The harbingers of true felicity

VIOLET DE MAJORIE.

Oxford

THE KASHMIR SHAWL TRADE.

KASHMIR is not only one of the finest countries that the sun shines upon, but also a storehouse of exquisite works of art fostered by a people renowned for elegant taste and artistic faculty like the Japanese in the Far East. They, from primitive simplicity, began to aim at elegance, influenced, no doubt, by the natural beauties with which they were surrounded and by a climate eminently suited to their application to industrial pursuits, together with the wealth of raw materials with which nature has profusely endowed this country. Their works of art excite the admiration of the artistic world. Shut up within the high walls of the Himalayas and guarded by its snowy giants, they were contented to live in a little world of their own from which they neither attempted nor desired to extricate themselves, and, being hardy and industrious by nature, applied themselves to industries, supporting their families with the produce of their labour. They lived and worked from day to day and year after year with unchanging uniformity. Turbulent times there were many. Adventurer after adventurer came and turned Kashmir into one endless battle-ground for the satisfaction of their ambition and avarice, spreading horror over the country. But the Kashmiri suffered it with passive resignation and did not distract himself from the craft of his forefather; bequeathed to him with all the secrets and mysteries of the art.

Kashmir was ever noted for, as the proverb says, *Shawl, Shali, Shalgam*, and the Kashmiri brought the shawl to the highest pitch of excellence.

It is a square or oblong article of dress worn in various ways hanging from the shoulders. It is characterised by the great elaboration and minute detail of its design and by the glowing harmony, brilliance, depth, softness, warmth and other

enduring qualities of its colours. These excellent qualities are the result of the raw material of the shawl manufacture which consists of the very fine, soft, short, flossy underwool called *Kel-phumb* or the *pushm* of Kel or shawl goat, a variety of *Capra-hircus* inhabiting the elevated regions of Tibet. These regions are, owing to their high altitude, intensely cold and Nature has clothed the goats with this warm wool. The higher the goats live, the finer and warmer is their wool. The Tibetans call the he-goat and the she-goat yielding the wool *Rabo* and *Rama* and the white and brown pashm, *Lena Karpo* and *Lena Nakpo* respectively and the Kel's pashm *tsokul*. There are several varieties of *pushm* according to the districts in which it is produced, but the finest comes from Changthong, the eastern district of Ladakh, and from Turfán. The *pushm* of Turfán is from goats in the Tian Shan mountains and the principal marts of collection are Turfán and Ush Turfán, and it comes by caravan by the Káshgar, Yárkand and Leh route. Those who trade in this commodity are called Tebet Baquál. In 1817, the price was Rs. 15 per 6 seers or a *trak* when the import was 60,000 maunds. The *pushm* was imported by merchants who exchanged it for manufactured shawls and *pushmina* which they disposed of advantageously in Russia.

The shawl wool is sorted with patient care by hand and spun into fine thread by the Kashmiri women. The work is of much delicacy owing to the shortness of the fibre. The various colours are dyed in the yarn. The subsequent weaving or needle-work is a work of great labour, and a fine shawl will occupy the whole time labour of three men for not less than a year. There are two principal classes, one is *Kam* or loom-woven shawls, woven in small segments which are sewn together with such precision and neatness that the sewing is quite imperceptible; the other is *Amlikár* in which over a ground of plain *pushmina* is worked by needle a minute and elaborate pattern. A peculiar method is employed by the weaver in converting his original design, which is prepared by a Naqásh, into a textile. Instead of working from a coloured drawing or diagram, the weaver has the pattern translated on paper into rows of symbols, each of which expresses the number of threads to be worked in, and their colour. The man who translates the pattern into written "key" is called *Khahan Wol*. The weaver has a tray at his

hand filled with bobbins of every required colour and with this written "key" or *talim*, as called by the Kashmiris, he sits on the loom, works in the stated number of threads of each colour as in the ciphered scrip with marvellous dexterity, knowing nothing of the pattern he is preparing, but gradually building up in a mechanical way the shawl on the warp before him. What a puzzle it would be to ordinary workers! Shawl is also manufactured at Meshed, Kirmán and Andijan in Persia and at Amritsar, Lahore and Ludhiana in the Punjab, but it is far deficient in quality as compared with that manufactured in Kashmir. Apart from the skill of the Kashmiri manufacturers, there is something peculiar in the atmosphere of Kashmir which renders the shawl soft.

The shawl formed a raiment of the votaries of fashion in Europe. Merchants made fortunes by trading in it and the industry once employed over 60,000 people and brought into the country 50 lakhs of rupees annually. Pushmina is the term used for all textile fabrics made from pushm-wool. It is woven plain or in various patterns of European tweed and serge. The earliest and indigenous pattern is in plain white or *Khudrang* (natural colour) or white and black stripes called *Resh Pombur*. The best white pushmina can now be had for Rs. 20 per yard.

When the Kashmiri took to this industry is not known, but it is certain that from ancient times Kashmir was famous for its shawls. The Mahábhárata says that when Krishna went to the Court of the Kurus as a delegate from the Pándavas, Dhratráshtra proposed to present him, among other things, 18,000 *avikam* or shawls, of the hilly country, obviously meaning Kashmir. We are also told that ere Tyne became a place for fishermen to dry their nets in, the Hindu-Phœnician commerce had an Asiatic renown; the spices of India were sought in the time of Solomon, and the gossamer muslin of Darca and the shawls of Kashmir adorned the proudest beauties at the Court of the Cæsars. In Judges V., 30, we read of diverse patterns of needlework, on both sides, and in Ezekiel mention is made of embroidered work brought by merchants in chests bound with cords and made of cedar, apparently referring to Kashmir shawls.

It is said that Mir Sayid Ali of Hamadán (Persia) *alias* Sháh Hamadán, who visited Kashmir for the second time in 1378 A.D. and stayed here for over two years, revived the shawl industry

which had long died out, and Sultán Qutb-ud-din, who was then the ruler of Kashmir, patronized, nourished and stimulated it. One hundred and sixty-two years later, a man of Khoqand in Central Asia, named Nagz Beg, who was a cook of Mirza Haider of Káshghar who came to Kashmir in 1540 A.D. and became the Vazier of Sultán Náruk Sháh, the then ruler of Kashmir, got a piece of pushmina, 1½ yards wide, prepared, and presented it to his master. Mirza Haider enquired as to what it was. The cook replied "Shawl." He called it by this name because the people of Khoqand call a blanket a shawl in their own tongue. A kind of blanket is even now manufactured in Central Asia which is called "Shawlki." Mirza Haider enquired, "Is it *yak* (single) shawl or *du* (double) shawl?" The cook replied, "Du shawl." It is said that since then this cloth came to be called by this name. Mirza Haider liked the shawl very much, gave a reward to the man and ordered him to prepare another piece. Mirza Haider, by the way, is said to have introduced the manufacture of paper in Kashmir and also the use of tea among the people. One day a workman who was weaving the pushmina was, for some negligence, given a slap on his face at which his nose bled and the pushmina got sprinkled with blood. Nagz Beg found that the pushmina looked prettier with the red spots and, intelligent as he was, he got pushmina thread dyed with red and green colours and wound on twigs and with them the cloth was woven so that red and green spots were alternately in regular rows produced on it. Nagz Beg was popularly called Naqd Beg and the tomb of this unique figure in the history of shawl industry is on the road at the Babribág near Zadibal, the northern suburb of Srinagar.

The art of *Amlikár* shawl was invented by a Kashmiri named Saída Bábbá *alias* Ala Bábbá in the time of Azád Khán, an Afghán Governor, who ruled in Kashmir from 1783 to 1785 A.D. Ala Bábbá was living at the Sokálipura mqbhalla in Srinagar. It is said he was led to his invention by observing a fowl walking on a white sheet of cloth which left prints of his dirty feet on it and suggested to him that if he covered these stains with coloured thread with the help of the needle the cloth would look prettier. He did so and finding his attempt successful, marvellously improved upon it. This remarkable man's tomb is at Rájwer Kadal. His lineal descendant now living is his great-grandson named Asad

Ah who is residing at Nawa Kadal in Srinagar and pursuing his great-grandfather's calling, namely, darning.

Gradually, the improvement in the manufacture of shawl was developed with development in the refinement of taste, and *hashia* or borders were added to it. In 1864 A.D. in the time of Mahārāja Ranbir Singh, *Du Rukha* shawls or shawls with face on both sides were first made. The inventors were Mustafa-Pandit and Aziz Pandit. These ingenious men also invented the *Zamin past gul balda* shawls or shawls with raised floral work. Mustafa Pandit's great grand-son is Khwāja Muhammad Makbul, now the Assistant Secretary of the Srinagar Municipality.

The *hashiu* is the border and may be single, double or triple. The *palla* is the embroidery at the two ends. The *dhour* or running ornament covers all the four sides. The *kunj* is the cluster of flowers or cone in the corners. The *mattun* is the decorated or plain part of the central ground. When the row of cones is double, it is called *dokunj*. A special design was used for shawls sent to Armenia, with which country a large trade existed. The design is credited to Khwāja Yusaf, an Armenian, who was in Kashmir in 1803.

The shawl designs are various, chiefly conventional and some realistic. The well-known cone pattern, with flowing curves and minute diaper of flowers, is elaborated in the most artistic manner and combined with floral decorations and a maze of scrolls. It has been called the Persian Cone or flame pattern. The cone, I think, is a purely Kashmiri idea. Some say the design was conceived from the windings of the Jhelum river and the scrolls were in imitation of the ripples of water caused by the back flow near the bridges on the Jhelum. It may, therefore, be called the "Jhelum pattern." The Jigha pattern was a favourite one with the Moghals, and it is said that many Andijini weavers were brought to Kashmir by the Moghals, and settled in Srinagar. Some believe that the cone is really an elaboration of an Egyptian Cocus of ancient origin.

The process of shawl manufacture is briefly as follows :—

(1) The wool is cleaned and treated with rice paste. Soap is never used.

(2) Spinning into yarn by the spinning wheel.

(3) Dyeing. In olden days 64 different tints could be given. Lac is used as a mordant.

(4) The yarn is then adjusted for the warp and for the weft. Both the warp and weft are double.

(5) Weaving. The warp is fixed in the loom. The coloured yarn is wound round small sticks which may be about 1,500 in number in richly embroidered shawls. The weaver has no idea what he has to produce, but only manipulates the sticks according to the *tahm*.

(6) Washing in the water of the Dal lake, this water being peculiarly suited to render the pushmina soft and the colours fast and bright.

(7) Cleaning of discoloured hairs by *Purzagars*. The colour of white pushmina is confirmed by application of sulphur fumes.

The actual cost of a Rumal was as follows

	Rs
Asalkar (wages of shawl weavers)	300
Commission 25 per cent	75
Pushm, dyeing	75
Tax	75
Bukhsish Ustad (Master's wages)	75
Miscellaneous expenses designing, etc	25

Total cost was rupees 625. The shawl was sold in Paris for Rs. 2,000, including insurance, freight, auctioneer's commission and other agency charges.

During the Moghul period, the art of shawl weaving attained to such excellence that a shawl, $1\frac{1}{2}$ square yard in dimensions, could be produced which could pass twisted through a finger ring. The Moghals had a great liking for it. "His Majesty Akbar," Abul Fazal says in the *Ayini Akbari*, "is very fond of shawls. By the solicitude of His Majesty the manufacture of shawls in Kashmir is in a very flourishing state." Bernier, who visited Kashmir in 1665 A.D. with Aurangzeb, says, "What may be considered peculiar to Kashmir, and the staple commodity which particularly promotes the trade of the country and fills it with wealth, is the prodigious quantity of shawls, which they manufacture, and which gives occupation even to the little children." In the year 1739, Nadir Shah sent an Ambassador to Constantinople with fifteen elephant loads of presents to the Sultan, amongst which there were a number of Kashmir shawls which the Sultan presented to the wives of the ambassa-

dors in his Court. The Moghal Emperor, Muhammad Sháh, who ruled from 1720 to 1742 A.D., was presented with a shawl of a floral design which he liked very much and he ordered that Rs. 40,000 worth of shawls of the same design be manufactured and supplied to him annually. The design came to be called after the name of the Emperor, *Butá Muhammad Shahi*.

In 1752 A.D. Kashmir fell into the hands of the Afgháns and they too, like the Moghals, had a special liking for shawls. The demand gave a great impetus to the improvement of the industry. Jámawár, Dordar and Qasába or Rumál of diverse and beautiful designs were manufactured. The trade became extensive and there was great demand for shawls in Persia, Afghánistán and Turkistán and latterly in Russia.

In 1796 A.D. in the time of Abdullah Khán, an Afghan Governor of Kashmir, a blind man, named Sayid Yahaya, had come from Baghdád as a visitor to Kashmir, and when he took leave from Abdullah Khán to return, the latter gave him a present of an orange-coloured shawl. The Sayid having gone to Egypt gave it as a present to the Khediv there. Soon after, Napoleon Bonaparte came to Egypt with his famous fleet with the object of harassing the English in India, but it was smashed up by Nelson on the Nile. The Khediv gave him this shawl as a present. Napoleon sent it to France and it attracted the fashionable people there. French traders soon came to Kashmir and exported shawls of various designs to France.

Under the Sikh rule also, the trade was in a flourishing condition. Moorcroft, who visited Kashmir in 1822, says :—"The whole value of shawl-goods manufactured in Kashmir may be estimated at about thirty-five lakhs of rupees per annum." Diwán Kripá Rám was Governor in 1827 A.D. and then the trade was in a most prosperous condition, but a terrible famine visited the land in Col. Mián Singh's time in 1834 which gave a crushing blow to the manufacture.

When Mahárája Guláb Singh became the ruler in 1846 A.D., the shawl trade began to revive and commenced one of its most glorious epochs. The income to the State from 1846 to 1869 was, on an average, seven lakhs of rupees per annum. In Mahárája Ranbir Singh's time the export of shawls valued, on an average, 28 lakhs of rupees per annum. There was again great demand for shawls in France and other European countries.

The French Agents who came to Kashmir for the purchase of shawls were

Year.	Name	No of years on duty	Name of Firms Purchasing
1856-57	Petit	1	Cheviense Aubertot
1856-57	Oujouanet	1	Frainy Gramaniac
1860-63	Lebraton	3	Do do
1863-70	Olive	7	Do. do.
1866-71	Lefebvre	5	Do do.
1865-68	Gosselin	3	Cie des Indes
1867-70	Brochard	3	Oshedé Blemont.
1865-82	Dauvergne	17	Cie des Indes

Messrs Uhlán & Co were the agents of the State in France who sold shawls for the State Wallace Brothers of London and Hoeschede, Poute, Fissier & Co, of Paris were the agents of Khwaja Amu Ju Gangu, then one of the chief shawl traders of Kashmir Larousse says— "In spite of heavy duty laid by the French Government, 110 Francs on a piece, whatever its value the trade flourished" Those were palmy days in this industry All Kashmir and its wife were busy amassing handsome fortunes in the shawl trade Night was joint labourer with the day in the busy pastime of making gold out of the industry, and the shawl merchants became so rich and luxurious as to put milk in place of water in their *hugās* A shawl was then manufactured by Muzā Ah Kārkhāndāi which fetched as much as Rs 12 500

Having thus touched the apex of its prosperity, the shawl trade now began to dwindle The Franco-German war of 1870 and its disastrous consequences inflicted an almost mortal injury on it The fashion of using shawls changed The little flickering life in the trade that remained, was practically extinguished by the famine of 1878 and 1879. Mahārājā Rānbi Singh nobly coped with the famine and advanced ten lakhs of rupees to the shawl manufacturers, but the shawl trade never recovered from the shock A large number of shawl weavers left Kashmir and settled in Amritsar and Lahore where, up to this date, their descendants weave shawls. The art also lost all its charms, as imitative attempts to reproduce designs dictated by the West, which had no affinity with the real art, had been made, and the old artistic designs, the result of the earnest thinking of thousands

of minds spread over hundreds of years, had been given up. Sir George Birdwood says:—"The Kashmir trade in shawl has been ruined through the quickness with which the caste weavers have adopted 'the improved shawl patterns' which the French agents of the Paris import-houses have set before them."

The shawl trade was controlled by a Department called Dágshawl or Shawl Marking Department. The Dágshawl office was located in a large house at Saraf Kadal in Srinagar which still exists there. It originally belonged to a man named Majlis Rái who had come from the Punjab in 1685 A.D. and possessed property worth one crore of rupces which he lost in a plunder of the city in the time of Ibrahim Khán, a Governor of Kashmir appointed by Aurangzeb. The Dágshawl came into existence in this way. During the Afghán period saffron and grains, which the State got as its own share, were sold by the State at higher than the market rates to the inhabitants, of course against their wishes. The selling was called *niliv* or *tarah*. The loss that this system entailed on the people was ruinous. It told very severely on the shawl weavers who then numbered 12,000. In the time of the Afghán Governor, Háji Karim Dád (1776-83 A.D.), this practice was abolished and in lieu of it the shawl weavers were made to pay a small tax which was called *Qasur-i-sháli*. Subsequently, Háji Karim Dád, at the suggestion of his Peshkar, Pandit Dáyá Rám Quli, abolished the *Qasur-i-sháli*, but levied a tax on each piece of pashmina manufactured. The pashmina was caused to be brought before a State Official called *Dárogah Dágshawl* and its price was assessed by appraisers called *Muqim* or *Wáfresh* and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pie per rupee was recovered as duty. It is said that the income of the Dágshawl on the first day of its establishment was 1 anna $4\frac{1}{2}$ pies only. Then in order to see that no smuggling might occur and that every piece manufactured did not go without payment of duty, guards, called *Shaqdars*, were appointed by the State. Small pieces, sometimes only a few inches in dimensions which had been woven by a shawl weaver, were cut away and taken to Dágshawl. When several such pieces were made, they were patched up into a piece of the required dimensions and it was stamped and made over to the *Khurdies* (the agents of shawl manufacturers) after recovering the duty from them. Nobody could sell a piece which did not bear the stamp of Dágshawl in token of payment of duty thereon. The

evasion of the payment made one liable to condign punishment. In 1806 A.D., in the time of the Afghán Governor, Sher Muhammad Khán Mukhtár-ud-daula, the duty was enhanced to 3 pies per rupee *ad valorem*. In the time of his son, Atá Muhammad Khán (1806-13 A.D.), there were 18,000 looms working, which increased to 24,000 when Sardar Azim Khán became the Governor of Kashmir in 1813. Azim Khán revived the old *Niliv* system and gave ten kharwars of shali per loom. The shawl produced on the loom was taken by the State and the price of shali, together with the amount of duty leviable on the shawl, was recovered from the price of the shawl. When Kashmir passed into the hands of the Sikhs, there had remained only six thousand looms and yet the duty was further raised to three annas per rupee *ad valorem*, and twelve kharwars of shali at three rupees per kharwar, of which the actual market price was only one rupee, were issued for each loom. The industry would have been extinguished had not a far-sighted man, named Jawáhir Mal, been then the Dárogah of the Dágshawl. He, in order to save the industry from being killed, increased the price of shawls by one quarter over the market rate. The result was that the owner of the shawl would accept four annas less per rupee from the Dárogah and sell the shawl to him. The latter would give him, after deducting the price of the shali advanced, a cheque for the balance on another shawl weaver who was a State debtor, to pay him from the amount of arrears outstanding against him. Thus all shawls were sold to the Dárogah and the traders purchased them from him. In this way the shawl weavers enjoyed some relief in spite of the enhancement of duty and the *Niliv*, and in a short time the number of looms increased to 16,000. In the time of the Sikh Governor, Diwán Kripá Rám, his priest, Misr Bhola Náth, was appointed as Dárogah of the Dágshawl and he levied a tax of Rs. 75 on each loom at which three weavers worked, and the forcible selling of grains to them, was continued. He thus realized twelve lakhs of rupees per year as income of the Dágshawl, but it meant sucking out all blood from the weavers. To the tyrannies of Bhola Náth were added the wrath of nature in the shape of flood and famine and the result was the number of looms shrank to 1,200. Colonel Mián Singh was now the Governor of Kashmir. He was a good statesman and he reintroduced the

old system of Jawàhir Mal with the result that, in the course of four years, the number of looms increased to 6,000. Bhola Nàth was succeeded by Rám Dyál as Dárogah of the Dágshawl. It was represented to him by the Kárkhándárs that no sooner had a man learnt his work and probably some of employer's trade secrets than he rose in value in labour market and every effort was made by his master's rivals to secure his service. The practice of enticing away an operative was therefore made penal. The shawl weavers were thus in absolute charge of the Kárkhándárs or proprietors of factories. They became then slaves and were forced to work very hard. In the first year of his appointment Rám Dyál fixed Rs 98 as tax per loom and besides gave per loom 20 kharwars of shali at two rupees per kharwar and five kharwars at the actual market rate which was Rs 1-4. In the second year Rám Dyál added 2½ kharwars to the *Niliv*, making the total quantity of the *Niliv* 27½ kharwars, the price of which was Rs 52 and this, together with the duty, amounted to Rs 150 per loom. The weaver might or might not work, but he had to pay.

In the time of Sheikh Ghulám Mohidin (1841-46 A.D.) Dalpat was appointed as Dárogah and he further enhanced the duty by 19 rupees and continued the *Niliv* as in the time of Mián Singh. Each loom was to have 2½ men, that is, two adults and one boy and Rs. 170 were to be recovered per loom. In those days there were only five thousand looms and 22 shawl weavers are said to have cut off their thumbs in order to be disabled to pursue the profession of shawl weaving and thus be saved from the tyrannies of their Karkhándárs.

The tyrannies had at last an end. In 1846, Sheikh Imám Din came as the Sikh Governor and he set the shawl weavers free from the bondage of the Kárkhándárs and remitted two annas per kharwar in the rate of shali advanced as *Niliv*. He also made the Kárkhándárs give three rupees as reward to each weaver and increase their wages by one quarter and pay one-third of the *Niliv* to themselves. This revived the industry.

During the reign of Mahārāja Guláb Singh (1846-57 A.D.) there were 27,000 weavers working at 11,000 looms. Pandit Ráj Kák Dar was appointed as Dárogah and he was to recover and pay to the State twelve lakhs of chilki rupees. The weavers had to pay 49 chilkiyas each and they were again kept in charge of Kárkhándárs and none could go from one Kárkhándár to

another. The consequence was that the weavers were forced to work hard from morning to evening and 4½ *dumries* were paid to them as wages for weaving the thread wound on 1,000 twigs. A weaver could thus earn seven or eight *chilki* rupees per month, out of which he had to pay five *chilki*s as tax and had to live on only two or three *chilki*s. Some lazy and sickly weavers could earn only two or three rupees per month and could not pay the tax and thus became Government debtors.

In 1868 A.D., Mahārāja Ranbir Singh remitted the tax of 48 *chilki*s by 11 *chilki*s, and three years after remitted four annas from the *tarah* of 15 *kharwars* of shali which each weaver had to pay at 2-4-0 *chilki*s a *kharwar*, and ordered to receive pashmina in lieu of cash. For ten years this system continued, but as the demand for shawls in Europe declined, the State suffered much loss. The *Kārkhāndārs* too became poor and in 1876 A.D. the Mahārāja reduced the tax from 27 *chilki*s to ten *chilki*s. Next year the tax was eleven *chilki*s per man and the *mitw* was totally abolished. Owing to the famine of 1877 and the declining demand of shawls, the shawl weavers were reduced to poverty and the Mahārāja then abolished the tax altogether and in its place a permit duty of 20 *chilki*s and customs duty of eleven *chilki*s i.e., 31 *chilki*s per cent. on the value of the shawls sold or exported were recovered. This too was remitted in 1886 by His Highness the present Mahārāja when he ascended the *Gaddi*.

There remained customs and octroi duties on the shawl wool and shawls, which was Rs. 6-10-3 per cent. but these were also remitted by His Highness in 1901, A.D.

The account that I have given above shows that the shawl trade policy from the very beginning carried with it the germs of its decay. It overlooked the fundamental community of interest of both employer and employed in the success of their joint enterprise. By attempting to wrest all profits from the labourer, the employer over-reached himself and killed the industry. The shawl weaver was considered an inferior order of creation as the proverb would indicate:—

“*Sini muhima sotsal, rani muhima Khandvāo.*”

“If any kind of meat cannot be had, one can still get a mallow, and if a husband cannot be had, one can still get a shawl weaver.”

The shawl weaver was ruled with a rod of iron and held in check with a relentless persistency against which he was powerless. He picked up a precarious livelihood. None cared to give support to him, hence the proverb—*Khandvav himayat* or support to a shawl weaver—a phrase synonymous with feeble and nominal support. How could the industry live under such an economically unsound condition ?

The art of shawl weaving is not happily dead yet, nor will it die so long as this State and the British Raj endure, even if there remains absolutely no market for this commodity. Under the treaty of 1846 with the British Government, the State sends a yearly tribute of one shawl and three Rumáls to the King-Emperor. The State gets these manufactured by contract for Rs. 8,000, but the quality is far from what it used to be.

The present position of shawl manufacturers may be compared to miserable jerry-built cottages rising over the ruins of a city of grand edifices of architectural beauty. The quality of pushm is not like what it used to be, the dyeing is imperfect, the old designs are abandoned and cheap showy goods have taken the place of real works of art, in the same manner as chrome prints have replaced master paintings in oil. Many shawl weavers have, as I have stated before, left Kashmir and settled elsewhere, others have taken to carpet-making or embroidery. Still the number of shawl weavers is large. The Census of 1911 registered five shawl and one *húshia* shawl factories in Srinagar.

The following articles are now produced :—

1. Plain pushmina.
2. Long shawl with border, palla and konj, Ekrukha and Durukha.
3. Jámawár, Ekrukha and Durukha of various patterns or designs.
4. Sáries.
5. Ladies' embroidered shawls—half shawls, with embroideries so arranged as to show itself on both the exposed surfaces when folded across the middle.
6. Capes, blouses, chogas and dress pieces, with needle work called Dávkár and Katunkár.

Ekrukha Jámawárs still find market in Persia, Afghánistán and Hyderábád. Durukha Jámawárs and long shawls are in demand in Bengál.

The use of imported European wool threatens the extinction of what remains of the shawl industry. Cheap German and Australian yarn is imported in large quantities and is used for various purposes for which pashm was formerly used. "Raffle" is made from this wool and sometimes sold as pashmina. The Raffle is rough and not durable and altogether a flimsy article, but, in the hands of the expert weavers of Kashmir, it is a clever imitation. Real pashmina will last a lifetime, but the life of the Raffle is not more than three or four years.

It is, of course, impossible for the shawl industry to regain its lost position. It is difficult to imagine that fashion will again turn in favour of the Kashmir shawl. It will never be again the necessary complement of a wedding trousseau in Europe. Fashion is great tyrant. But there are signs in the whole civilized world of an awakening of true artistic instinct and it is being acknowledged that the traditional handicraft work of the East represents the highest perfection of art. "It provides," as a recent writer says, "examples of absolute perfection for the inspiration of that general elevation of thought and feeling which all true students receive from the contemplation of master pieces of art and invention, without which it is impossible to excel in any human undertaking."

There is, therefore, every hope of this masterpiece of the weaver's art again receiving the appreciation it deserves. It may not reappear in the same form as before, but may reassert itself in another form more adapted to modern taste, which is distinctly changing into the artistic. In the history of the Kashmir shawl there have been many periods of ruin and revival, and the present, I think, is the time when an earnest effort is needed and, it done in the right manner, the creation of the Kashmiri weaver's loom may again become the most fashionable garment in Europe.

But shawl is not the be-all and end-all of the industries. The Kashmiri finds scope for his artistic faculties in many other directions. The industrial development of Srinagar has been very rapid in recent years, thanks to the peace and contentment enjoyed under the benign rule of His Highness the Maharaja. The present leading industries are wood-carving, silver and copper work, embroidery, papier-mache and carpets. They have attained to a degree of excellence and their qualities are fast improving. These works of art are in increasing demand all over the world.

and there is, therefore, a great and prosperous future before this country. The way to prosperity for a country is the systematic development of its resources and the organization of a trained industrial population. This cardinal principle has been recognised by His Highness the Mahārāja. He has established a Technical Institute, which is bound to prove an inestimable boon to this country. It will be a source of a general diffusion of opportunities for technical training and will afford facilities for the training of artisans and craftsmen. It will also guide them to correct the defects in, and give finish and touch to, the works of art. Finish and touch are at present lacking in the Kashmir works of art, and if they are learnt by the Kashmiri craftsmen and artisans, the economic future of Kashmir promises to be exceedingly bright.

Srinagar.

ANAND KOUL

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE HEROIC AGE

Shakspeare The Authorised Version of the Bible.

GREAT as may have been the influence of Bacon and certain of his contemporaries, we have to notice something yet more active at work in the formation and fixation of the modern English language and style. There are, indeed, two great and imperishable forces which have united as factors in the process; and their combined action has effected for the grammar and orthography of England all that was done for the supple and elegant neo-Latin across the Channel by the French Academy: while, in addition to this, they have created a standard of strength and dignity to which English literature has, ever since, aspired to conform. From New Zealand to Canada, in California and at the Cape of Good Hope, wherever the English tongue has prevailed, the Bible of King James I. has begun the education of millions; to be followed—in very many instances—by the creations of Shakspeare, whether witnessed on the stage or enjoyed in private or family reading.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Bible has, for several reasons, been the more influential of the two. Many who would not be allowed to attend a theatre, or to read a play, would be just those on whom the study of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures would be the most fervently pressed. Some, indeed, many young people know the Shaksperian dramas; almost all learn to read out of the "Authorised Version"; and not only so, but there must be a proportion of these who could not be induced to

study poetry of any kind, even by the most imperative prohibitions of parents and guardians. Nevertheless, as in a special manner affairs of literature, the life and writings of Shakspeare are the heart and centre of our subject. Their production, moreover, comes down to a later date, and is in itself more modern than the other, in which a reverential conservatism retained what was even then a somewhat archaic strain. Let us then begin with the poet.

William Shakspeare* (1564-1616) was born at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire, in the middle class of English society, his father having been an Alderman of the little town of which somewhat later he rose to be High Bailiff. What out of education he received must be, to a great extent, matter of conjecture. In Ben Jonson's famous obituary poem we find that William is pronounced by that learned but critical admirer to have had little Latin and less Greek; but we can judge for ourselves by reading his work that this does not imply total absence of culture. Probably Jonson from the height of a superior scholarship, intended to convey some depreciation, but not to imply that his distinguished friend possessed no knowledge whatever of those tongues. Greek and Latin at the time of Shakspeare's youth constituted about nine-tenths of a liberal education, and the lad certainly for some years attended the Grammar School of his native town where it is equally certain, those languages were taught, in however rudimentary a manner and degree, and one would not lightly believe that "Coriolanus" and "Julius Cæsar" could have been written by a dunce. Unfortunately, the father's affairs became disordered, and the boy was unable to pursue his studies to completion; yet some tincture of learning he must have retained, no mere provincial yokel, one would think, could have learned the magic music of that matchless style unless his mind had undergone some discipline—even though, like Charles Dickens in later days, his years of adolescence were passed away from schools and colleges, in illness or humble occupations.†

Be this as it may, we have nothing but guesses to go upon until 1582, when we find Shakspeare—hardly in his nineteenth year

* The name is also written Shakespeare, but the spelling here adopted is authorised by the poet's own signature, and the best usage.

† The allusions in the last scene of *The Merchant of Venice* are enough to show that Shakspeare was for his time and position, a well-read man.

—complicating an already serious position by marrying. And it was not a prudent marriage in other respects: the bride was only a peasant girl, some years older than himself, who could hardly contribute much towards her own support, and whom he could have had but slender means of supporting. The impoverished and improvident couple soon surrounded themselves with offspring; and then the husband appears to have cut the knot of his immediate difficulties. He went off to London, and became connected with a play-house, probably at first as an actor of all work, and afterwards as a vamer-up of old plays. In the course of these "pot-boiling" labours at "The Theatre"—so the house to which he first attached himself was denominated—his talents soon made themselves known; and in 1590 he appeared as an original dramatic author with the pleasant comedy of "Love's Labour Lost." This piece was followed by a yet more amusing one, "The Comedy of Errors," which was produced in the succeeding year. The young "Factotum" had now made himself a position, attacked by jealousy, but admired by associates and friends. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" we see an advance in the delineation of character, and the series of light and purely recreative plays ended with the beautiful, if not wholly reasonable pastoral, "A Midsummer-night's Dream," of which the very title is a poem.

One can easily imagine that a public such as that of the English Renaissance was now nearly won. To complete the charm, however, the successful play-wright attempted another branch of effort, and was equally happy here also. The poem of "Venus and Adonis" is (one must admit) dashed with too much of the warmth of youth, and in this respect shows faults into which the poet never fell again, nevertheless, the flow of the music, and the earnest observation of natural objects were triumphant over all defects; and the piece went through five editions in less than seven years. A second poem, "The Rape of Lucrece," speedily followed; the tone was purer, the success hardly less. Both poems are still reproduced.

But it was not in narrative poetry that the young adventurer was to find his ultimate destiny. Having closed his first period in 1594 with the charming works above mentioned, he had indeed assumed a certain place in the Temple of Fame. We have hitherto beheld him in the days of early manhood, sane and cheerful,

full of optimistic hopefulness, and only seeking to share with all around his cup of inward joy. He was already cited by contemporary writers for his "uprightness of dealing, and his facetious grace in writing." He had already made some essays in dramatising the History of England, as related by the chronicles, and had collaborated in that task with his contemporary Christopher Marlowe. But Marlowe was now gone—"dead shepherd," as Phebe says ("As You Like It," Act III, Sc. V.), and Shakspeare now undertook history single-handed. The result was the noble play of "King John," so famous for the pathetic character of Arthur of Brittany, and the fine verses on England. By this time he had begun to stand out from the rank and file, and as the leading dramatist and poet of London he had attracted the notice of the accomplished Earl of Southampton, becoming famous and prosperous under that enlightened patronage. In 1597 he bought a good house in his native town, where we will hope that Mrs. Shakspeare was comfortably installed and due provision made for the health and education of the children. But this great man was so true to his art that he has entirely buried his own personality: we only get glimpses of him through old deeds and town-records—that he lived and thrived at "New Place" in the intervals of London business is known. His son died in childhood, of the two daughters one married a physician, the other a wine merchant, both residents of Stratford, presumably, therefore, they were duly cared for.

Advancing towards middle life, and continuing to prosper in his affairs, Shakspeare left "The Theatre," to which he had been so long attached, and became a shareholder in "The Globe," another playhouse, on the Surrey side of London Bridge. He continued to act—so late as 1604 he is recorded as taking a part in the *Sejanus* of his friend Ben Jonson—and all the while that he was living as a thriving burgher of Stratford he continued his bright career as a writer of dramas such as have never been before or since. It is, indeed, a very remarkable thing that his plays evince such a marvellous literary evolution that, although still written to meet the demands of the stage, they are generally even more admirable in the closet; and it is for this reason that no study of literature can afford to pass them by, as may be usually done with works expressly produced for theatrical representation. In 1597 appeared the romantic tragedy of "Romeo and

"Juliet," founded on a tale of the Italian Renaissance, and full of the delirious passion of that singular era. Nothing, indeed, shows the great power of the author's mind so much as the vigour with which the manners of the contemporaries of the Medici were imagined in this play. Shakspeare, an English rural burgess, a London comedian, hitherto unversed in any but the most superficial views of Continental life, was able—almost in a moment—to turn from broad farce, light comedy, or the bloody scenes of mediæval English life, and to portray with exquisite sympathy, the rich,* warm love-scenes of the sunny South. As lyric as the *Midsummer-night's Dream*, as tragic as *Richard II*, this pathetic tale of Italian passion moves to its bitter end in a glitter of swords and of flowers, moonlight, nightingales, and phosphorescent harness. "The Merchant of Venice" is another work of like class, though with a happier fable—the likeness is clear and obvious, once more we see the life of Italy, the melody and moony night, tragic elements are not far off—mild and agreeable as the story ultimately proves, it is told in tones that are no longer all soft, and many a serious note is heard. A yet bolder mood is taken in the plays that exhibit the earlier fortunes of the House of Lancaster; and the farcical or comic elements occur, without appearance of effort, in the brilliant life painting of which Falstaff is the centre.

Some highly imaginative and poetical comedies now followed; among them being the lovely forest-pastoral, "As You Like It," with the somewhat humouristic melancholy of Jacques; and "Twelfth Night," in which—despite a genial treatment—some hints of saddest thought are heard. And then, about the end of the century, a totally new departure is observed.

Shakspeare's circumstances were now more than prosperous. With a handsome residence in his native place, besides much other property, he was the acknowledged head of the most popular and lucrative branch of literature then known—much in the very position long afterwards occupied by Charles Dickens, whose earlier analogy to him has already been pointed out. He had lost his son, but his daughters and wife were left, and he had a contract with "The Globe" by which he supplied two plays a year, and was enabled to live at a rate perhaps equal to £10,000 a year of modern money. In the midst of all this welfare a shadow fell upon his essentially strong and healthy soul, the result of

which was to be perceived in the work 'of the next five years—*Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth*. These works, though undeniably composed for the stage, are as certainly literature of the finest quality, abounding in pathos and poetry, though also in pessimism. Those readers who seek for consolation may feel something wanting; and to such we can only say—Take them as you take the real sorrows of life, and get what strength you can from their tonic bitterness. These lessons, these cries, these thoughts that wander through eternity, are not to be completely interpreted by the mummer's art or followed by the pleasure-seeking play-goer; rather we are left, as in silent and subdued awe, before one of the elemental forces of the planet, for evil or for good, according as we will use them. To this period also belong the famous "Sonnets," which appear to concern a tale of suffering—a tale of suffering which they rather hide than show. The "Sonnets" were not published till 1609, but many are known to have been composed years earlier.

About 1607 the cloud lightens, and a time of calm and peaceful feeling is indicated by the reappearance of comedy; but it is no longer the comedy of manners or of farce, but rather a new and stately pageant of human life in its ideal possibilities, which lifts itself into the region of pure poetry. Such are "*Cymbeline*" and the "*Winter's Tale*," and such pre-eminently the magical "*Tempest*," probably produced in 1613, in which one would like to think that one heard the last solemn utterance of the Enchanter before he laid down his wand for ever. Shakspeare died in the spring of 1616—on his birthday, if we may believe the current tradition, leaving his property to his daughters, and to his country an undying fame.

This meagre record is almost all that can be said to be exactly known of the life of the greatest of English authors. Great as he was, he lived in a time when, unlike most great men, he could be partly judged by his contemporaries, for in their smaller measure they, too, were children of glory. Not only did Milton, a few years later, (1630) write of him as the "great heir of fame," and call the collected plays an "unvalued (q.d. invaluable) book"; but Ben Jonson, who had known him intimately, gave him the almost unstinted praise to which reference has been made above. His first folio was published by the author's personal comrades

and friends in 1637; and it was doubtless this to which Milton's words point.

Yet it is not to be denied that all Shakspeare's best critics—Jonson and Milton not excepted—have laid their finger on a certain grave defect. Jonson says that he "flowed with such facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped; as Augustus said of Haterius, 'he wanted the brake.'"^{*} Milton was little more than a boy when he bore testimony to the transcendent position of "my Shakspeare"; yet Milton seemed constrained to add—"to the shame of slow-endeavouring art thy easy numbers flow." This unrestrained flow of "wood-notes wild," is it only the result of the necessities of supplying a certain continuous bulk of matter for the players; or did it arise from a certain wellspring in the mighty soul that poured and gushed forth spontaneously the instant it was laid bare? The question will occur from time to time, as we contrast our great author with some foreign classics, and think of the want of art attributed to him by a French critic who was not often mistaken in such things.†

We have been so long and so deeply impressed with the extraordinary character of Shakspeare's genius, his power of what is called "Creation," that we may be led to ignore these criticisms which, indeed, mainly apply to him from our peculiar point of view. Regarded in the larger way, we see him producing what is well compared by Coleridge to a natural landscape, "effected, as it were, by a single energy, modified *ab intra* in each component part: we hear of an absence of art, but we pass on unheeding, as if we were contemplating the work of Nature." It is therefore in no spirit of pedantry that honest criticism makes an effort to see what truth there may be in such remarks as Jonson's, recorded—as we know—in a spirit of generous admiration; "For I loved the man," says Ben, "and do honour his memory; on this side idolatry, as much as any." As for the *language* of Shakspeare, one has only to notice how modern it sounds to

^{*} *Sophocles* *et al.*, says Ben, in his pedagogue style.

† Voltair, who knew English literature, looked on Shakspeare as an inspired barbarian, a view probably learned from Bolingbroke. But surely, nothing more marvellous can be easily conceived than some of Shakspeare's splendid passages. Take, for instance, such an interruption to the action of a play as the Queen's speech of Marcellus in *Romeo and Juliet*.

realise how much modern English must have been indebted to what the critic calls "his gentle expressions."

Little argument can be needed to convince one of the influence that must have been produced by a writer so universally loved and studied as Shakspeare: but there is—as we said above—another monument of Elizabethan English of which the study has been even more earnest, general and influential, namely, the English *Bible*. We call it Elizabethan because, though the Great Queen had lain for years in her tomb before it was published, yet it was based on earlier versions which were only revised by the Divines employed for the purpose by King James I. So in our own days we have had a new version; but by virtue of the same excellent rule, the simple yet stately speech of the old translators has been preserved; and the "Revised Version" could not be cited by posterity as a monument of Victorian English.

The Church of Western Europe, up to the time of the Reformation, had endeavoured to restrict the unlimited study of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures by confining their publication to the learned languages; and being backed by all the terrors of the secular arm, had been, on the whole, successful. Here and there, especially in Northern nations, there had arisen men who had applied themselves to the satisfaction of a pious curiosity; several versions, more or less complete, had appeared in Germany before the Reformation; and, in England, the celebrated parish-priest, John Wycliffe, had come forward as a Reformer with support from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was a leader of opposition in the latter part of the reign of Edward III. Obtaining this indispensable protection, Wycliffe, with aid from competent subordinates, produced a translation of the whole sacred text in 1382. This version was widely circulated in manuscript, and has been republished as late as 1850. It may still be read easily by the moderns, as will appear from the samples given below;* and it must have been an important factor in the formation of what is now known as English. Nevertheless, the circumstances of the time prevailed over Wycliffe and

* 1. "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

2. "As it is written in Isaiah the Prophet, Lo! I send mine angel before thy face, that shall make thy way ready before thee."

3. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness. Make ye ready the way of the Lord, make ye his paths rightfol."

his followers, so that the policy of the Church was, on the whole, successful. Into its merits we cannot here enter.

But, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when America had been discovered, when printing became common, and the Renaissance had given a widely-felt shock to traditional authority, the repression of enquiry became more and more difficult. Luther having challenged the infallibility of the Church, it was perceived to be necessary that some other standard should be substituted which should supply the multitude with what was called "the Rule of Faith." Among the Teutonic races the substitute was at once forthcoming; nay, it already existed, as we have seen, in the German and English Bibles. Luther undertook the revision, correction, and modernisation of the versions which had been current in Germany, his *New Testament* appeared in 1522. The English Reformers were not far behind, and a version in our own language was produced, of which the New Testament portion appeared at Worms in 1525. The writer of this version was a clergyman of equal piety and learning named William Tyndale, who had settled on the Continent under stress of persecution by Wolsey and Sir Thomas Moore. The historian of literature takes careful note of Tyndale, by reason of his style, of which a sample may be here given -

"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Let Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled, as well in Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses even as we forgive them which trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen."

It will be seen that Tyndale's language is by no means obsolete; and it is, in fact, almost identical with that of our present version. The reason for this has been already suggested, and will appear more clearly hereafter. Tyndale was burned in Belgium by the influence of Henry VIII. in 1536.

Two years later a complete version of the whole Bible was published by Miles Coverdale, who had been one of Tyndale's assistants. By that time the capricious monarch, under whom Tyndale had been persecuted, had made some progress in his rupture with Rome; and the work was dedicated to Henry VIII., who gave his royal licence to the edition of 1537. The demand for the Scriptures in English now rose to something like passion:

in 1539 appeared a fresh version, known as "Matthew's Bible," from the name of an Antwerp merchant who had originally furnished the means for its preparation. It was of composite origin, and was intended to preserve the best portions of Tyndale's work after careful revision and supplementing from Coverdale. Cranmer brought out this as an authorised version; and there the business of translation came to an end in England for several years. But the refugees from the Marian persecutions had produced a new version at Geneva, and an edition of this was brought out in London in 1576, about sixteen years after its first appearance at Geneva. John Knox was one of the translators, and the work was made to bear a Calvinistic complexion. In this state of affairs it appeared to Archbishop Parker that an official revision ought to be produced in the interests of Anglican orthodoxy, and he gave out Cranmer's Bible, in portions, among the English Bishops, whom he instructed to revise that version and bring it into the strictest conformity with the Hebrew and Greek originals. The work was rapidly accomplished, and the result was a valuable version, published in 1568 and generally known as the "Bishops' Bible," of which a copy was sent to every English parish by order of convocation.

All this care and labour failed to satisfy the new King, James I., who in 1604, issued orders for a thorough revision of the "Bishops' Bible," and the work was begun under the supervision and authority of Archbishop Richard Bancroft, an able and highly respected Prelate, who had been one of the Hampton Court Commissioners whose labours for the reconciliation of the English and Scottish Churches ended so abortively. Bancroft delegated the work to three "companies," who sat respectively at Westminster, Oxford and Cambridge, with instructions to conduct their recension carefully, yet in a spirit of cautious reverence for the text of Parker's version—the "Bishops' Bible"—which in its turn, had been founded on the work of Coverdale and of Tyndale.

The *New Testament* was entrusted to the Oxford company, which consisted of fifteen scholars, eight of whom appear to have undertaken the Gospels under the presidency of Dr. George Abbott, Dean of Winchester. This distinguished divine deserves especial notice because the translation of the Gospels, or rather the revision of that portion of the "Bishops' Bible," is believed to have been

entirely due to his pen, and this is undoubtedly the most remarkable part of the work as literature, besides being—by the nature of the case—the most widely influential on the language of Posterity. The comparison between Abbott's work and Tyndale's* will show the great superiority of the former. If anyone will call to mind the same familiar passage in the *A. V.* (Luke I. 46) the improvement in rhythm produced by most trifling alterations will be at once apparent. The still more familiar version in the *Book of Common Prayer* is from Coverdale, and is also very beautiful, but the version by Abbott in the *A. V.* is the most correct of the three, as it is slightly the most modern in its style.† For example take the 53rd and 54th verses

"He hath filled the hungry with good things *and the rich He hath sent empty away*. He hath holpen His servant Israel *in remembrance of His mercy*. Here the passages in italics are an evident improvement in style. The scholar by whom the Gospels were thus made was the son of a thriving manufacturer of Guildford, and born in 1562. Educated in boyhood at the Grammar School of his native town, he was sent in due course to Balliol College, that nurse of eminent men, and he obtained a Fellowship at the early age of 21. Graduating in Divinity, he became Doctor in 1597, and in the same year was appointed to the Mastership of University College. In 1599 he was installed Dean of Winchester Cathedral, and between that year and 1603 was twice Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. At the accession of King James he was further advanced becoming in turn Vice-Chancellor a third time, and chaplain to the Earl of Dunbar, Treasurer of Scotland, in which latter capacity he visited Edinburgh, and being a moderate Low Churchman endeavoured to promote the fusion of the Churches. In 1609 his industry

* "My soul magnifieth the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour; for he hath looked on the poor degree of his hand-maiden. Behold now from henceforth shall all generations call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things, and blessed is his name, and his mercy is always on them that fear him throughout all generations. He hath showed strength with his arm, he hath scattered them that are proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and hath sent away the rich empty. He hath remembered mercy, and hath holpen his servant Israel, even as he promised to our father, Abraham, and to his seed for ever." (Tyndale.)

† The familiar version of *The Psalms* in the Anglican *Prayer-Book* is also from Coverdale's version of the Bible.

and prudence were rewarded by the Bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry, from which he was translated to London in 1610, and in the following year obtained the Primacy in succession to Bancroft. In that year (1611) the result of the undertaking in which Abbott had taken such a prominent part was presented to the King, with an address—traditionally ascribed to Dr. Miles Smith, afterwards Bishop of London—which is usually printed at the beginning of the Bible as issued from the University Press. It was doubtless approved by Dr. Abbott whose opinion it reflects.

The Archbishop was a Low Churchman as we have seen; but he had also a high idea of the importance of the Royal Supremacy, though without any meanness of courtier concession: he resisted the King on several occasions, and James had the sense and temper to accept his Archbishop's opposition. After comparing the King to a Sun which had risen to disperse the darkness due to the setting of "that bright Occidental Star Queen Elizabeth of most happy memory," the Address proceeds to special topics of congratulation. James is complimented for writing against the Pope ("which hath given such a blow unto that man of sin as will not be healed,") for attending regularly at Divine Service, hearing the Word, and cherishing its preachers. But the most forcible sign of his Majesty's Christian zeal is thought to be the "desire of accomplishing and publishing of this work which we now with all humility present. . . . humbly craving of your most sacred Majesty that since things of this quality have been ever subject to the censure of ill-meaning and discontented persons, it may receive approbation and patronage from so learned and judicious a Prince as your Highness."

What exact mark of the royal approbation was ever accorded in answer to this appeal is not clearly known, beyond the fact that the title page has ever since continued to bear the statement that follows:—

"Translated out of the original tongues; and with the former translations diligently compared and revised, by his Majesty's special command."

"Appointed to be read in Churches."

But if we are left to conjecture as to the way in which the work was received by its royal originator, there can be no room for doubt as to the reception that it met with at the hands of the

English-speaking community With the partial exception of the Papists the *A. V.* was immediately accepted by the people of the three Kingdoms, and has since spread over the world-wide extent of the British Colonies and the great Republic that has grown out of them. A source of instruction to young and old, the work of Abbott and his associates forms a permanent standard of pure and noble English by which the canons of correctness and of taste continue to be maintained and registered. It has been said that, from East to West, in school and parsonage, and in the tent of the pioneer, or the shanty of the English-speaking gold-digger, whatever else may be lacking, there will always be found a copy of the Bible, meaning thereby the version of 1611. A few years ago a revision took place under the most distinguished auspices. Scholars and divines of the highest ability were collected from the mother country and aided from America. After nearly seven years of patient labour a moderate and skilful revision was produced in which alterations in the old translation were ostensibly confined to cases in which the older translators had obviously erred or their language had become obsolete. Yet the result has been almost nil. As a help to correct study, indeed, by those who wish for minute knowledge but are unacquainted with the Original Greek and Hebrew the "Revised Version" will, no doubt, prove useful. As a household book or one for public use, it has no chance of displacing the *Authorised Version*.

About the life of Archbishop Abbott the clouds gathered soon after the termination of this great and glorious achievement. It had long been in antagonism with the High Church man, Laud, President of St. John's and one of the King's chaplains, and this rival and opponent had the ear of the Prince of Wales and of his bosom-friend the Duke of Buckingham. The Archbishop, moreover, had the ill-luck to shoot a gamekeeper in 1621 in a stag-hunt where he, perhaps a little imprudently, had taken part, and although the manslaughter was held to be technically covered by the royal pardon which he presently obtained, Laud and his patrons were doubtless encouraged to look upon the ageing Primate as a fallen, or falling, power. On the King's death he was indeed permitted to officiate at Charles's coronation; but his influence was gone, though his independence of character remained. As was shown in 1627 when he refused to license a sermon by a clerical courtier in favour of the doctrine of passive obedience.

But the wise and moderate master of his middle manhood was gone, and Abbott's honesty availed him but little with the narrow-minded fanatic who now occupied the throne. Laud became the virtual head of the Anglicans, Abbott being ordered by the young King to retire to Addington, near Croydon, where he died in 1633.* The Archbishop was the writer of many books and pamphlets in which he always endeavoured to support what have since been known as Evangelical principles, in combination with an inflexible loyalty to the royal supremacy but the work by which he merits the veneration of posterity is the work that was done by the Oxford company of which he was the chief.

The revisers of 1870-81 made some very interesting observations on the language of the *A. V.* though they do not seem to have noticed the reason of the peculiar archaisms by which that version is signalised. Thus in the Preface to their *New Testament*, when explaining their change of the neuter possessive "his" to "its," they have observed that the latter word is used by Shakespeare with sufficient frequency to show that at the time when the *A. V.* was made, the use of this pronoun was already beginning to be practised. That it was not adopted by the revisers of 1607-11, therefore, must be accounted for by the reverence for the text of Parker's Version enjoined upon them by James I. Parker's revisers again had approached the text of Coverdale and Tyndale in the same spirit; and the consequence has been that in the language of the Bible as used by the English-speaking world of the present day, we have not so much the English of Shakespeare's age as that of the early portion of the Tudor period. Many instances could be shown where this conservation has done mischief to exact accuracy, and even blunted the sword of the Spirit. But, as far as the preservation of a dignified and beautiful form of speech is concerned we may perhaps regard it as an advantage. The varying and progressive conditions of life necessarily originate many new and unauthorised degradations, especially in the speech of active and wandering races and it is surely a matter of thankfulness that we have in the *A. V.* a standard of purity to which we owe the thoughts and expressions of such men as those whose

* The distinguished Anglo-Indian family of Abbott descends from one of the brothers of the Archbishop.

literary art has been sketched in our preceding pages : of Longfellow and Emerson, Tennyson and Macaulay.

(To be Continued.)

England.

H. G. KEENE.

THE INDIAN HOME.

I.

THE VIRGIN WIDOWS

A SMALL but decent room with two chairs, both occupied by two lovely girls. One of them was terribly excited, while the other was bending over her.

"You are sure Rukmani, that he loves you?"

"I love him and cannot live without him," she said. "Kalyani, you must see him. He is so good and he says that he loves me. I believe him, for my life is dependent upon that belief." Older, sweeter, with tenderness beaming through her eyes, Kalyani looked at her, with sympathy and love. Rukmani buried her hands in her face.

"Do not look at me in such a way. Your eyes are so piercing. You are so superior and I cannot bear your look. I feel I am guilty, but - oh, I must love or I must die."

Kalyani did not reply, but kissed her fair friend's forehead. "Lily maid you are. God's goodness is for you. Can He be unkind to such an innocent and such a tender girl? No, Rukmani, whatever you do, you will be prosperous, for you are a good girl."

Rukmani smiled through the tears in her eyes. She was glad she had got the sanction of the one friend in the world whom she loved and admired. Both of them were virgin widows.

II

The same room, but this time there were three chairs, and three companions, one of whom was the beloved of Rukmani. Rukmani was so happy. She was living in a world that had nothing of the world in it. She was buoyant—she was light—she felt as if she could fly. Her lover's arm round her waist, what

ared she for the world? Innocent and pure herself, to her the world was in that young man's arm. Kalyani observed her friend's great happiness and she grew alarmed.

"Love like that is seldom returned," she said within herself. "And love like Rukmani's is never felt at all except by the innocent and the pure. Will he be true? If he fails, he will have crushed the fairest flower. I shudder to think of that."

Thoughts like these imparted a sad look to her face and she did not take pains to hide her sadness. There was that calmness, that gravity in the eyes, that serene look, that at once compelled lesser minds to obey. Even the young man felt uneasy before the penetrating look of Kalyani. His heart was an open book to her. He had no courage to speak. There was perfect silence for some time, until a knock at the door broke it.

"Mother," cried an elderly man, in evident anxiety. "My wife is very ill. She wants to see you before she dies."

"Do not talk of death, she will never die," said Kalyani. Though but two years older than her friend, she was often addressed as "Mother." Kalyani was the mother of all that needed a mother's care. She had lost her husband in youth. What ordinary women gave to their husband she gave to the world.

III.

A sick-bed and a dying woman. The scene was very touching indeed. There was the neighbour with watery eyes, recounting the goodness of mind and greatness of heart of her who was going to die. All eyes within the sick-room turn towards the doors, whence a little screeching sound is heard. The doors open. It is Kalyani that enters.

The hearts feel as if some exquisite music has been struck up. Making everybody happy, infusing life into the dying woman as even enabled her to sit up for a time, Kalyani filled the room with her hypnotic influence. The oldest woman rose to respect her, forgetting that the little girl was far younger than her youngest granddaughter. Kalyani felt the pulse.

"I am fast sinking—I could feel it," said the patient.

"Nonsense, none of that," said Kalyani.

"My daughter, my Goddess," and the patient burst into tears, and all the people cried. "Kalyani, I am dying, howe-

"much you have done for me. I desire to live, so that I may say 'Kalyani saved me'. God! What a girl you are! Woman or goddess, whatever you are, bless you! Touch me. There, I feel pleasure in dying. Kalyani, God bless you," and she was dead.

IV.

Kalyani was early that day visiting a poor fellow living far away. She was alone, but why not? She was spoken of as the guardian angel of the town. Kalyani was regarded as a goddess. No young men dared look upon her with evil eyes. Her beauty, her education, her manners were such that the most heartless among men felt some unusual attraction towards her, but it was not the ordinary passion. Who dare even to think ill of Kalyani? She was so pure. She moved in another world. Mothers pointed to girls this paragon of virtue and goodness. Little children called to her as she hurried along with a bottle of medicine for a sick man lying far away or with a dish of edibles for one who has not had anything to eat for a long time. Kalyani always stopped; the poorer the children, the longer she stopped and gave them presents.

"How like an angel!" that was the only way people could express their opinion of Kalyani. "Mother," said a young girl, "I wish I were a widow also, so that I may be another Kalyani." The mother was not at all angry with the thoughtless girl. She only replied: "You can never be another Kalyani."

Nursing the poor and the sick, devoting her time, her thoughts, wealth, her whole heart on her self-imposed, godly, superhuman work, Kalyani was the ideal woman. She had the tenderness, she had the lovingness, she had the kindness that the highest of women ever possessed. Widowhood was elevated in her character, for it was pure, and it enabled her not to confine herself to a home but to devote herself to the whole world.

V.

"Look straight into my eyes. Do you love her?"

Kalyani was standing in her room, one hand upon the table, the other playing upon an ornament round her neck. She was speaking to Krishna who had captured her friend Rukmani's heart.

"I do, and believe me, I am impelled by the highest motives. I am not a villain, Kalyani. You, of whom the world speaks with great respect and reverence, I pray, that you will have a better opinion of me."

"Far be it from me to doubt it, but I have some misgiving. Why do you not boldly marry her? She has given her heart to you. Do you know the sacrifice she has made? Do you know what is hers by nature? Do you know that her heart will break at the breath of scandal about her fair, her spotless, her pure name and fame. Beware how you behave. The slightest false step on your part will kill her."

"I have studied her mind, and will strive to deserve her," replied Krishna. "God knows how anxious I am to marry her, but my father is old. He is orthodox. Why should I send him early to the grave? Shall I ever prove false to Rukmani? Not if I am a man."

VI

Kalyani was sitting alone. Her long, shining hair flowing behind her back, her hand supported her drooping head. "Shall I prove false to Rukmani? Not if I am a man." That rang in her ears. She uttered those words over and over again. Why does she suspect the youth? Her heart so open, so plain, why should it suspect any one? She never suspected even those who were to be suspected. But then, why should she suspect without reason?

"Yet I would like very much that he should marry you and that at once," she said to Rukmani. "You are such a tender flower that you know not what you do. Press him to marry openly. If he loves you, he will face the world. If—"

"Do not say so. He loves me," sobbed young Rukmani.

"My girl," said Kalyani, "may God bless you! But you are sinning every moment that you are postponing your marriage. Why should not your parents marry you? Why did they not marry you before you saw Krishna? Why do you not tell your parents the whole truth and ask them to speak to Krishna's people and celebrate the marriage? Rukmani, do you not see that something has to be done soon? Alas! they cry for social reform, but how little is the progress."

made? Will they not come and rescue girls so tender, so true?"

"What do you mean?" asked Rukmani. "Do you think that Krishna will forsake me? Do not be so unjust. You are a goddess, but you must not expect every one to be a goddess. You always loved me. Why do you not love him whom I love?"

Kalyani burst into tears. Her mighty heart burst.

"What is the matter?" asked Rukmani

"He is gone. He has forsaken you, the wretch."

"Who?"

"Krishna."

VII

Rukmani was in bed at the hospital. Her child, born before time, was still-born. It was known everywhere. Her name was in every one's mouth. The flower lay withering. Every breath threatened to be the last with Rukmani. Kalyani was sitting close to her, Rukmani's cold, shivering hand in hers. The innocent, pure girl, to what has she been reduced? Was it her fault that she was a woman and felt a woman's passion? Who slanders that pure and white flower? Go, drag her ignorant parents into the mire—and curse the social shibboleth that compelled her to die.

"Kalyani, dear, you know me?" sighed the dying girl. "You know I have never been bad. Tell me, am I a sinful or a pure girl?"

"You die the purest soul that ever passed away," said Kalyani as she dashed away the tear from her eye.

"Tell him how I died. Pray for me. Console my old parents. Kalyani, you are my Goddess."

Rukmani was dead.

(To be continued.)

R. CHELLAMAL.

Madras.

BRETHREN : ARM-IN-ARM.

A SERIOUS conviction experienced by an Indian lady has lately found expression in the London Press. That conviction is to the effect that she has discovered, among the British people, the practical working of a quality which she, in common with a vast number of other intelligent persons of Eastern origin, had imagined to be a characteristic peculiar to Oriental people.

That quality assumes a quiet and calm assurance in the Almighty Controller of Events, in His unerring wisdom, and in His inalienable beneficence. It also assumes a complete unselfishness, a willing renunciation of material things, a splendidly keen desire to put possessions and even life itself at the disposal of those who stand in imminent need or danger. The writer related how she had learnt to realise in Great Britain a heart which ignored its own apparent well-being when called upon to exhibit sympathy in favour of a smaller and less protected country assailed and torn by a designing and powerful intruder. Under such circumstances, financial, mercantile and human losses had to be anticipated, and all these were anticipated with a magnanimous acceptance which elicited the lady's ready recognition.

An external coolness, a seeming immersion in money-getting and money-spending, a small outward exhibition of the religious sense, had been regarded, and perhaps rightly regarded, as outstanding factors in the British psychological constitution. Britain, in these respects, had laid herself open to animadversion. Her people, not wearing their hearts upon their sleeves, had been misunderstood, misapprehended. Possibly, on some aspects, Britons are not blameless in permitting themselves to wear, so to speak, a mental mask. A notable feature among English folk, as a rule, is an inherited and cultivated pose of restraint in speech and in gesture. They are not in the habit of "giving themselves away." They conceal great depth of feeling beneath an outward exhibition of interest in what might be termed minor

matters of their daily life. Thus "sport" of many kinds is largely shared in by them and occupies, as largely, its place in their ordinary conversation. It is an unwritten law among them that a well-bred man will not "talk shop," i.e., he may not weary listeners by recounting details of his business or profession, unless circumstances should demand a *résumé* of either. One who breaks that same unwritten law is called a "bore" and speedily finds himself devoid of agreeable companions. A show of intense joy or sorrow is considered, in public at all events, undignified indeed un-national. A man seen to weep is deemed effeminate. Men, again, do not, in England, embrace one another; that would be considered womanly, childish. Violent pain must be borne without violent remonstrance. The "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" must be endured with at least the semblance of equanimity. Differences—political, philosophic, religious—should be discussed closely but courteously. Professors of varying views, preachers of diverse creeds, statesmen of conflicting diplomatic ambition, even when busily denouncing one another at great country gatherings or within the walls of St. Stephens', may nevertheless retain the most perfect friendly relationships in private.

Let us for a moment recall a paragraph from another correspondent of *The Times* whose letter, appearing also in August last, approaches this very phase of British temperament from a second point of view. The author of this letter feels himself justified in saying "Educated Indians now travel freely and are thus able to appreciate how really the aloofness and reserve of the English is tempered by a deep and abiding sense of justice for those over whom they are placed by the British Raj, an attribute which can never fail to capture the best feelings of a people's heart." We must note, in passing, that the author from whom we thus quote, is, too, an Indian. It is not within the scope of our present purpose to press this point as it is argued above. We employ the extract merely in order to notice that the "aloofness and reserve" which are emphasised, cannot be considered as attributes to the English alone. Our fellow-subjects in India, our imperial brethren, are eminent for the possession of somewhat similar traits. They have, many of them, a commanding dignity, a stateliness of bearing of royal kind. Not long since, at a gathering in London at which a celebrated Hindu spoke, and several compatriots of his were present, a lady spontaneously

remarked. "See how these men tower over most of us in their appearance and carriage. They look—what is true—as though they have centuries of race behind them." Yes, centuries of race, of civilisation, of continuous soul-immersion in profound philosophy practised in life and conduct. They, too, may apparently be "aloof, reserved." Impassive, above the display of emotion over every-day events or even when confronted by unfamiliar scenes and surroundings, they, too, might be misjudged by casual on-lookers, yet we know full well the depth of their feeling, the sincerity of their souls, the loyalty of their hearts. When India understood that the King-Emperor and his councillors became involved in war because honour compelled them to abide by their promise to respect the neutrality of Belgium and to take arms against the barbaric "culture" of Germany, she, India, spent no time in hesitation. With a voice that echoed through the world, she proclaimed her intention of rallying for the welfare of her empire and ours. The heroic quality of that voice was welcomed by Great Britain and her allies more warmly and with more fraternal enthusiasm than any such voice recorded in historic annals. England at home and England overseas acclaimed the gracious message of George V. to his "brave and loyal Indian soldiers," reminding them of their "glorious achievements," their "noble traditions of courage," and their "chivalry." India's sons on their landing in Europe heard the glad clamour of the people of Marseilles when gallant French folk rejoiced at the vision of "grizzled veterans, sturdy and square-shouldered, and tall smooth-faced youths with the demeanour of princes."

The hour of tribulation and the time of danger bring out the finest qualities of united manhood. The atmosphere most adapted to the advance of heroism is also the atmosphere which dispels the darkness of disunion. External *nonchalance* fades in the warmth of at-one-ment. Readiness for sublime action awaits the moment of necessity. What is acquired during quiescence proves itself in vicissitudes of storm and stress. Centuries pass and centuries go, but as they pass they teach the lesson that East and West are learning; that a sweet and salutary sameness exists in the soul of things; that colour and even creed are, after all, mere clothing of that soul; that brothers-in-arms must soon discover the reason for, and the beauty of, a fraternity at once natural and faithful.

The attitude of Indian philosophy makes no mean appeal to the Western side of our Empire. More and more deeply its wonderful wisdom penetrates into Britain's consciousness. The grace of Indian culture, ancient, honourable, alluring, is finding and filling its niche in the temple of thought towards whose erection England is feeling her way. The area of vibrant activity for which England is eminent is being happily invaded by many of India's most notable sons. Possibly, nay probably, even external differences may largely disappear in the exigences of *camaraderie*. Companionship is the most powerful mould into which fusible factors can be cast. It were no doubt unwise to presuppose any complete departure, on one side or the other, from certain subtle and long-established customs, or perhaps of etiquette, climate, geographical limitations, and mental and physical variations must continue to obtain. Yet, notwithstanding the influence of the ages and the inevitable instinct towards the conservation of phases that seem perpetual, unprejudiced observers can distinguish the progress of another instinct equally inevitable and positive - that which is slowly but surely welding the Eastern and Western ends of our Empire into one splendid and indissoluble whole. United we stand, disunited we fail in the very purpose and fulfilment of our common destiny. Superficially unlike in many points, our real resemblances are much more emphatically marked. The more closely we move together the more readily shall we perceive and grasp the factors of relationship. Those things that make for difference will surely disappear as the light of intimate acquaintance drives away dividing clouds of ignorance and consequent distrust. Signs of *rapprochement* are in the air. Shadows of coming events are perceptible to those who study the signs with zealous solicitude. Lord Bryce's powerful appeal for mutual understanding and forbearance deserves the widest circulation and adhesion. "History," he says, "declares that no nation, however great, is entitled to impose its type of civilisation on others. No race is entitled to claim the leadership of humanity. Each people has in its time contributed something that was distinctively its own, and the world is far richer thereby than if any one race, however gifted, had established a permanent ascendancy. We of the Anglo-Saxon race do not claim for ourselves, any more than we admit in others, any right to dominate by force, or to impose our own type of civilisation on others."

lisation on less powerful races. It is only vulgar minds that mistake bigness for greatness. Greatness is of the soul not of the body. . . . The most progressive races have been those who combined willingness to learn with a strength which enabled them to receive without loss to their own quality, retaining their prime vigour, but entering into the labours of others, as the Teutons who settled within the dominions of Rome profited by the lessons of the old civilisation."

Incidentally, Lord Bryce pays homage to "the Princes of India who have rallied so promptly and heartily to Britain."

There can be no escape, then, from the assurance that just as man learns from man, so nation learns from nation. More each man receives in proportion as he gives, and this principle, in application, extends itself between peoples. Great Britain and India are interdependent upon one another for righteous and wholesome interchange and interaction. Each has qualities essential to the well-being of the other, and, indeed, each is growing nearer to the recognition of that truth. Some of the subtle significance of the lore and philosophy of Hindustan is permeating the British soul and inspiring the British spirit. Some of the main *motif* of England and her sister lands is becoming operative between the Himalayas and the Seas. To quote Jerome K. Jerome: "Our white men and our brown men are now fighting side by side for England's cause. In future there will be no foolish arrogance. Quite a few of the world's follies will, one hopes, disappear as a result of the war." Arrogance has an evil habit of exhibiting itself on one side and on another. It may endorse a sense of superior ancestry or of philosophic education that has survived the centuries and outlived invasion. It may acclaim the assertion of material ascendancy. In any case, it must have, and has, "notice to quit."

Brotherhood in arms, brotherhood arm-in-arm will not establish any kind of arrogance. Work in double harness will prove not only capacity of work itself, but also the power of the sympathy which brings about a common movement for mutual beneficence.

"The world is overcome—aye! even here!
By such as fix their faith on Unity."

American thinkers, American writers, throw many an observant glance upon the evolution of progress, and, with the outspoken manifestation of their own method, do not fail to put their observation and its result into words that bite and tell. A literary man hailing from New York City states that England presents at the present moment a striking spectacle of national regeneration. She seemed to be plunged into a torpor from which it appeared impossible to awaken her. Her war in the Soudan and in South Africa, the menace of rebellion in Ireland, and the exasperating outrages of the militant suffragettes were powerless to arouse her from her sleeping sickness. The world either gloated or mourned over her decadence. But there has been a marvellous change. Englishmen have shown that all the talk concerning the moral and physical deterioration of their race is without foundation and that they remain true to the original stock. It needed the call to arms to work the miracle. It call not for the purpose of protecting or acquiring distant possessions but to maintain the solemnly plighted word of the nation. More than our candid American friend reminds us, "The men who but yesterday were called 'flannelled fools' and were thought to have no interest in life beyond cricket and football spring to their feet, alled with enthusiasm as ready to give every drop of their blood for the safety and honour of their native land as their sires a hundred years ago. Peer and commoner, capitalist and labourer, squire and peasant, all flocked to the colours in response to their country's summons, taking their place in the ranks, not as officers, but as privates, regardless of birth, position, place, private interests and family ties."

One other point, and a point of very high importance comes within the purview of the same observant person, and bears with precise directness upon the main subject of "Brethren Arm-in-Arm." He remarks sapiently enough, "The zeal which the Englishman shows not to do a thing until it is absolutely necessary, has been apt to deceive people into the belief that he could not do the thing if he tried." That saying is well said. It establishes the truism that, in order to move to advantage, to be seen in any wise at his best, the Britisher needs something like a compulsive motive. Again, and here even a casual observer may be correct. Englishmen have a faculty for putting up with and perhaps patiently tolerating certain elements in affairs which are actually

personally distasteful to themselves. Unless goaded into action, and usually perforce of some impulse due to the discomfort of others, they hate to take upon themselves the exertion or the cost of movement. Meanwhile, they have one constant source of consolation. "It is an Englishman's privilege to grumble." He, therefore, agreeably discusses grievance after grievance until the arrival of the supreme moment. Then, when the call of unity becomes imperative, every cause of grievance is for the time ~~not~~ deliberately aside. The man, immediately, is melted in the Englishman. We may usually arrive at the conclusion that, given the necessary stress of circumstance, the man, whether here or there, whether in Eastern or Western latitudes, becomes ostensibly and vigorously a son of the Empire.

For one and for the other, like the fact remains, clear and indisputable, that, in common danger or in defence of common honour, this Empire of ours is one and indivisible. We move together arm-in-arm, heart pulsating in beating time with heart, secure not only in certainty of success but in admirable assurance of a felicitous and reciprocal will towards unity. "Altogetherness" perishes when brothers stand side by side when members of the same Imperial whole realise the equal importance and significance of each unit of which the whole is comprised.

London

ERIC HAMMOND

STORIES OF LOVE AND CHIVALRY IN KATTHIAWAR.

THE folk-lore of every country is a mirror to the feelings and sentiments of its past, specially of that past which has no record of history, being plunged in the abysses of time. Particularly is this the case with India, which has not got any history, in the sense in which it is understood now, but has its scroll of history unfolded in the songs and lyrics of the people. Beginning from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, or perhaps even earlier, from the Vedas the peculiar genius of its people has manifested itself in song expression, with a vividness all their own, the social, political and religious emotions of different periods. Principal events of all these periods may be gleaned from the themes of different ballads. They were sung in the courts of Kings, on battlefields, in the inner sanctity of the Zenana, but especially when people of the village were gathered together at night time at the *Chauri* or the village meeting place, where both the high and the low squatted together on the ground and the Bhats and Charanis, traditional bards, sang their inspiring songs. Sometimes these meetings lasted till the moon waned low in the Western horizon, and the first flush of dawn irradiated the whole of the countryside, hushing the wild and distant cries of dogs and jackals and the still more wild jackal like cries of thieves and outlaws.* The spirit of these ballads and songs is difficult to be understood and appreciated save by those who have lived and moved among the people of Katthiawar and Rajputana and on the hallowed spots which were the scenes of action of the themes immortalised by the bards. Even now one may sometimes hear

* This may appear strange but is a common experience of those who have lived in Katthiawar to hear at night time such jackal like cries made by thieves as a sort of signal.

STORIES OF LOVE AND CHIVALRY IN KATTHIAWAR II

these songs in fairs and on public festivals, and sometimes, as of yore, at village *Choras*, but the spirit which inspired them is gone.

It is the aim of these articles to describe some of these popular ballads. It may be mentioned that these ballads are not perfect wholes but are to be pieced together from detached verses. Several of them are not published even in the Vernacular, while only bits of some are published in the Vernacular.

• I - KH MRO AND LODI KHAMBHATAN

This is a pathetic and touching tale of two lovers in times when Love was not hedged round and restricted by the conventions of society and boy-fathers and girl mothers were but a rarity.

Lodi, the daughter of an Amir of Khambhat (Cambay), was going on a pilgrimage to Dwarka by land through Katthiawar. On her way there, her caravan stopped for a day at a village called Rawalia. She being a daughter of a nobleman of such a big State like Khambhat, elders of the village and their ladies came to see her. All the elders sat at a distance there being a screen between them and Lodi. But Khimra, a young man of the village, went to the inner apartment with his sisters-in-law, dressed in a lady's clothes. Lodi, however, found him out as on his crossing the threshold, he placed his right foot first. She speaks thus in the ballad: "You were coming with your sisters-in-law, but while crossing the threshold I detected the foot of a man."

Their glances met and there was a flash of understanding, the birth of Love at first sight. While all the elders and ladies were returning from the view, Khimra turned behind and had a few words with Lodi making an appointment for the night. The lovers met at night and celebrated their nuptial with the stars of the Heavens as their witnesses. The caravan was, however, to go early in the morning and the lovers had to part with the first crowing of the cock. Khimra pressed her much to postpone her departure, but she replied that she could not do so and promised to come back in about a week from Dwarka.

"Do not cry, Oh Rawat! and shed salt tears, though the journey is likely to occupy twenty days, I shall come within eight."

The lover, when he saw that she would not cancel her departure, resorted to the second expedient of asking her to postpone her journey for a day or two and let the caravan go. To this too she demurred.

'The caravan will go away, it will not be delayed by any one. There will be a long distance then between it and myself please therefore to allow me to take my departure.

Lovers parted at last, but while going Lodi felt the premonition of evil and thought within her mind, "My left brow is quivering, and my right brow is throbbing" this caravan would not be able to go to Dwarka.

These premonitions haunted her even on her pilgrimage and while at Dwarka she dreamt a dream foreboding such a disaster for her lover that she cried out "Let this dream fall on even my brother but not on my Khimra." A Hindu woman's love for her brothers is almost a sacred passion, exalting and ennobling with elements of the greatest self-sacrifice. If with this love Lodi cries out that her ominous dream may fall true of her brother but not of her lover that shows the passionate nature of her love - a love which will not brook separation, much less death of the lover. All the premonitions and evil dreams come to be true. A week passed away since the departure of Lodi, and Khimra lost his patience. Day after day he must have sat on the outskirts of his village waiting for the distant cloud of dust that would betoken the coming caravan. The promised days passed and Khimra died of despair with the name of his beloved Lodi on his lips. His body was burnt but according to the custom then prevailing a pillar was set up to his memory on the burning ground. (The pillar was called a *Palia*.)

By a cruel irony of fate, Lodi returned within a short time of his death and on inquiring at the village found that her lover was dead but a short while ago with her name on his lips. The news stunned her and she resolved to die after her lover. She asks the caravan to resume its march, telling her people that she would soon follow them after staying for a night near the tomb of Khimra (the *Palia*). It appears from this that her love affair is known now to all the people of the caravan or at least to the chief of them, for otherwise Lodi would not have asked them to proceed without her. It was not quite a rare thing in those days for high-born girls to choose for themselves their husbands. It

might have been this or it might have been despair and the consequent scorn of consequences that might have induced Lodi to give out the secret of her heart. Anyhow, she went in the dead of night (whether the caravan was sleeping or was gone is not exactly clear) to her lover's tomb. The words with which she asked the caravan to proceed show that Lodi was possessed of gentle tact. "In this village there are many mosquitoes and flies and it is impossible to stay here for a long time, I shall stay therefore for only one night by the tomb of Khumra." At the tomb her pent-up grief and love burst their bounds and she beats her head against the tomb which covered the handful of ashes of what was but a short time back a living personality for her.

She pathetically exclaims: "When I went I saw a young man, on returning I see this Palla. Add some her lover then she laments: 'Khumra! the land is now terribly bitter, it is only human beings (like thy life) who are sweet. I thought I would find my oasis on my return, but instead I find a desert.' She voices her feelings of dread, at once mystic and unexplainable which humanity feels at Death. Khumra! mankind has always one great tribulation in death, there are several tribulations also for it but none like this. A night advances, the intensity of her grief increases. The light which is but vouchsafed rarely to man and woman has entered her life, and she dreads to return to the common work-a-day world with her light buried under the tomb her heart beating for one whom she would never see. The climax is soon reached and she dies, beating her head and heart against the tomb of her lover. The following verses sing the last tragedy of her life.

"My heart must indeed be hard that it does not break though I press it against your tomb, I however do not like to use force against your tomb, my Khumra!"

"All your relations cover your tomb with coconuts, oil and Sinder, but I, oh Khumra I cover thy tomb with my blood."

Thus ends this tragedy with the oblation of two lives to love.

RED AUTUMN

JUST when autumn is mellowing into beauty, when harvest is ripe, and the year is telling its gladness in fruition, there creeps into the land of romance and poetry the murky demon of war.

In summer Picardy is gentle and gracious; the winding valleys lie drowsy in the sun, the silver ribbon of the river is fringed by a double band of poplars, and in the shadow of these the cattle stand knee-deep in the reeds and the cool lush grass. Beyond the river lie the marshes, glistening pools of water and tall reeds, and ever, as far as the eye can see, are waving poplars. In summer the poplar is so gentle and feminine, so slender and gracious that the valley seems to be a great convent of shy, whispering nuns. Processions of them bow and sway together, and oath in their presence would seem a coarse profanity. Their canticle is one of peace and gentle praise; of purity and uplifting. Patches of cultivation lie here and there, recovered from the marsh, and down the intersecting roads, and after a shower of rain, the people go to wash the tobacco leaves that lie, a patch of rich green leafage, beneath the silvery poplars. In the evening old bent Annette goes very slowly and shakily with her stick, and murmuring to herself, to find her black goat Pauline. The days are long and the world moves slowly. Du Belley, one of the poets of the *Pléiade*, was thinking of such days when he came across the old Latin hymn of the winnower to the winds, in the sixteenth century, and translated it into French Renaissance verse.

*A vous Troppe legere
 Qui d'acte passagere
 Par le monde volez,
 Et d'un sifflant murmure,
 L'ombrageuse verdure
 Doucement esbranlez.

In the rhythmic cadence of caressing words is the true spirit of Renaissance, and also the gentle spirit of Picardy—the fragrance and freshness of the morning breeze and the swing and sway of the stately whispering poplars that are never still. It calls up a vision of those shimmering dawns that exhale the purity of a sacrament, when the world spirit, refreshed by sleep, rises to a silver green arcadia and takes the life giving elixir in a crystal goblet. Picardy is the arcady of Renaissance the very breath of nature in its tenderest and most familiar beauty

‡De votre douce haleine
 Eventez ce te plume,
 Eventez ce sejour
 Ce pendant que j'habonne
 A mon Hè que je vune
 A la chaleur du jour

But it is in autumn that one must go to Picardy for the winnowing, and first for the harvest reaped with the sickle, Pierre and Marie gathering their own patch of corn alone, he reaping and she binding, white kerchiefs hung from their broad hats protecting the neck from the penetrating autumn sun. There is the mudday meal, and the blessed mudday rest under the poplars and then the resumed harvesting till the shadows of the trees lie in long drifts athwart the valley and like a will o'-the-wisp between the tree stems comes the white cap of hobbling Annette.

*For hilt, too light you fly
 Delic us passer by,
 Our world upon
 A murmur in the trees,
 A tipp in the leaves,
 And you are gone

‡With that soft breath of thine,
 Refresh this home of mine,
 And leave it sweet
 The while our fan we ply
 And make the chaff to fly
 In sweltering heat.

giving the signal for honest labour to rest wearied limbs and return to the red-tiled home where the peat smoke rises blue and thin as from a spent cigarette

Later in passing these little red-tiled farms one hears the beat of the flail, and in the half shadow of the great barn (the largest of the buildings) one may catch a glimpse of the quick fling of it.

In Picardy, autumn comes royally and resplendent, the gentle virginal poplars are gone, they have turned into gorgeous queens in Titian robes. It is a land of gold, flamboyant and open handed, lavish gold everywhere that pales the autumn moon and chokes the brimming river gold in full measure and running over

The trees no longer whisper, the valley is filled with a low roar, as of many waters. The very stars seem to twinkle fiercely in the velvet blue-black canopy beyond the tree-tops. The children come home earlier from school and cross by the bridge, for the marshes are full of water. Round the eaves of the little red farms hang strings and strings of yellowing tobacco leaves. 'Pierre and Marie have been loddering the two great white horses, and with their old French courtesy that shames our modern manners, come to the gate to pass the time of day with the foreigner. "Will Monsieur have a glass of milk? Ah! painting is a great work, one must have the gift and then the training—it must take very many months to become a painter? *Et que de patience, mon Dieu! O la la! à chacun son métier*, however, and *le bon Dieu* over all.* Yes, it is hard work, the harvesting, but next year it will be easier. Our son Jean will have done his soldiering, *il est beau garçon et il a le bon cocur*.† That is the *caserne*‡ there—that great white building between the trees. Monsieur can see the soldiers watering their horses any evening down by the river. On Sunday Jean comes home and goes fishing. *Ah! il était toujours pour le sport, le gamin*.§ And now on the tide of this golden autumn comes another unbidden guest. The demon of war holds beautiful Picardy in its deadly grip, it is a foul-mouthed and deep-throated demon. The roar of cannon shakes the

*And have much patience! Good Heavens! To each one his job, however, and the good God over all.

†He is a fine lad and has a good heart.

‡ Barrack.

§ Ah, he was always for sport, the scamp.

valley and the river is an evil sight, running dull and ruddy and indescribably sickening.

The white horses are gone and the *caserno* is empty and Jean where is Jean? *Ah! bon Dieu ayez pitié de nous.* M le Curé* is in the church moving from group to group of anxious or weeping women. The church is full of people; some praying with lighted candles before the armoured figure of St. Joan of Arc. There are wounded, and two Little Sisters of the Sacred Heart are doing what they can for them. Most of the women and children are here except those sheltering in the Convent of the Sacred Heart or in the adjacent orphanage, but the latter has been shelled and the roof is burning. So doubtless the occupants have been removed to safer quarters. Alphonse the little hunch-back cobbler, is here, a bird fancier, and he has with him as many of his birds as he could bring crowded and fluttering in one cage. Annette is missing. Someone saw her set off to look for Pauline. Ah! the poor silly woman! As if one could find anything in the black smoke that hangs everywhere.

The sluices have been opened to flood the marsh below the town, but the bridge has not yet been blown up, though the fuse is laid ready in case there should have to be a retreat. Suppose a shell should strike the Church! Does *M le Curé* think it likely? What had they better do? Would it not be best to leave the town by the road of the forest? *M le Curé* says there is no necessity yet. He will tell them when the time comes. *Calmez vous, mes enfants.*† He goes often to the door to look over the valley to the open space where the road runs parallel with the river. When men come struggling back along the road, it will be time to take the women away, but there is no coming back yet—God be praised. Ammunition waggon pass quickly down from time to time, and in one place a tree has fallen across the road and some men are busy removing the obstruction.

Above the golden sea of poplars hangs a pall of black smoke broken now and again with flashes of blue fire. Out there across the river Hell is let loose and men made in the image of God are killing each other. The nations are at each other's throats. The ends of the earth are there. East has joined hands with West.

* Ah, good God, have pity upon us!

† Calm yourselves, my children.

in the great conflict. And in the ugly wreckage are seen the fruits of God's gifts to man—science, skill, and many devices vilely abused. And while the shuddering poplars drop golden tears into the hurrying ruddy stream, above the roar of battle rise His yet greater gifts, courage, endurance, sacrifice, heroism the union of hearts too long kept apart by caste and creed—and the white spirit of compassionate pity and healing.

England.

G CROMPTON.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE.

A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR

CHAPTER I

TWO RECRUITS

A SMALL inn in Paris. Not one of the company present belonged to the upper strata of the cultured European races. Most of them were French *cultivateurs*, in baggy corduroy trousers, blue shirts, boots, stockings belt, hat, cravat. At one of the numerous small tables, two men were seated. For a while neither spoke. But they listened attentively—and their eyes wandered from group to group.

All friends here. It was Lefebvre the elder of the two men, who broke the silence.

Francis Leschier, his companion nodded.

"Then," continued Lefebvre, "we can discuss our business—but in subdued tones."

To a stranger, the clinking of glasses, the buzz of conversation, the loud laughter, would not have conveyed the impression that the men were anxious for the safety of their country. Not many weeks ago, the Germans had been almost at the gates of Paris. The enemy was still in France, making desperate efforts to break through the Allies and advance once more on Paris.

"You're from La Bassée?" questioned Leschier.

Lefebvre nodded.

"It was you who conveyed to the British commander the rush of the German right to the sea?"

The nod was repeated.

"How many Germans did you kill?"

Lefebvre dipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out a pipe. There were several crosses on the bowl. He counted the number—eight.

"Three," he said.

"And five before, makes eight."

"You're a good mathematician! What's the balance?"

"Ten for your wife; ten for your child. Eight from twenty leaves twelve."

"The balance is twenty-two," corrected Lefebre. "You have not included Louvain. Where is Lemaitre?"

"He ought to be here, now—Ha! That's him coming. I know his laugh." Looking out of the window, "He's got others with him."

The latter piece of information was not pleasing to Lefebre. "The young fool!" he muttered.

Lemaitre's companions were Britishers—young fellows, strong and healthy.

Lefebre gave Lemaitre a quick glance of mingled surprise and enquiry.

"It's all right," laughed Lemaitre. "These are friends—Mr. Richard Palmer and Mr. James Buck. Both English."

"Both except me," said Buck.

Palmer laughed.

Buck, innocent of the contradictory statement he had made, turned on Palmer savagely, and enquired "What is there to laugh at? I'm proud of my nationality."

Palmer laughed the more, but seeing the puzzled look on the faces of the Frenchmen, in good French explained that Buck had declared that they were both English—*except himself*.

The Frenchmen enjoyed the Irish bull perpetrated by Buck and good-feeling was at once established between the Frenchmen and the Britishers.

"You want to join us," asked Lefebre.

"We do," answered Palmer.

"Let me speak for myself," hastily interposed Buck. "I'm a Nationalist." He made a profound bow to Lefebre. "We Irish are accredited with hating the English. Some of us do; but every man of us enjoys a good fight. We've fought against and for the French—a long time ago, I mean," he added hastily. "We've fought the Scot and the English—and even fought ourselves—I mean, among ourselves. I'm simply itching to fight the Germans."

"Why didn't you and your friend enlist in the British Army?"

It was quite a natural question to ask.

"As for me," answered Buck, "the Doctor said I had a bad heart. Glory be—I'm as sound as a bell."

"You look it. And you, Sir?"

"Bad teeth."

Lefebvre smiled dubiously.

"There must be some other reason."

"I've told you exactly what the Doctor said," replied Palmer, somewhat stiffly, but catching a warning look in Buck's eyes, he continued in a calmer tone, "Buck and I were determined to go to the war, so we came over to France and, as luck would have it, fell in with our friend Lemaitre."

Lefebvre thought it time to introduce himself.

~~was~~ "I'm the Colonel of a band of Franc-Tireurs. I hold no military command, we are not under military law, and if the Germans capture any of us, we are shot."

Lefebvre gave this latter information by way of a warning. Palmer ignored the warning. He, in turn, was curious to know why Lefebvre was not with the Regulars, also the other Frenchmen.

"I have only three Frenchmen with me," explained Lefebvre. "The others are Belgians. You see me, I'm old, past the age appointed for Military Service. These other two at my request, have been exempted."

"Then the French Government approves of your methods—?"

"The Government have found me and my men useful."

"You are then free to fight where you like—that suits me, and you Buck?"

"To be sure, anything suits me as long as at the end of it there is fighting."

"There will be fighting," Lefebvre assured them. "I note that you both speak French."

"And German, and Urdu," added Pat. "You see, we are from India—a place called Lucknow. We studied in La Martiniere College—yes, a countryman of yours, was Martin, quite a Nawab, in the time of the Kings of Oudh. What was I saying? Yes—we are from India. Our fathers sent us to England to finish us in an engineering college, after a University career. Been in England a couple of years now. We know France a bit, also Germany. Now give me a drink—I'm thirsty."

It was a long speech for James, and he felt thirsty after it.

The hotel-keeper was a friend of Lefebvre. He conducted the Britishers to a small room and provided them with peasants' clothes. Lefebvre was cautious—he knew he had to be, for, among the men in the café, it was possible there were some German spies.

"We'll go to the station and see if there is any train leaving for the front," said Lefebvre, when the two Britishers had returned.

There was a train—a troop special, crammed with Indian soldiers.

Palmer addressed one of the Indian officers in Urdu. The man was delighted that a Frenchman could converse with him in his own

language. Palmer did not undeceive him as to his nationality. He asked the officer where the troops were going.

"Allah and General French knows," laughed Risaldar Wajid Ali Khan. "All we know, we are going to fight the Germans. I hear they are very brave—we prefer encountering an enemy that is brave. There is no pleasure in routing cowards. I know some people in India and in England have said the Indian troops will never stand up against the Germans. Wait and see, Huzoor."

"I have no misgivings," replied Palmer truthfully. "~~I know~~ you—I have lived in India. You will not disgrace the Empire—I'm sure of that."

The Risaldar held out his hand. Palmer grasped it.

"I hope we'll meet again," said Wajid.

"We will."

"That is as Allah will. But where are you going, Huzoor?"

Palmer hesitated a second.

"We are cultivators," said he at length. "At least, you ought to guess as much from our dress. We're going by this train to—to the fields outside Paris, to see what the harvest is like."

"This is a troop special. They will not let you—"

"I've arranged," said Lefebvre coming up and tapping Palmer on the shoulder.

As they went along the platform, Palmer asked—"How did you manage? This is a troop train?"

"The officials know me," explained Lefebvre, with a wave of his hand. "I go anywhere I like. We've got accommodation in the break-van."

"And our destination?"

"Ah—destination—" He glanced quickly into Palmer's face as they passed down the platform. "Yes—why should I not speak? You are one of us."

Palmer expected a full disclosure of the Tireur's plans. He had to be content with the information that they were going north-west.

There was sufficient accommodation in the break-van for the Tireurs. True, the van was packed with miscellaneous boxes, but these were found useful in the absence of chairs.

"I think I'll have a smoke. Any objection?"

James put the question to the guard who had no objection whatever.

"No ammunition in these cases?" questioned Lefebvre.

"None."

"Then I'll have a smoke also."

He produced his pipe.

"Hello!" cried James, "a curious pipe. Historical? What are these crosses?"

Lefebvre turned and looked at Buck with a pleased smile on his face. The Tireurs had a good deal of scouting to do, and to be a scout, a man must be quick at noticing anything unusual—must possess intelligence.

"You have good eyes," he said. "You'll make a good Tireur."

"Thanks. But those crosses—"

"I'll tell you. You and your friend," pointing to Palmer, "must listen attentively and afterwards, if you find me, in my acts, cruel to the enemy, recall this day and the suffering I endure." *

His voice had grown harsh.

"I lived in Louvain," he continued. "You have read that Louvain is a mass of ruins? The Huns came. The Commandant, the staff and several military officers put up near the railway station. My home used to be quite close to the station. My house does not stand there now."

"German soldiers wandered about the streets and entered drinking saloons. They got drunk—beastly drunk—insulted women in the streets. I kept indoors, with my wife and little son. Oh, God! my wife—my son!"

His face twitched with agony.

"I'm French," he continued. "The Germans hate us. I had been living in Belgium many years and married a Belgian lady. I kept indoors. I looked out from a window. Two Germans were coming down the road. On the pavement were standing a young man and the girl he was going to marry. The Germans grossly insulted the girl. The young man abused the Germans. They shot him dead. In an instant, shooting became general taken up from houses all over the town. From the window of a hotel near by, a machine-gun opened fire—dealing death to men, women and children in the streets. The massacre was horrible. I retired with my wife and child to our bedroom. My wife crushed our little son to her breast and cried to me not to let those monsters hurt him. I assured her I would die first. But I'm alive—alive! Ha! I can have revenge."

He paused for a moment and then resumed—

"The front door of my house fell with a crash. I rushed out and received a blow on the head—I am unable to tell who hit me and how I lay stunned. How long it was before I regained consciousness, I know not. The smell of burning was in my nostrils. I scrambled to my feet. Smoke came in through the windows and down the staircase. Yes, I was at the foot of the steps. Someone had dragged me there, or thrown me from above. Shooting still went on in the

streets, and, above the shooting, I heard the cries of women and children:

"God! I remembered them—my wife and child. I rushed up the steps. The bed room was ablaze. I fought through the flames and dragged out first my wife and then my child. But they were past help. The flames had not killed them. My little son had his hands cut off—those hands I had often kissed. And my wife

He paused and gulped down a sob.

"My wife. I cannot tell what the monsters had done to ~~her~~. But she was dead. A bayonet thrust had ended her agony."

He held up his pipe.

"See this. He cried savagely, pointing to the crosses cut into the bowl. "I have killed so many Germans—have got to kill more—it is a vow. I have killed many in general actions. They do not count these crosses. You see represent Germans I have singled out—shot. When you witness some of my acts you will call me cruel. I don't care—I can't help it. At night, during the day—ever before me I see pictures of my murdered wife and my child."

He lit his pipe with a hand that shook and walked away, muttering, to a corner of the room.

"He is cruel," whispered Leschier to Palmer. "Even I, who have seen many ugly sights during this war, shudder at some of his acts. I've seen him flay a German alive."

"God, God!"

"H-h-h! come this way—he'll hear. That's the truth, but we make a witness for him." He lit a match.

"How many more Indian troops are coming?" he asked, puffing at his pipe.

"I can't say. I don't know."

"There are not enough to frighten the Germans?"

"Thousands are already in the firing line."

"Ha!"

Palmer thought he saw the man start with surprise.

"At least I've heard as much," he added.

"Where are they?"

Leschier's question was asked with eagerness. Palmer did not note that the information was wanted for some particular purpose and he grew suspicious.

"I don't know," he replied, and walked back to Lefebvre.

"I'm feeling hungry," he told Lefebvre.

The leader of the Tireurs laughed.

"So am I," he acknowledged. "In an hour's time we'll halt—and then can cook some food."

"At what station?"

"At no station. It is dangerous. The Germans generally select stations to drop bombs on from aeroplanes. We'll halt about a mile from the village of Mony."

Palmer turned and saw that Leschier had approached them, and noted a smile on his face. Leschier passed on to a corner of the van where was his bedding.

He took no further notice of the man, but Leschier had made a bad impression on him and he felt suspicious.

It's a long, long way to the German lines, laughed Buck, as he joined Palmer at a window. "How do you think the Indians will pan out?" he asked.

"Splendidly."

"I agree with you. They are plucky beggars. One of them a Gurkha told me on the platform, that each of them had made his wife understand he was not coming back. I do believe they will still keep it up, say they are dead, killed already, when they send letters home."

Jim—Jim—none but an Irishman is capable of making such a blunder."

"Bosh! You know what I mean. They will write and say they are just expiring, or—what's that?"

They heard a flutter. Saw a pigeon flying low across the country. Both Palmer and Buck thought the bird had escaped from the van. Leschier was at a window. He called out:

"I nearly caught that pigeon. It was on the roof of the van."

A pigeon? what pigeon?" asked Lefebre.

Palmer pointed to a small object flying northwards.

"You saw it on the roof?" he called to Leschier.

"Yes. Nearly caught it. What a fine supper I've missed."

Lefebre's face had worn an anxious look, but the lines on his face vanished and he even smiled at Leschier's disappointment.

Towards dusk, the troop-train was running swiftly through some level country—wide fields stretching miles to the north where, in the distance, could be seen hills. In front, a couple of miles ahead, was a forest, beyond which was the station of Mony.

The train presently passed over a bridge spanning a stream, and then stopped.

Out poured the Indian soldiers. There was a loud slamming of doors—and the men laughed and sang as they sprang to the permanent-way and rushed down to the stream, carrying with them their pots and pans to cook their evening meal.

The troop-train, however, was not deserted, soldiers mounted

"Here, James—come and help me lift him out of this," called out Palmer.

"Leave me alone," cried the German. Pah! Do you think I'm afraid to die? My only regret is, I didn't have time to drop a bomb."

"Had you information as to the whereabouts of the troop-train?" enquired Lefebre.

"Of course we had," the officer replied, a pained look, in spite of the agony he was feeling, on his face.

"How did you get it?"

"Find that out, my friend. This attempt to destroy you has failed—our head-quarters will hear of it presently, and another will be made—don't say you were not warned."

He laughed loudly. The exertion caused a rush of blood to his throat and, gasping, he died.

A British officer in charge of the Indian troops ordered the German officers to be buried with military honours.

After the funeral, Palmer walked aside with Buck.

"Have you found any solution?" he asked.

"To the way the Germans discovered our whereabouts? None—I'm puzzled.

"What about that pigeon?"

CHAPTER II

LA POUPÉE

On the outskirts of a wood three men were seated. They were in the enemy's territory, land conquered from the Belgians. Between them and the Allies, from the sea down to Metz, were the hosts of the Huns. But they were several miles from the opposing trenches. Before them, as they sat in the shade of the trees standing sentinels to the forest, was a sloping country—once fields, green and golden with ripening corn, now a scene of desolation.

Desolation—?

In front of the forest, for a long distance ran deep trenches. There were signs of heavy fighting at no very remote period. Dead horses lay everywhere—some had rolled into the ditches—some were lying flat on their backs, their legs rigid, pointing to the sky. Abandoned ammunition wagons, unused shells, bodies even of soldiers, German and Belgian, were scattered about the field of battle. There were graves, too—but not many. The vanquished had fled—the victors were in too great a hurry to bury all their dead.

A mile across the plain could be seen the spire of a church, overlooking tall trees. The villagers could tell the tale of the battle that had been fought in their midst.

But the three men were not discussing the battle. Palmer and Buck had seen some bloody fights and some horrible scenes since their joining the Tureus. The scene before them did not now fill them with horror.

"What is your friend doing?" asked Lefebvre of Palmer and then before his question could be answered, added "Ha—I see, what a top he is—but he fights well."

The Tureus had dropped their peasants' costumes and were now in khaki and armed with rifle and revolver. Buck was pleased with the change. He was always a dressy some thought he always overdid it. At the present moment he was scenting his moustache.

A cry from Palmer made him spring to his feet and Buck hastily replaced the scent bottle on his pocket.

But Lefebvre put down his rifle which he had seized.

On the battle-field a few hundred yards from where they were, a little child of some four or five years was chasing a butterfly. They stood and watched the child in silence for a few minutes. Then Lefebvre exclaimed:

"Is this a vision?"

"It's a very pretty one," said Buck. "Good Lord! It is coming towards the corpses."

He ran forward and the others with him.

The child saw them and stood still—not alarmed but surprised. Then it clapped its little hands, taking care, however, not to drop a biscuit it was holding.

"I say, little man—are you a boy or a girl?" asked Buck in his usual blundering language.

The child replied in English: "I'm a woman—daddy calls me one." There was a roar of laughter from Palmer. Buck turned on him angrily.

"What's there funny in the child's reply?" he asked. "Just you shut up. You might frighten the sweet innocent. And by God, she's English."

"Where is your daddy?" asked Palmer, smothering an inclination to laugh yet again.

"Dunno."

"Who brought you here?"

"Mummy."

"Good God! An English child—deserted by its mother—"

"Come—I take you to mummy."

The child caught Palmer by the hand
The men followed to a low bush Behind it -
"That's mummy" said the child.

A woman her clothes torn off her back lay cold and stiff on the ground
There was a gap in, wound in her throat.

Horried the men recoiled from the sight

"That's mummy" repeated the child and sitting on the ground
pulled at her mother's hand "Mum my some soldiers come."

Palmer lifted her in his arms

"A butterfly" he exclaimed and ran away with the laughing
child after a butterfly they could not see

Lefebvre blew on a whistle

In a few seconds out of the wood from various angles, came men—
running, then rifles ready in their hands

Palmer, too, obeyed the signal It was death not to

"Where is butterfly" hisped the child

"We'll tell these men to catch one" Palmer told her, carrying
her to a spot from where she could not see her dead mother

"I want Bruno" said Lefebvre

An old man stepped forward and saluted Lefebvre

"There is a woman lying behind that hedge," said Lefebvre
pointing with his finger "You're an old man go and search the
body There may be some article by which we might identify the
woman--be able to tell whose child that is"

The men crowded around the child while Bruno attended to his
unpleasant task

"What's her name ask her," said Lefebvre

Palmer put her the question in English

"Daddy call me little woman"

"Yes, but you must have some other name What--what did--
what does your mummy call you?"

"She kisses me"

Palmer could not resist the inclination

He stooped and kissed the child

"I like you--you like dad," said the child

Bruno returned

"Nothing--I've found nothing," he said, "to tell who the
woman is. But here is a purse--it is heavy"

Lefebvre opened the purse. It contained only money--sovereigns.
He counted the money and handed the purse to Bruno

"Keep this--and in your care also we place this child, till we get
to France and hand her over to friends"

"She is our child--our doll," cried one man.

"La Poupée" cried the men.

Lefebvre smiled.

"Do as I have told you," he ordered Bruno, and La Poupée, laughing and clapping her hands, was lifted by willing hands and placed on Bruno's shoulders, and the men ran back to the woods, chanting "La Poupée"—La Poupée!"

If the Germans could only have heard them—seen them.

It was perhaps well for the Germans that none of them were in range of the men's rifles.

Lefebvre and the two Britishers walked back to the tree under which they had been seated. Buck pulled out his scent bottle to give his moustache a finishing touch.

"It seems to me," said Palmer, "our retreat," pointing into the interior of the forest, "is no longer secure."

"Why?" questioned Lefebvre.

"These trenches—these dead were not here a week ago. The Germans have been in this forest."

"But did not find our hiding-place. I think this fact makes our retreat all the more secure."

After a moment's thought, Palmer admitted the force of Lefebvre's reasoning.

In the woods, a short distance from the village of Bickshoote, Lefebvre had found a place of concealment—a retreat when he was obliged to fly and where, also, to mature plans for further adventures. In the depths of the forest was a deep ravine—yet hidden, the tops of tall trees looking over the mouth of the ravine and covering it with thick foliage. At the bottom of the ravine were several natural caves, and here Lefebvre hid his stores; also here he and his men lived comparatively comfortably.

"Yes,—you are right. This place is doubly secure now—"

But Lefebvre held up his hand.

"No—you were right, and I, wrong. What about the pigeon?"

"You think——?"

"We'll know for certain to-night."

"What do you mean? You suspect?"

"I'll tell you to-night. Have you finished your toilet, Buck?"

"Gad—yes. But I've been thinking about that child—La Poupée. I shall adopt her."

"We have adopted her," said Lefebvre. "She belongs to the
Trenches."

It was after supper, when the men were smoking in the ravines, that a figure silently moved among the bushes and climbed, by a path he knew, to the head of the chasm.

Lefebvre had seen the figure. His eyes in fact had never been off the man throughout the evening

"Come with me"

He beckoned to Palmer and Buck and they followed obediently.

Lefebvre had made the Britishers his constant companions. He had found that they were more intelligent than the rest of the Tireurs—more daring, and capable of planning surprises and leading men.

It was dark in the forest, but Lefebvre led on unhesitatingly. "Not a word—no talking" and the Britishers had already learnt to obey. They knew not—could not guess where Lefebvre was leading them. They felt it had something to do with his promise to tell them about the carrier pigeon.

About a mile thence Lefebvre halted. They were on the fringe of a small opening in the woods. Here there was light—there were no branches to keep out the rays of the moon. But Lefebvre and his companions kept in the dark of the forest.

Lefebvre had seen a man come from the far side of the opening. Palmer and Buck now saw him—a German officer. He stood, then gave a low whistle—then another. From at his feet almost, a man sprang up out of the grass. The German drew his revolver, but the other man laughed—they recognised each other.

And the Britishers recognised the other man—it was Leschier.

Palmer had always suspected him of being a spy.

The German and Leschier spoke in whispers. Then Leschier handed him some papers—and the German departed.

Leschier crept back into the shadow of the trees, passing within a few feet where the three Tireurs lay concealed. Palmer was on the point of springing on the spy, when Lefebvre clutched his arm.

Leschier, all unconscious of the presence of witnesses of his infamy, hurried back to camp.

"Now we can talk," said Lefebvre. "I feel sure you want to ask questions."

"Upon my soul, I have been just bursting to say something," said Buck. "I've been under full steam without a safety valve, and nearly exploding. Why on earth did you not give me the word to pot those two devils? I had them sure at the end of my barrel."

"Do you recognise the risk?" asked Palmer, seriously.

"Leschier has probably told the German of our secret retreat and—"

"We shall be able to trap them. But I am not so sure that Leschier's intention was to betray us—he could have done that long ago. No, the game is a bigger one. Now if we had killed the German, the chance to lay in ambush would have been lost; if we had shot Leschier, we would never know what devilry had been planned."

Possibly we shall never know, but I think Leschier will confess. Come."

The court martial was held under a big tree. All the Tircurs were present except Le Poupee. The child was asleep.

Lefebvre addressed his men. He pointed to Leschier who was guarded by two Tircurs and said:

"He is a traitor."

And then he told the men what he and the Englishmen had seen.

"Now I'll ask for your verdict," Captain Buck says.

Buck sat up, coughed, pulled at his moustaches.

"I've been promoted," he muttered.

"Your verdict," demanded Lefebvre impatiently.

"Death!"

"Lieutenant Palmer, your

Death.

And the remainder of the Tircurs all cried: "Death."

The doomed man fell on his knees and appealed for mercy.

"You are doomed," Lefebvre told him.

"Even if I confess."

"Confess," well perhaps, think less of your sins, then.

And Leschier confessed. He had been in communication with the German officer, Major Rosenberg, for some time. The Major, Leschier confessed, was a scoundrel. He boasted of running many prominent French ladies. He won in London murdered near the trenches, continued Leschier, was the victim of a clergyman, a Mr. Evans. Rosenberg came to know with Evans and Mrs. Evans's cousin, a Miss Carew, in Germany. Before the war, Mr. Evans was fond of travelling and frequently visited France, Belgium and Germany. Rosenberg came across the Evans and Miss Carew in Belgium before the war broke out. He had already had a quarrel with them, being turned out of a hotel in Germany for making insulting proposals to Mrs. Evans. Now he had his revenge. It was at Louvain. He met Evans, somehow the ladies escaped. Mrs. Evans had her infant daughter with her. I found out since recently, and for a large sum of money, told the Major that Mrs. Evans was at a farm close by here, and that Miss Carew was also in the neighbourhood, serving as a Red Cross Nurse. I sent him these particulars by a pigeon messenger. He told me only an hour ago that he had killed Miss Carew for being obstinate—just outside these woods, and had left her child to starve."

"My God!" cried Palmer. "He ever a man deserves death, this one, surely."

"Let him tell his tale," said Lefebvre. His voice was hoarse with passion.

"I'm hiding nothing," whined Leschier, "I'm sorry—Oh! very sorry for my sins. I've wealth—the Germans have given me much money—all will I give to the war funds."

"Peace! Tell what else there is of your infamy."

"A wounded soldier," continued the prisoner, "told me in conversation that a kind English nurse, named Carew, at the village of Saucy—you can see the spire of the church from outside the woods—attended him. I let Rosenberg know this, also that if he wanted further particulars, to meet me here, for we had orders to come to these woods—"

"One moment," interrupted Lefebvre. "Have you sold the secret of our retreat here?"

"On my honour—no."

"Your honour? But go on— I believe you."

"The Major met me, as you know, and he had other questions to ask me. The Germans, five miles behind these woods, are meditating a surprise attack on the Gurkhas. I told him the position and strength of the trenches. In turn he informed me that to-morrow night the attack was to be made and if there were any changes in the positions of the Gurkhas, I was to let him know."

"He said nothing about Miss Carew."

"He is going to capture her to-night—after making his report."

"Where is this girl?"

"In the church. It is used as a hospital."

"How do you send messages to the Major?"

"I write them on a piece of paper, tie the paper, and rolled small, under a pigeon's wing."

"Have you any pigeons?"

"Only one at present—in a small box in my bedding."

Lefebvre turned to one of the Tircurs.

"Give him a pencil and a piece of paper," he said.

"When this was done—"

"Write," he commanded Leschier.

"Gurkhas have planned night attack on you. They leave camp an hour after midnight, pass through the woods and creep to your trenches. Be in the woods at about midnight; you will secure the lot."

Leschier announced he had written as instructed.

"Then sign it as you always sign such documents."

"It is done," answered Leschier.

"Now fold the paper."

"It is done."

"Give it to Bruno."

Bruno in turn handed the rolled paper to Lefebvre, who carefully put it into his pocket.

"Bruno!"

The man saluted and asked:

"What orders?"

"Six men—five paces," said Lefebvre

Leschier now perceived that no mercy was going to be shown him. He sprang to his feet and cursed Lefebvre, and continued cursing while the firing party was dragging him away.

"Come," said Lefebvre to his two officers.

They returned to the ravine. Not a word was spoken. Silently they sat on boulders and listened. How long it was taking the six men to carry out the Colonel's orders. Had Leschier broken from them—escaped?

A loud report

Six men had fired, but there was but one report

The Tirailleurs in the cave did not start. But a wail came from a corner of the cave

"Mummy! Mummy!"

Palmer rushed to the corner where La Poupee was lying. He lifted the child in his arms and singing a lullaby, carried the little one up and down the cave, till the child was asleep again. As he returned La Poupee to her bed he stooped and kissed her and a tear dropped on her face

"Is she asleep?" asked Lefebvre

"Asleep."

"Then leave her to Bruno. We must away to the village."

(To be Continued.)

J. H. WILLMER.

Lucknow

THE MONTH.

One more month has passed away ; the death-roll, euphemistically known as the roll of honour, has grown yards longer—if the names of the soldiers killed on both sides in each of the series of wars be published, British and French, German and Russian, Belgian, Servian, Turkish and Indian, we should have to measure it by a much longer unit than the yard. Millions of money have been spent, the British estimate being a million sterling a day. The prospects of peace remain as remote as ever. The original German plan was to beat the enemy on the west first and then to settle the account with the eastern foe. That plan has failed, though it has been rewarded in a manner which was not perhaps expected before the commencement of hostilities. The latest instructions issued by the Kaiser to his army are said to be that Warsaw must be taken first at any cost, and there will be time enough afterwards to deal with the Allies on the west. Evidently he has changed his opinion concerning his eastern enemy, but continues to hold the armies in the west in contempt. Lodz has been evacuated by the Russians, notwithstanding the glowing telegrams that were issued from Petrograd about the doom of the German army in Poland five weeks ago. If a certain army corps had arrived earlier, the result might have been different, as later telegrams have explained. Unfortunately the corps did not arrive in time, and strategy compelled the abandonment of that important town. Flushed by the success in that quarter

the Kaiser seems resolved to follow it by a march on Warsaw. Owing to the greater concentration of German and Austrian troops in Poland, the Russian advance towards Cracow would appear to have been arrested. In the south, while Russia has entered Hungary, the Austrians have "re-appeared on the heights of the Carpathians." The French army is said to have advanced some twenty miles in German territory; in Belgium the Allies have gained ground, and we have not heard of late of the Kaiser's instructions to make one more attempt to reach Calais. Taking a broad view of the situation we find that Germany is in occupation of the greater part of Belgium and a portion of France and of Poland. Russia has occupied Galicia and France has penetrated a few miles in Germany. Every foot of the ground occupied is stoutly contested and advance is resisted inch by inch. Neither side has shown any very great superiority over the other during the month. The French Government has returned to Paris in the assurance that the German tide has ebbed away. His Britannic Majesty paid a visit to France, saw the soldiers in the fighting line, spoke to the wounded in hospitals, dined with President Poincaré and the great Generals, and issued a sympathetic and encouraging message to the soldiers. The Prince of Wales is with General French. At the commencement of the war it was given out that the Kaiser expected to finish the war by Christmas. That was not to be, and the credit of upsetting his plans belongs in no small measure to Belgium. The Allies are therefore morally bound to strain every nerve to regain the independence of that little State, apart from the advantages of such independence to England. The performances of the other little State involved in the war, namely Serbia, are not in themselves of sufficient importance to influence the final issue, but the recapture of Belgrade after a severe defeat inflicted on the enemy constitutes a blow to Austrian prestige. It has been attributed to German selfishness in using Austrian troops in the first instance for the purposes of the stronger Power and appears to have caused so much irritation that a proposal to sue for peace independently of Germany is said to be seriously discussed in Austria. Whatever the consequences of breaking away from the powerful and relentless ally at the present juncture may be, a peace so concluded can hardly re-establish the lost prestige. Instead of concluding the war by last Christmas, it is

now given out that Germany is prepared to continue it till the Christmas of 1915

IF the issue is to be decided entirely by the armies, the war may last another year. What with fire trenches and other obstacles they may impede one another's advance as long as possible and as long as the supply of men is not exhausted and their patience is maintained by hopes of victory the war will drag on its tedious and ruinous length. England's hope seems to lie for the present mainly in the strangulation of German trade by means of her superior navy, while the Kaiser's hope appears to rest on the science of his fighting men and the possibility of other Powers being drawn into the fray. The naval disaster of last month off the Chilean Coast has been retrieved by the British Navy while the German Navy has placed to its credit a raid on the north-east coast of England. The cruisers that perpetrated it have escaped—in what condition is not known. It was a serious raid and caused much damage to life and property. However we are assured that it has no military significance. One result of Great Britain's naval superiority, according to the telegrams, is that the German army cannot get a sufficient supply of copper. One expert is of opinion that after June that army will have neither shells nor cartridges. Another doubts whether the supply of cartridges will not run short in another fortnight. A few weeks after the commencement of the war these well-informed correspondents discovered that the Germans could get neither horses nor petrol. Nevertheless the war continued. The reader has, therefore, learnt to wait and see actual developments, instead of crediting the predictions of newspaper correspondents. Whatever the effects of the suppression of trade may have been on the economic situation and the manufacture of war material in Germany, the occupation of Belgium on the one hand and Poland on the other goes far towards assuring the Kaiser's subjects of their final victory, while the grievous failure of his original plans and the almost complete imprisonment of the German and Austrian navies have equally assured the Allies of their final victory. In these circumstances it is interesting to watch the attitude of other Powers. The

departure of the Italian ambassadors from the capitals of the Allies gave rise in India to sinister rumours, but subsequent events have shown that their visit to Rome was in good faith to attend a conference and not preliminary to breaking off diplomatic relations. As Turkey has joined Germany, she has in a way put Italy on her guard and made her apprehensive of the effects of German and Turkish activities on the Mohamedan population of North Africa. In the eyes of the Christian nations of Europe, the Kaiser's action in setting up the Turks against them is perhaps as heinous as the attack on Belgium. It shows how utterly unscrupulous he is in the employment of means to gain his own ends. Italy's warm protest against the arrest of a British Consul in an Italian consulate, which was followed by his release and an apology, is an instructive incident. It indicates that by fomenting trouble in Asia and Africa, Germany has lost the sympathy of Italy. In the same manner an exhibition of German truculence in East Africa has driven Portugal to the side of the Allies, though she remains neutral and has accepted an apology. The determination of the Kaiser to retain possession of Belgium and to get out of that State as much gold as possible to carry on the war, together with other symptoms, appears to have filled the Scandinavian Powers with misgivings. A Professor was sent to Norway and Sweden to lecture to the inhabitants on the blessings of German culture and the expediency of contracting an alliance with Germany. This mission was followed by the mining of the Gulf of Finland. The North Sea is already mined. The weak States in the north appear to suspect that if Belgium and Poland are successfully swallowed up by the German Empire, their turn will follow. Anyhow the Monarchs of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have all met and pledged their word of mutual friendship. It is doubtful whether their combination, even if Holland joins them, will successfully suppress German ambition without the sympathy of other Powers. But the meeting of the Monarchs shows what effect the present war has produced on the mind of neutral Powers. Bulgaria and Rumania appear to be wavering. As Servia has successfully resisted Austrian aggression so far, they have still time to consider what they should do. President Wilson hopes for early peace, while the American press, after Mr. Chirol's revelations, is persuaded that the world cannot afford to allow Germany to win.

What Turkey expected to gain in the present war is, or was for some time, a mystery. One theory indeed was that she was coerced into throwing in her lot with Egypt. Her army is under the direction of German officers, their discipline is said to be too strict, and possibly soldiers unaccustomed to such control have here and there resented it. But the foreign teachers and leaders will not allow themselves to be shaken off and Turkey may some time rue the day when their assistance was invoked. The news published in India about the occurrences in Asia Minor cannot be said to be ample and precise. Petriograd telegrams say that the Turkish army has been routed in several places and Enver Pasha, following the example of other European officials and Sovereigns perhaps, will himself proceed to the front. The treasury is said to be nearly empty, and whether Russia has been embarrassed by the war in the South or not, we have not heard of any Turkish successes. No naval action has been reported from the Black Sea, the destruction of a Turkish warship by a submarine which is said to redound greatly to the naval genius of the Briton, is the only event of importance which was reported from south-eastern Europe during the month. At the other end of Asiatic Turkey, the British Army has penetrated as far as Basrah, which has been taken. The Arabs on the coast of the Persian Gulf, as well as elsewhere, are said to be indifferent to the fortunes of Turkey, and the vigorous action taken in this region to teach a lesson to Enver Pasha has been placed mainly to the credit of H. E. the Viceroy of India and the Indian army. We may, in passing, offer our respectful condolences to him on the death of his son from the effects of the wounds received two months ago in France. The head of the Indian Government must be very hard worked now, as also H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, and this fresh loss, after the bereavement of some months ago, is a trying blow. The war has plunged ever so many families into mourning. The wounded from the Persian Gulf and from East Africa have arrived, and they must be spreading among their fellow-men reports of their comrades who have gone to the land from which no one returns. The most important event that has occurred during the month on this side of the Mediterranean is the deposition of the Khedive, who had gone to Constantinople and joined the Germano-Turkish alliance, and the

installation in his place of a member of the same family as Sultan of Egypt, independent of Turkey, and under the protection of Great Britain. Egypt was nominally a feudatory of Turkey, and when the overlord was at war with Great Britain, the Khedive could not remain the friend of both. He could have refused at least to adopt Turkey's quarrel actively, whatever his position in theory might have been. But he elected otherwise and apparently preferred to bend his neck to the German yoke, in imitation of his suzerain. Great Britain took the only possible step that was consistent with the Government of Egypt by a native ruler and set up the most eligible loyal member of the Khedivial family and declared his independence of the former suzerain. The nobles and commoners of Egypt are said to have acclaimed him with joy.

While Great Britain has been careful to maintain a certain standard of superiority to all other powers in her navy, she seems to have under-estimated the demands that would be made upon her army. The late Earl Roberts, made it his hobby after the South African War to preach the necessity of following the German example of training the nation to arms by compulsion. He was ridiculed and some newspapers told him that when the soldier mistakes his profession and assumes the rôle of the statesman he forfeits the right to be heard. Imperial defence has latterly been studied by committees of statesmen and warriors from all parts of the Empire, and if they had thought that a citizen army was necessary, the distinguished warrior would probably have been listened to. But the British nation does not seem to have realised that the army would be called upon to fight a powerful enemy on continental soil, besides defending the Empire. The violation of Belgian neutrality was, perhaps, a surprise, but now that it is a fact, the lesson to be learnt seems to be that, unless Germany can be prevented from continuing the policy taught by Scharnhorst, similar surprises must always be expected and Great Britain must be prepared to put a large body of trained men into the field on the continent. Lord Kitchener says that on the voluntary principle he will shortly have an army sufficient for the purposes of the present war. If it proves sufficient, Earl Roberts' warnings may once more be forgotten. But it has been

pertinently asked whether Germany would have ventured to bring about the present war at all, if England could throw a large army into Belgium or France as soon as the neutrality of the former was violated. Mr. Runciman has announced that the Allies would be in a position to invade Germany in the early part of the new year; and we have been told that the retreat of the combined armies to the proximity of Paris was a brilliant strategical movement. Those who approve of Earl Roberts' advice ask whether it would not have been more brilliant to come to the rescue of the Belgians when they asked at Liege, and Namur, Brussels and Antwerp, "Where are the English?" They were still at their drill. In the circumstances we should not be surprised if public opinion gradually, or perhaps rapidly, veered round to the inevitable. Mr F H Skrine, the well-known author, in a convincing pamphlet calls upon his countrymen to give up their prejudices against the despotism of large standing armies and to take a leaf out of the German book. Just on the eve of the war the attitude of the military authorities on the Irish question lent some support to the fears of military ascendancy. Mr Skrine, however, feels certain that "our democracy has worked out its own political salvation and secured the reins of power; the army will always be an agent of the popular will." It does not seem probable that Prussian militarism will be established in England when the principle of compulsory service is introduced. It would certainly be the lesser of the two evils. What about the navy? Mr Skrine is of opinion that the training for the navy takes a much longer time than the training for the army and "if half a dozen steel clad monsters were sent to the bottom in a naval engagement, the loss of personnel could not be made up in less than a decade." Hence he urges that merchant seamen, fishermen, mechanical engineers, and hands employed in metal works, mines, and other places, should be made liable to active service in the Royal Navy. It appears that Irish and Scottish seamen are conspicuously absent on the British war-ships. Moreover we are told that the separatist tendency, which divides British society into several castes, is conspicuous in the Army and the Navy. Mr. Skrine would lower the barriers between commissioned and non-commissioned ranks. The war will raise ever so many questions and compel a thorough revision of the old schemes of imperial defence, and India as well as England

will be called upon to make fresh sacrifices of one kind or another.

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EAST & WEST.

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GEORGE GISSING.

THE history of the English novel forms one of the most interesting of literary studies. It is difficult to say where it actually begins, but the novel can, at any rate, be traced back to Elizabethan times, whence it has gradually developed into the novel-form of to-day. Now all true literary forms grow, and no true work of literature can be independent of the best that has gone before it; and so, if we take any one literary form, such as that of the novel, we can trace, as it were, a family lineage right back and see how one development springs from another, and how the whole thing owes its existence to the earliest of great literatures. And just as in a great family, there is the one main line from generation to generation and also the various ramifications shooting out in all directions—the collateral branches—so, in the case of literary form, we trace the main line of development through the great masters of the art, while the lesser figures branch out and are forgotten. We can see, to a certain degree, where each fresh development begins, though, of course, it is impossible to divide the history of a literary form into watertight compartments: there is always a period of transition. And who, of modern writers, carry on the main lineage of the novel? Many, doubtless, will be judged as having done so by posterity, but surely, three names will be on that list—George Meredith, Thomas Hardy and George Gissing.

I was writing to a Danish friend the other day to ask him what he had read of George Gissing and he said he had never heard of him, and one is bound to confess that he is not read by

the great multitude, even in England, and, probably, never will be. He is not popular, but one will find his books in houses where very few novels, particularly modern novels, are kept. Ordinary cultivated people, who read widely, read Gissing; but so does the thinking artisan, while university professors place him high among the writers of English prose. Gissing is one of those who sees; and what he sees he tells us with unflinching faithfulness; his style is a model of forcible, yet scholarly and polished English, and without being laboured, it shows us the painstaking care of the scholar and lover of the English.

George Gissing's life was a tragedy, the tragedy of the good man unappreciated. He was born in 1857 and was educated at a private school, whence he went with a scholarship to Owen's College, Manchester. Here he showed great promise, but his career as a student came to an abrupt end, the reason of which is outside the scope of this article. From that time till a few years before his death in 1903, at the early age of 46, his life was a continuous struggle with poverty. He was a man of retiring nature, a good scholar, being well versed in the Classics and in French and German (one of his novels he translated into French himself), and his ideal of life was a modest income, with liberty to devote himself to leisurely writing, to scholarly research and travel. Instead of this, however, he was compelled to live a life of hard and grinding poverty for some years, in order to earn his bread. He started his career by writing a novel which brought him nothing, and then he seems to have gone through a variety of experiences: we hear of a clerkship in Liverpool, of an experience in America, of teaching in small private schools, while all the time he is writing and putting the best of himself into his work. He lived in cellars and garrets and there he wrote. Much of his work is autobiographical; and one can observe flashes of his life peeping out here and there from his books. One can feel the thrill of ecstasy with which he tells us how he once found sixpence in the street. The ordinary comforts of modern life were unattainable luxuries. Once, when a newly posted notice in the lavatory at the British Museum warned readers that the basins were to be used for casual ablutions only, Gissing was abashed at the thought of his own complete dependence upon the facilities of the place. Often, he tells us, he stood in front of cook-shops, raging with hunger and unable to purchase

even one penny-worth of food. He tells us, too, of his aching longing for travel, he had a passionate desire to see Greece and Rome. "At times," he says, "I seem all but to have forgotten that people went away for a holiday. In the poor parts of the town where I dwelt season made no perceptible difference: there were no luggage-laden cabs to remind me of joyous journeys; the folk about me went duly to their toil as usual, and so did I. I remember afternoons of languor, when books were a weariness and no thought could be squeezed out of the weary brain: then would I betake myself to one of the parks and find refreshment without any enjoyable sense of change. Heavens! how I laboured in those days. The intensity of his labour may be seen in the fact that one of his novels, "New Grub Street," he completed in six weeks working at ten hours a day, while he sold books to get food. In later years he could not bear to think or to speak of these sordid cares. Of a certain lodging-house where he once lived he says: "I turn my head whenever I pass the street for I cannot bear to look at the window." And poor Gissing died in what ought to have been his prime at the moment when a long course of discomfort seemed on the point of emerging into high reputation and intellectual ease. All these years popularity had seemed to evade him. He saw men of much inferior talent pass him in the race for public favour; he knew, he must have known, that only a slight deviation from literary sincerity and his chosen path was needed to place him among the famous and to bring him affluence and notoriety. But if the temptation ever presented itself to him it was never for a moment entertained. A truer artist than Gissing never lived. But he was content by nature to be a scholar and a recluse. He was never strong and his fight with privation in earlier years caused trouble in his later life. When he was beginning to get some recompense for his early labour and his books were finding their public, he was overshadowed by the approaching end. In 1897 he writes, "Lung trouble is still hanging over me, the future is very uncertain." And again, "I have just spent three months of idleness, dodging the east winds." "I am off northwards in the vain hope of getting a little strength for next winter." And he finally died in the year 1903, in the little village of St. Jean de Luz in the Pyrenees like one of his own characters, he died in exile.

And now, as to Gissing's work. In his short life, he produced some twenty-three novels, a sketch of a travel holiday in Greece, and a study of Charles Dickens, considered by many the finest critical essay on Dickens that has yet appeared. His novels are a remarkable series of studies of life in its most uncomfortable aspects, and we see in them a determination to tell what the author believes to be the truth and nothing else, and the result is a certain hopelessness of outlook. Gissing is a realist, as great a realist as Zola, and yet he writes with all the purity of Dickens or of Mrs. Gaskell. His realism implies no prurient probing into unsavoury things, merely for the fun of doing so: he writes, as he does, because he saw life in a grey light.

A critic has said, and very truly, that Gissing is the second great interpreter of London life after Dickens - high praise, indeed, but not unmerited. Indeed, Gissing had an admiration for Dickens that almost amounted to idolatry and to Dickens he can be said to owe his first inspiration. And yet, at first sight, how great is the contrast between the two men: on the one hand, Dickens, with his cheery optimism, determined to make the best of things; on the other hand, Gissing, with his dreary and at times depressing pessimism, seeing and, indeed, only capable of seeing, the grey side of life on a small income. Gissing's people are generally the limbo which is external to society, neither the well-bred and notable nor the vicious and criminal. He speaks of the "long, unlovely street of unclean thresholds and rusty knockers, where milkcans and newspapers stand on Sunday mornings." He makes us feel the hideousness and ugliness of a poor London street. So does Dickens: but - and the difference is very characteristic of the two men and of their outlook upon life - Dickens would also have made us conscious of a certain cosiness within, of the kettle singing on the hob and of the busy preparations for Sunday breakfast. Gissing's outlook, in fact, was much less broad than that of Dickens: he saw chiefly two things - the vital importance of culture and the degrading effects of poverty: always, he shows his sympathy for those who, through lack of money, are thrown back from spiritual to material things. His books are very sad: that is the first thing that strikes the reader. Imagine the most gloomy, yet natural conclusion to every complication and you are likely to be right. He had one theme which he often used. It is the life of a man of fine character and intelligence who is

absolutely penniless and is therefore the sport of all that is most brutal and sordid in modern life. He earns, perhaps, a pound a week. He has thrown up his work in some office, because an editor has accepted one of his stories. He marries a woman of refinement. They live in a couple of rooms. In a short time they cannot pay the rent, they move to less desirable lodgings, they sell pieces of furniture and live on bread and butter. Then his books go and he, who loves fine writing, has to try and write down to the popular taste.

Two complications occur again and again in Gissing's books — on the one hand, the cruel disillusionment of the man or woman who is conscious of higher longings and is not satisfied by uninspiring surroundings, on the other hand, the spectacle of a rich opportunity placed in the path of a character who is too unstable to grasp its advantage. Nor does Gissing spare his readers. He describes the threadbare homes, the makeshift lodgings, the domestic irritability in all their details. Many writers, before and after Gissing, have written about the poor of London and other great towns with knowledge and sympathy, many writers have studied and described the conditions of their lives. But the impressive thing about Gissing is that, knowing and living among the poor as he did, he makes no secret of the fact that he hated them. "Some great and noble sorrow," he says, "may have the effect of drawing hearts together, but to struggle against destitution; to be crushed by care about shillings and sixpences, that must always degrade." His hatred for the conditions under which the poor live in London comes to a climax in his book, "The Nether World." This book, indeed, is a most striking indictment against poverty and it expresses his own sense of revolt against the ugliness and cruelty of London slum-life. There is a wonderful description in "The Nether World" of a Bank Holiday at the Crystal Palace, a place of amusement which used to be a favourite holiday resort of the London poor. "Hours yet before the fireworks begin. Never mind, here by good luck we find seats, where we can watch the throng passing and repassing. It is a great review of the people. On the whole, how respectable they are, how sober, how deadly dull! See how worn-out the poor girls are becoming, how they gape, what listless eyes most of them have! The stoop in the shoulders so universal among them merely means over-toil in the workroom. Not one in a

thousand shows the elements of taste in dress : vulgarity and worse glares in all but every costume. Observe the middle-aged women : it would be small surprise that their good-looks had vanished, but whence comes it that they are animals, repulsive, absolutely vicious in ugliness ? Mark the men in their turn ; four in every six have visages so deformed by ill-health, that they excite disgust ; their hair is cut down to within half an inch of the scalp ; their legs are twisted out of shape by evil conditions of life from birth upwards. Whenever a youth and a girl come along arm-in-arm, how flagrantly shows the man's coarseness ! They are pretty, so many of these girls, delicate of feature, graceful, did but their slavery allow them natural development ; and the heart sinks as one sees them side by side with the men who are to be their husbands. On the terraces, dancing has commenced ; the players of violins, concertinas, and penny whistles do a brisk trade among the groups eager for a rough-and-tumble waltz ; so do the pick-pockets. Vigorous and varied is the jollity that occupies the external galleries, filling now in expectation of the fireworks ; indescribable the mingled tumult that roars heavenwards. Girls, linked by the half-dozen arm-in-arm, leap along with shrieks like grotesque maenads ; a rougher horseplay finds favour among the youths, occasionally leading to fisticuffs. Thick voices bellow in fragmentary chorus ; from every side comes the yell, the cat-call, the ear-rending whistle ; and, as the bass, the never-ceasing accompaniment, sounds the myriad-footed tramp, tramp, along the wooden flooring. A fight, a scene of bestial drunkenness, a tender whispering between two lovers proceed concurrently in a space of five square yards. Above them glimmers the dawn of starlight."

Such a passage is characteristic of Gissing's wonderful gift of realistic painting ; and every word of it is true, but it also shows the narrowness and the egotism of his own outlook : he sees these people through his own glasses as it were, and only from his own point of view : he fails to see their compensations, and the profit, shall we say, that they get out of their small pleasures. What he does see with pitiful clearness is the misery, the utter hopelessness and viciousness of the submerged tenth in our great cities, and he describes them with a master hand.

Gissing had no sentimentality about the fundamental equality of man. One of his most interesting works is "Demos," a novel

dealing with the socialistic theories of twenty years 'ago. The hero of the book is Richard Mutimer, a mechanic, who is a socialist agitator. He unexpectedly inherits a fortune and throws up his working-girl sweetheart in order to marry a girl of higher social standing than himself. The interest of the book lies in the working-out of the artisan's character, his corruption through the money that comes to him, his innate vulgarity and his inability to adapt himself to his new social position. In one passage, he makes this wonderfully clear. Adela Mutimer, the hero's wife, gazing at her husband's face, ponders thus: "It was the face of a man, by birth and breeding altogether beneath her. Never had she understood that, as now—never had she conceived so forcibly the reason which made him and her husband and wife, only in name. Suppose that apparent sleep of his to be the sleep of death; he would pass from her consciousness like a shadow from the field, leaving no trace behind. Then life of union was a mockery—this married intimacy was an unnatural horror. He was not of her class, not of her world, only by violent wrenching of the laws of nature had they come together. She had spent years in trying to convince herself that there were no such distinctions, that only an unworthy prejudice parted class from class. One moment of true insight was worth more than all her theorising on abstract principles. To be her equal, this man must be born again, of other parents, in other conditions of life. She had no claims to aristocratic descent, but her parents were gentlefolk; that is to say, they were both born in a position which encouraged personal refinement rather than the contrary, which expected of them a certain education in excess of life's barest need, which authorised them to use the service of ruder men and women in order to secure for themselves a margin of life for life's sake. Perhaps for three generations her ancestors could claim so much gentility; it was more than enough to put a vast gulf between her and the Mutimers. Favourable circumstances of upbringing had endowed her with delicacy of heart and mind, not inferior to that of any woman living. Mated with an equal, the children born of her might hope to take their place among the most beautiful and the most intelligent—and her husband was a man incapable of understanding her idlest thought."

In fact, Gissing puts an almost extravagant value on the mere externals of refinement. For instance, he is always inveigh-

ing against the folly of giving a man a good education and making no provision for his intellectual needs afterwards. He cannot understand a man doing good intellectual work without, at any rate, a minimum of comfort and refinement. We see this particularly marked in certain novels of the middle period of his literary career. The novels that have been touched on hitherto, all deal with the definitely poor, but his later novels deal with a different class of people, with the people that are commonly known as the lower middle-class—that very large indeterminate class who are not in abject poverty, who do not go actually hungry, but have a very hard struggle to keep up an appearance of respectability and gentility, whose whole life in fact, is an effort to keep up appearances, the class, in fact, which is always on the downgrade. Here, too, Gissing shows inimitable skill in the portrayal of character and in the general atmosphere which he creates. To this type of novel belong many of his works, but two are particularly fine examples, “Born in Exile” and the “Odd Women.” “Born in Exile” like many of Gissing’s books is largely autobiographical, and here he shows, to a very marked degree, his hatred for that lack of refinement and good taste, that so many of the people of this class display. Godfrey Peak, the hero of “Born in Exile,” is a product of the lower-middle-classes, who receives higher education—as he himself says, he is a Plebeian but he aims at marrying a lady. He shows what almost amounts to ferocity in his hatred of the vulgarity shown by his own relatives. Of Godfrey Peak’s younger brother Gissing says:—“He saw much company and all of low intellectual order; he had purchased a bicycle and regarded it as a source of distraction or means of displaying himself before shopkeepers’ daughters; he believed himself a moderate tenor and sang verses of sentimental imbecility; he took in several weekly papers of unpromising title for the chief purpose of deciphering cryptograms, in which pursuit he had singular success. Add to these characteristics a penchant for cheap jewellery, and Oliver Peak stands confessed.” Godfrey Peak is hampered by his vulgar relatives from the beginning. He has a scholarship offered him at the college where he is studying, to enable him to continue his studies for another year; but a cockney uncle of the same name appears, who proposes to open an eating-house opposite the college and suggests that Godfrey should use

his influence in procuring him custom from the college. He says: "Well Godwin, bo-oy! It's all settled! Got the bloomin' shop from next quarter day! Peck's dinin' and refreshment rooms.' Jowey an', me wasover there all yesterday—wasn't us, Jowey? Oh, it's immense!' Godwin felt the blood buzz in his ears and a hot choking clutch in his throat. He took his stand by the mantelpiece and began to turn a glass ornament round and round. Fate had spoken. On the instant, all his college life was far behind him, all his uneasiness regarding the next session was dispelled, and he had no more connection with Kingsmill. 'Shall you make any changes in the place?' Godwin asked carelessly. 'Shan't I, jest! It'll take a month to refit them eatin' rooms. I'm agoin' to do it proper—up to Dick! And I want your 'elp, my bo-oy. You an' me 'll jest write a bit of a circular—see? to send round to the big pots of the college, an' all the parents of the young fellers as we can get the addresses of—see?' Even amid his pangs of mortification, Godwin found himself pondering an intellectual question. Was his uncle wholly unconscious of the misery he was causing? Had it never occurred to him that the public proximity of an uneducated shop-keeping relative must be unwelcome to a lad who was distinguishing himself at Whitelaw College?" And so Godwin throws up his career and does uncongenial work in London. He falls in love with a girl of good family and determines to marry her: her people receive him as a friend, but he thinks his social position too low for him to aspire to her hand. And so, he deliberately conceals his real beliefs and determines to act the hypocrite and become a clergyman of the Church of England in order to compensate for his social antecedents—and he is found out. The plot of the book is quite characteristic of Gissing's hopelessness. Godfrey Peak abandons his attempt to make a good marriage and he goes back to his ordinary work, and when it is too late, a girl who had loved him with a lifelong devotion, which was not returned, dies, leaving him a fortune, which he does not live long enough to enjoy.

The "Odd Women" is another book of this type but with a special motive. The "Odd Women" are those women for whom the world has no use. The book is a history of the orphaned daughters of a doctor. They had been gently nurtured and were women of culture, but like so many women of twenty years ago,

they had been brought up to no profession of any kind. Consequently, when they are left with a very small capital and no other resources, they are reduced to all sorts of mean occupation. Too proud to undertake housework, they become nursery governesses and companions at starvation wages. Gissing's skill in the portrayal of misery is especially prominent in this book. He fills in every detail with a remorselessness worthy of Guy de Maupassant himself. Read, for instance, this description. "Miss Madden, who in youth had only been plain in an unobjectionable way, became in middle-life unsightly. She tended to corpulence—the result of sedentary life; she had round shoulders and very short legs. Her face would not have been disagreeable but for its spoilt complexion; the homely features, if health had but founded and coloured them, would have expressed pleasantly enough the gentleness and sincerity of character. Her cheeks were loose, puffy and permanently of the hue which is produced by cold; her forehead generally had a few pimples; her shapeless chin lost itself in two or three fleshy fissures. Scarcely less shy than in girlhood, she walked with a quick, ungainly movement, as if seeking to escape from someone, her head bent forward." From the deplorable insight with which he describes the nervelessness of these poor in spirit and poor in hope, Gissing might have been one of the Odd Women himself. One of the sisters takes to drinking brandy secretly, as a stimulus, to make up for the lack of nourishment from which she had suffered for so long: and the way Gissing describes the visit of this once refined woman to a public bar for the purpose of drinking brandy is one of the finest things of its kind in our language. "After leaving the shop, she had a singular expression on her face—something more than weariness, something less than anxiety, something other than calculation. In front of Charing Cross Station she stopped, looking vaguely about her. Perhaps she had it in her mind to return home by omnibus and was dreading the expense. Yet of a sudden, she turned and went up the approach to the railway. At the entrance she stopped. Her features were now working in the strangest way, as though a difficulty of breathing had assailed her. In her eyes was an eager, frightened look, her lips stood apart. Another quick movement and she entered the station. She went straight to the door of the refreshment room and looked in through the glass. Two or three people were stand-

ing inside. She drew back, a tremor passing through her. A lady came out. Then again Virginia approached the door. Two men only were within, talking together. With a hurried nervous movement, she pushed the door open and went up to a part of the counter as far as possible from the two customers. Bending forward she said to the barmaid in a voice just above a whisper, "Kindly give me a little brandy." Beads of perspiration were on her face, which had turned to a ghastly pallor. The barmaid, concluding that she was ill, served her promptly and with a sympathetic look. Virginia added to the spirit twice its quantity of water, standing as she did so, half turned from the bar. Then she sipped hurriedly two or three times, and, at length, took a draught. Colour flowed to her cheeks; her eyes lost their frightened glare. Another draught finished the stimulant. She hastily wiped her lips and walked away with firm step."

So far, in dealing with Gissing's work, we have dealt with novels which are characteristic of two phases of life. We have seen how he dealt with the very poor of London and we have seen how he chastises the miseries and follies of the lower middle classes. In all these books, we get little bits of autobiography peeping out here and there, little bits of the real George Gissing. His descriptions, for instance, of London street life could only have been done by one who had lived in poor lodgings. As a matter of fact, Gissing lived for some years in the poorest parts of London, and he changed his lodgings frequently in order to get the atmosphere of the particular form of London life which he wished to describe and he would loaf about among costermongers and in low public houses in order to get copy.

But among Gissing's earlier works, he produced one book which, in some respects, stands apart and isolated from the rest of his work. This book he called "New Grub Street." In many ways this is one of his most effective books and he received more, for this book than for anything else he wrote, the large sum of £200! We find much of the old Gissing in this novel—we find his ceaseless railing against the follies of modern social life; but the book deals particularly with the "nether world" of literature, with the people whose life is one struggle to make a living out of writing. On the one hand, we get Edwin Reardon and Harold Biffen, men who keep their literary ideals pure—and starve;

on the other hand, we get Jasper Milbain, the man of letters, who prospers simply because he is also a man of business and is quick at judging the public taste and giving the people what they want. Very much of this book must describe Gissing's own experiences as a struggling writer—the shifts and turns to which he had to resort in order to get mere bread and butter. But "New Grub Street" is rich in memorable characters and situations. Biffen, in his garret, is a piece of character drawing worthy of Dickens at his best. Alfred Yule, the worn-out veteran, whose literary ideals are those of the eighteenth century, is a most extraordinary study—certainly one of the most individual personalities that Gissing ever created, and even to-day, the reading-room of the British Museum is peopled with these very failures of literature that Gissing so ably describes in "New Grub Street." And we see in this book, too, as in many of his other books, the value that Gissing puts upon the friendship between man and man that is founded upon liking the same books and sharing the same enthusiasms. We get the same thing in the "Odd Women" and in "Born in Exile." Gissing describes it with extraordinary fineness. Love may explode, tragedies may play themselves out to their allotted end but these quiet undemonstrative feelings between one man and another, or one woman and another, persist.

Towards the end of his life, Gissing had begun to make new experiments in the character of his books. His style remains as perfect as ever—he always wrote with the utmost care: never is his English slovenly; in fact, at times it tends to become stilted. But he gradually began to change his type of book entirely: no longer does he describe the submerged tenth. "The Whirlpool" for instance, published in 1897, deals with the higher classes of society, and is much more dramatic in action than his earlier books, while "Veranilda," a book which was published posthumously and was never finished, is a very learned historical novel, dealing with the later years of the Roman Empire and the Gothic occupation of Rome. To these later years, too, belong his wonderful study of Charles Dickens and a book called "By the Ionian Sea," some notes of a ramble in Southern Italy.

But the finest of his later work is the book published just before his death—the "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."

This and "New Grub Street" alone would suffice to put George Gissing in the front rank of literature, and "Henry Ryecroft" should be on the shelves of every book-lover.

Henry Ryecroft is, like Gissing himself, a struggling writer who for long years has just been able to support himself by his work. Towards middle life, he becomes increasingly anxious as to his ability to maintain himself in his old age; he feels his powers declining and he sees only the workhouse in front of him, when he receives an unexpected legacy sufficient to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life. He takes a small cottage in Devonshire and his "Private Papers" are his thoughts and meditations on a host of things. The "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" express of course the private and most inward thoughts of Gissing himself. He shows here his wonderful breadth of scholarship and his pet abominations and intolerance of much of our modern life and thought. Passage after passage could be quoted which in themselves are masterpieces, but we must be content with one only—a passage which illustrates George Gissing, the scholar and book-lover.

"Dozens of my books were purchased with money which ought to have been spent upon what are called the necessities of life. Many a time I have stood before a book-stall or a bookseller's window, torn by conflict of intellectual desire and bodily need..... The first scent of books! The first gleam of a gilded title! Here is a work, the name of which has been known to me for more than half a lifetime, but which I never saw, I take it reverently in my hand, gently I open it; my eyes are dim with excitement as I glance over chapter-headings, and anticipate the treat which awaits me. Who, more than I, has taken to heart that sentence of the "Imitatio"—*In omnibus locis requiem quaesivi et nusquam inveni nisi in angulo cum libro!*..... How many days have I spent at the British Museum reading as if I had been without a care! It astounds me to remember that, having breakfasted on dry bread, I settled myself at a desk in the great Reading-Room with books before me, which by no possibility could be a source of immediate profit. At such a time I worked through German tomes on ancient philosophy. At such a time I read "Appuleius" and "Lucian," "Petronius" and the Greek Anthology, "Diogenes Laertius" and—heaven knows what! My hunger was forgotten; the

garret to which I must return to pass the night never perturbed my thoughts "

And so passage after passage can be found, exquisite in thought and exquisite in language, in this veritable treasure-house of good things

Gissing's time is coming, during the whole of his life, he suffered from a most undeserved lack of recognition on the part of the British public. But since his death, his popularity, his reputation as a literary force, has been steadily growing among more thoughtful readers, and it is quite certain that Gissing was scholar enough and loved his work sufficiently well to consider the quiet popularity which he enjoys to-day,— ample compensation for the misery which he endured during his all too short life.

D. H. POND.

London.

THE INDIAN HOME.

(Continued from our last number.)

II.

• THE BRIDEGROOMS

They had assembled from far and from near. The marriage pandal was decorated, the drum was beating and the pipe was whistling. Men and women in pleasant confusion thronged the hall. The auspicious moment had arrived, the moment when the sacred thread was to be tied round the neck. The priest stood up, repeating holy hymns in solemnity.

In the midst of the group sat a tiny little girl, overburdened with ornaments. She was the bride. Next to her sat a tiny little boy. He was the bridegroom. Both of them were young and both of them were beautiful. Their respective parents were near them, expecting the auspicious moment, when the bride would be given to the bridegroom. The moment came at last.

"I want a motor-cycle now—else, I will not tie the sacred thread."

It was the young boy-bridegroom that said so. What does he say? Why does he not tie the thread? What is the matter? The question was asked by all men and women. The parents of the bridegroom were aghast. The old uncle of the bridegroom was angry.

"The moment is passing away,—tie the thread" said the priest.

"Tie the thread, my son" said the mother of the boy.

"Why are you so dishonourable?"

The father was silent. He was half willing that his son should have a motor-cycle.

"Not till the cycle is come—when it comes, call me" and the bridegroom went away.

"Is the whole arrangement to be done away with, all for the sake of Rs. 500?" asked one of the bridegroom's party.

"And such a perfect couple—" said the priest, who was very much chagrined to know that he was not to get his wages for performing the marriage. "I have never come across two horoscopes that agree better. Do not mind Rs. 500 for the cycle."

"The boy is a very clever boy. He is a wealthy boy. Why not give Rs. 500? If the girl is a clever girl, who knows, by and by, she will have his whole money in her own hands."

"Unlucky girl—why did she not die?" said the mother of the bride in great agony of mind. "Whoever thought of such an affair!"

"Not a pie, the old rogue—" said the uncle of the bride. "What? we have already paid Rs. 2,000 cash. Are we to pay Rs. 500 as interest. The old rogue! I know it is his father that has egged the little fool to it. But no. I have some little money, and I will pay all to you, so that you need not suffer any loss for the marriage not having been celebrated, and all your money being lost. Do not have any connection with such rogues."

"I never expected this" said the venerable father of the bride. "How much we loved each other in youth? How fondly we proposed the marriage between our children. And he wants Rs. 500. For the sake of the little money, he has forgotten our friendship, he has forgotten all my troubles. Never mind, to me friendship is valuable. Who is there? Count Rs. 500 and let the marriage proceed."

II

"Away with your social reform. I will have none of that. I shall kick you out of the house. I shall disinherit you. I shall kill you."

The angry Swamy was standing over a young boy. Swamy was one of the richest men in the village. He had proposed to marry his son to the daughter of another rich man. All had been settled. The bargain had been struck—Rs. 3,000 in cash was to be the bride's dowry. But the boy was not so very happy. Gopal—

that was how the boy was called—was an intelligent student in the college class, and he had improved his mind by education.

"Father, do not be wild with me," said Gopal, in a calm and subdued voice. "Do you think I will disobey you? Never. I told you I will marry even a cow if such is your desire. I hold that it is bad we should measure love with money; also I do not like to marry a girl whom I do not know. It is purely a matter of opinion. If you are resolved to sacrifice your son, well, you can sacrifice me."

"Big words for a small boy. All this is the result of Western education! That is the first great mistake that I made in my life—to put my child in an English school."

"Father, I obey with great willingness, may God help me," said Gopal, although almost choking.

"Your wife is a black ugly girl," said Gopal's little sister to him.

All the better," said Gopal as he took her in his hands and kissed her. "I can love you better for I will have no wife to love."

Swamy shook his head as he went away.

"What a resolution I had made!" repeated Gopal to himself, "and yet, how it has all turned out! I must respect my father, however unreasonable he be. He is hot tempered. Am I not a martyr to duty, filial duty and affection?"

III.

"What will he demand next?"

That was the question that the bride's parents asked, the first thing after their daughter had attained her age. The bride's father had written to the bridegroom about the nuptials. There was no reply. Why?

It was soon clear. The young man who had wanted a motor-cycle now wanted an additional Rs. 500, "to start a little business." Of course, he was glad that his wife was to come and live with him, and it was only his anxiety that he should make her happy that induced him to ask Rs. 500.

"Gopal, the son of Swamy, got Rs. 3,000. I got only Rs. 2,000 and Rs. 500 for motor-cycle allowance. I must make it Rs. 3,000."

The young girl could not be kept back from her husband, Rs. 500 must be given. People will talk of "the parents keeping at home a grown-up girl like that." People will never talk of the dishonest intentions of the bridegroom.

"It is only my friend," said the bride's father, as he drew up a cheque for Rs. 500. The nuptials were consummated, only after the cheque had been cashed.

IV.

"You rogue—you have written letters to your wife—you have sent her ornaments for Rs. 3,000. Why?"

Swamy was in a very excited condition. His son had sent back in the shape of ornaments, Rs. 3,000 which his wife's parents had given him. Why did he do that?

"Father, I never took your money—I earned it and I sent it. You surely want me to love my wife—I wrote to her, because I wanted to train her up to my mode of thinking—I did not want to receive a pie from my wife. You received it—I made it a point to hold to my principle—I could not bear the thought that she, whom I call my wife, became so on account of the money she gave me."

"Fire and damnation," cried Swamy.

"And father," said Gopal, "I do not love my wife. She is not up to my ideal of beauty."

"And yet you write to her?" his father exclaimed.

"Yes. Because I want to respect your choice. She is my wife, and she shall have my love. I am trying to love her. I am trying to keep her image ever before me. I am anxious that, when we meet again, we shall know each other. Father, have I not honoured your choice? Am I not actuated by a sincere desire that she, whom you chose for me, should not feel that she is not all that her husband would desire her to be?"

"Devil take you and your wife, but why did you give her Rs. 3,000? Who are you that you should take upon yourself the burden of regulating the conduct of society?" said Swamy.

V.

"Let me fall into vonder well, mother, but never send me to my husband's house."

It was the wife of the motor-cycle lad that was thus crying to her mother. She was lying on her old mother's lap, while the venerable woman was stroking her long shining hair.

"But, Savitri" said her mother, "you must live in your husband's house. You suffer, my girl, because your Karma compels you to suffer, your place is your husband's place, or you will live in the mouth of others in scandal."

"My place is the well. I shall fall down into it and die. Who will live with that mother-in-law? Who will live with that sister-in-law?"

"But you must, have you not your husband's love?" asked her mother. "Is it not worth all the woes of the world? You must love your husband and must bear all in patience."

"Mother, but my husband is nowhere. He is, though old, treated as a boy. He is afraid of his father, he is afraid of his mother, he is afraid of his sister. He fears to speak to me, as much as I fear to speak to him. There is no love, there is only fear."

"It is hard fate, my child, but it is your fate, your karma. You must go. Ours is an honourable family. Death rather than dishonour."

"Death rather than dishonour!" repeated Savitri as she retired. "Death rather than suffering."

VI

"Foolish boy, it is all necessary for the nuptials. Dare you disobey?" said the infuriated Swamy.

"Father," said Gopal, "I want my wife, and nothing else. If you insist that she should give me a cot, a bed, vessels, etc., on the eve of the nuptials, I shall have to pay the cost to them. It is only a principle I am fighting for."

"Foolish boy, where do you learn all this? Your wife's parents are willing to give them. They are rich."

"If they are willing, let them give Rs. 10,000 to their daughter. I do not care. But why should they give me? Thank God, you are rich, and I can earn. I must have a wife. I must have a wife's love. I do not want a wife's wealth. Father, you want your son to respect himself. I shall never respect myself if I accept a pie from my wife."

"Bravo—Have your way, and God bless you and your wife."

"God bless you and your wife," said the wife's father. "My daughter is very lucky for, if Gospel cannot make her happy, who can?"

(To be Continued.)

Madras.

I CHILLAMAI

CHANGI.

The glowing fulness of an Autumn day
 With rampant blooms in gorgeous display
 Untroubled by the quickening force of spring
 Its tears, its smiles and throes disquieting
 Once and again some happy thrush may sing
 These quiet groves still hold the luscious breath
 Where gifts of Zeus are hanging golden now
 Like fan mosaics jewelling the trees
 A very garden of Hesperides
 Without the Dragon and great Hercules
 Among some sapless stems already dry
 Death plucked for me a rose in passing by
 Which I saw standing, O so pale and weak
 Yet with the breeze she played deft face and soul
 Coquetting thus that he might kiss her cheek
 Ah! then said I why live when all are dead
 Upon my breast repose thy lovely head
 The gentle wind to-morrow might blow cold
 And shake these pallid leaves upon the mould
 Perchance would whisper Summer now is old
 So when thy beauty's gone O sweetest rest
 Both heart and spirit fled—where, no one knows
 Thou in my pillow then shall find a place
 And there with me sleep softly, face to face
 Each hiding from the other Time's disgrace

• VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

A FORGOTTEN SIEGE OF BOMBAY.

LORD MACAULAY'S schoolboy knows that Bombay came into the possession of Charles II in 1661, as part of Catherine of Braganza's 'dower,' and that the thrifless King subsequently transferred it to the East India Company on a ground rent of £10, payable in gold. He is probably unaware that twenty years later it became the theatre of a war between the English adventurers and no less a person than the Emperor Aurangzib, which brought their commerce to the verge of ruin. The story is naively told by Captain Cope, a typical sea-dog who combined trading with piracy in Eastern waters. His "History of the East Indies" appeared in 1754, probably long after the author had joined the great majority. It places the character of Aurangzib in a very favourable light, but reflects small credit on the Bombay Government of the period.

In 1680 the East India Company was ruled despotically by Sir Josiah Child, a London magnate, whose career showed entire lack of scruple associated with statecraft far in advance of his age. He grasped the necessity of placing the Company's factories on a basis of territorial sovereignty, in order to give it the status of an independent Power in the inevitable struggle with Mughals and Marathas. Despite his political crime—and their name was legion—Sir Josiah Child was the real founder of our Indian Empire.

At that period his brother, John Child, filled the post of Resident at Surat, which was the Headquarters of British trade in Western India. This John Child appointed his brother-in-law Ward by name, Deputy Governor of Bombay, and then trouble began in the infant settlement. Mindful of instructions from home

to cut down expenditure, Ward mulcted the Company's troops of thirty per cent of their meagre pay, thereby provoking a mutiny which ended in his deportation to Surat, and the establishment of a Military Government in Bombay. Its triumph was short-lived. By pandering to King Charles's extravagance Sir Josiah could always reckon on obtaining a free hand in India. When news of the rebellion reached London, he induced the Merry Monarch to despatch a frigate to Bombay with orders to restore the Company's authority. So, in September 1685, H. M. S. *Phoenix* sailed into the noble harbour, and her Captain obtained the malcontents' submission by promising them a royal pardon. Ward returned to power, and if we may trust the emphatic but not unbiassed Cope, he abused it most shamefully.

Surat was then the capital of a Mughal Province, and the East India Company owned one of the several European factories fringing the banks of the river Tapti. Sir Josiah probably felt that an insular British possession was better fitted to become the nucleus of an independent realm. In 1685, therefore, he raised Bombay to the rank of a Presidency, in super-session of Surat. Its first Governor was John Child who had been created a baronet, held a commission as General of the Company's Forces and assumed control of all its possessions in India. In concert with his masterful brother, Sir John adopted a policy worthy of Machiavel at his very worst. The Company had a large fleet of sea-going vessels, amply manned, but capital was not so abundant. In 1688 England had not recovered from the effects of the Civil War and her fierce struggle for naval supremacy with the Dutch. She was in the throes of a domestic revolution, and stood in peril of invasion by the all-powerful King of France. Her entire machinery of banking and credit lagged far behind that of several continental countries and her wealth lay, not in bullion, but in the adventurous spirit of her sons. Acting on secret instructions from London, the Factory Chiefs borrowed huge amounts from Indian merchants, and therewith freighted their idle ships. Then Sir John Child deliberately picked a quarrel with the Mughal Governor of Surat, in order to ruin the Company's creditors by involving them in war. In 1687, he sent him a remonstrance couched in most insolent language and demanding reparation for imaginary wrongs. Finding this expedient of no avail, he had recourse to

stronger measures. In January 1689 the "Royal James and Mary," with four other ships, captured a fleet which was carrying provisions and clothing to a Mughal army encamped 14 leagues south-east of Bombay. Sidi Yakub, who commanded it, remonstrated in civil language against this outrageous deed, and getting an impertinent reply from Child, he sent an ultimatum demanding the return of his stores within three days on peril of immediate war. Finding the British Governor obdurate, he was as good as his word. At midnight on February 11th, 1688, 20,000 Mughal troops landed about four miles from the town of Bombay, and took possession of a redoubt, whose garrison fled to the Castle. At 1 A.M. the sleeping citizens were alarmed by three cannon-shots fired in quick succession, and the castle was besieged by a crowd of half-dressed women and children, who clamoured for admission but were kept outside its gates until dawn. Next day Sidi Yakub attacked a fort at Mazagaon, which mounted fourteen guns. The garrison evacuated it precipitately, leaving all their cannon and £10,000 sterling in the victor's hands. Another redoubt at Mahim succumbed as readily: whereon Sidi Yakub established his headquarters at Mazagaon, and laid siege to the Castle.

By this time Sir John Child had regained a portion of his scattered senses. He sent 140 men with a few volunteers to dislodge the enemy from Mazagaon Hill. The little force was commanded by a carpet-soldier named Pean, but his lieutenant, Monro by name, had seen much service at Tangier. This seasoned soldier advised Pean to advance in close order, and endeavour to break the enemy's line; but his incompetent chief insisted on a loose formation, and ordered his men to pour in a volley. In vain did Monro predict that the handful of Europeans would be overwhelmed before they could reload. He was sternly over-ruled, and the issue proved that Monro was right. After receiving a discharge of musketry, the Mughals attacked their assailants with sword and target. Captain Pean headed a hasty retreat and brought news of his discomfiture to Bombay Castle. Poor Monro was cut to pieces, with 13 or 14 stout fellows who disdained to flee. Sidi Yakub was now master of the whole island. He raised batteries on Dungaree Hill, which commanded the Castle, mounted guns at the Custom House, and others.

within 200 yards of the British defences. Starvation stared the garrison in the face, and their surrender was clearly at hand.

In desperation Sir John Child sent two factors to Aurangzib's Court, with an offer of his humble submission. The enemy were kept in suspense for several weeks, but by dint of bribing court officials, they obtained an audience in April, 1690. Captain Cope records with ill-concealed glee that they were led into the presence by a new mode for ambassadors, "their hands being tied before them with a sash and being obliged to prostrate themselves." After reprimanding them severely, the Emperor asked what he was expected to do. The envoy then made a humble confession of the Company's sins and sued for pardon. They further asked that the *Firman*, a license to trade, might be renewed and Sidi Yakub's army withdrawn from Bombay. Aurangzib magnanimously granted them his forgiveness and promised to comply with their other requests provided that Sir John Child left India for good, and due security was given for compensating his subjects who had been injured by the Company's proceedings.

While the envoys were awaiting audience, our Dutch rivals took advantage of the disgrace into which the English Company had been brought, to supplant it in the Emperor's esteem. A Mr. Baroon was charged with this rascally mission, and, unfortunately for its success, he took Aurangzib's ignorance of the European chess-board for granted. News of the Revolution of 1688 had arrived in India when Baroon was vouchsafed an audience and.

"He began to magnify the power and grandeur of his country, and to villify (*sic*) the English. The Mughal seemed pleased with his discourse, and encouraged him to go on. He said that the English were but contemptible in comparison of his Sovereigns for they were forced to send the English a King to reign over them, and that, if His Majesty would exclude the English from the trade of his dominions, the Hollanders would carry it to a much greater height, and enrich his treasury, while the English would not know where to get bread. The Mughal gravely answered that, if his (Baroon's) masters were so superior in power and riches to the English, they might easily drive them out of India, and engross all the trade. Then the ambassador excused himself, and said that he could not act in that affair till he had received orders from Holland. Aurangzib then reprimanded him, and showed wherein he had lied; for, said he, 'About seventeen years ago the King of France conquered most of your country in a few days; and

it was the English, and not the power of Holland, that repelled him: if England did not hold the Balance of Power, either the Emperor (of Germany) or the King of France could conquer it in one campaign. The ambassador knew not how to answer these truths, but being sent to solicit some indulgence in their trade, he could obtain none, and so left the court dissatisfied."

Meantime, Sir John Child had departed this life, but the fact was kept secret until the Emperor's decision should be made known. His disappearance facilitated matters enormously. On June 8th, 1690, security was duly given for the fulfilment of the Company's promises; and Sidi Yakub evacuated the island. Before doing so he made a bonfire of Mazagaon Fort, and left behind him a pestilence which proved more fatal than his cannon-balls. Of the 800 English who inhabited Bombay before the siege, barely 60 survived; the Company's cash-box was nearly half a million sterling the poorer; and "Bombay that was one of the pleasantest places in India, was brought to be one of the most dismal deserts." Such were the fruits of Sir John Child's knavery and foolhardiness. He was succeeded as Governor by a certain John Vaux who had been a book-keeper under Sir Josiah Child. By flattering the masterful Baronet, Vaux had been advanced to several lucrative employments, and finally obtained that of Civil Judge of Bombay. Captain Cope records a correspondence between the two worthies, which displays a rare degree of cynicism in Sir Josiah. Vaux was told that he must use his judicial power against the Company's enemies and especially those who questioned its authority over all British subjects in India. He made a feeble attempt to assert independence, by assuring his patron that the laws of this country should be the rule he desired to walk by.

"In answer to that letter Sir Josiah seemed to be very angry, and wrote roundly to Mr. Vaux that he expected *his* orders to be his rules, and not the laws of England, which were a heap of nonsense, compiled by ignorant country gentlemen who hardly knew how to make laws for the good government of their own families, much less for the regulating of companies and foreign commerce.

One of Vaux's first duties was to receive the imperial *firman* and its attendant gifts from the Governor of Surat. He must have presented a strange appearance at the Durbar convened for the purpose. Clad in an eleemosynary dress of honour, with

sisting of rich satin robes heavily embroidered with gold, and bestriding a noble horse which custom precluded him from selling, he rode to the gubernatorial residence. There he had to listen to an harangue which emphasised the honour conferred upon him by the King of Kings, and solemn injunctions to prove himself worthy of it. Then he was given the *firman* in a gilt box and placed it in his turban in token of obedience. After suitably acknowledging the Governor's civilities through an interpreter, Vaux rode to the English factory through acclaiming crowds. His elation was soon turned to mourning, for the wily Mughal detained him for many years at Surat as a hostage for his employers' good behaviour: and there he was drowned in 1697 while taking the air in a pinnace on the Tapti.

The Romans of old time used to station a slave in the triumphal car of a General fresh from successful war, with injunctions to pluck the hero's toga and remind him that he was a mortal man. It is salutary to an Imperial race that they should grasp the strange vicissitudes of destiny. This forgotten episode in Indian history should serve as a corrective to national pride and should warn us that no rule can long survive unless it be founded on the bed-rock of justice. In Sir William Wilson Hunter's pregnant words: -

"It was by the alienation of the native races that the Mughal Empire perished. It is by the incorporation of those races into a loyal and united people that the British rule will endure." *

"And ye who read these Ruines Tragicall,
Learne by their losse to love the low degree:
And if that Fortune chaunce you up to call
To honour's seat, forget not what you be;
For he that of himself is most secure,
Shall find his state most fickle and unsure."

FRANCIS H. SKRINE.

London.

STORIES OF LOVE AND CHIVALRY IN KATHIAWAR

(Continued from our last Number.)

II SHENU AND VIJANAND

THE scene of this ballad lies at Dhangundali, a village near Junagadh in Kathiawar. Shenu, a daughter of a Charan of Dhari, falls in love with Vijanand, a strolling minstrel. The course of love, however, does not run smooth, specially in a country like India where castes and creeds hedge round the spirit of love, preventing it from flowing where it listeth. Poor Shenu finds this to her cost as she is betrothed by her parents to a youth of her caste. She protested, but to no purpose, and is married. A spirited Charan girl, she cannot acquiesce quietly in this disposal of her person. She throws off the marriage garland, which, at the time of marriage, is tied to the marriage garland of the bridegroom, and goes in search of Vijanand who, on learning of the marriage of Shenu had left his family and village. Shenu utters the following words when she throws off the marriage garland:—"This garland properly belongs to Vijanand and I shall not put on the garland of another; even though there are ninety-six lakhs of Charans asking for my hand, they are all like brothers to me." When she leaves her village and home in search of her love she asks the trees of the forest where her minstrel has gone. She laments the departure of Vijanand, and asks each and every one she meets to give her news of him. "The minstrel has gone, leaving burning the fires he has lit, putting on the saffron coloured garment, he has become a Jogi (ascetic) and left the world." The lovers at last meet on the snowy heights of the Himalayas where both have gone to die. Ever since the Pandavas died on the Himalayas, it is considered an ideal form of suicide to die locked in the embrace of those icy fastnesses. Shenu has reached there first and is

melted away to her waist when Vijanand comes up and implores her to go out with him again into the world. "Turn back even now my Charani ! I shall love and look after you, though you are a cripple ; I shall take a Kawad (two baskets joined to a pole for carrying purposes), with you inside, on my shoulders and we two together shall make a pilgrimage to all the holy places." Shenu however finds that it is too late now to return. "I am melted down to my waist ; you cursed one ! go, my loved and faithful Vijanand." This abuse and endearment in the same couplet are expressive of the feelings that surge in the heart of the unfortunate girl. On seeing Vijanand after such a lapse of time when she was on the borderland of death, she abuses and curses him as the cause of all her woes ; but, womanlike, she soon forgives him and calls him affectionately, thinking perhaps that it would be the last time when she would be speaking to him. Her last wish is that she may die to the strains of his music, which first had drawn her to him. "Vijanand, play on thy instrument so that birds and beasts and fishes may come to hear the music ; the roar of the Himalayas is in my heart." She passed away and Vijanand also followed her.

III. -DHOLERO AND DEVRA.

This ballad depicts a stirring tale of chivalry which would be only possible amongst a high-souled and generous people, as it describes the conquest over the strong and uncontrollable passion of jealousy and sexual possession.

An Ayar girl was betrothed to a youth of her caste named Dholera ; but her affections were already bestowed on another youth named Devra. The trend of her heart is ignored by her parents and she is married to Dholera. Even before the nuptial fires she bitterly laments that she will have to walk four times round the sacred fire with Dholera ; and when she is asked to partake, as usual, of food in the same dish with him, exclaims : "How can I eat in the same dish with Dholera ? Devra will be grievously pained."

Even while she goes to her husband's house the same questionings haunt her ; and the sense of an utter vacuity of life without her Devra overwhelms her. "If even one day is impossible without Devra, how shall I be able to pass the whole

of my life without him ? " The bard gives a beautiful and pathetic lament of the bride for her lover, out of which two couplets are sufficient to show the strength and depth of her love.

" My braid of hair, more than five feet in length, is tied up by handsome hands (those of Devra) and the knot is the knot of chaste love, it will not be loosened by any other hands "

" Dholera, do not spread out the bridal bed, it does not attract me, do not touch my garments lest it may pain my Devra."

Dholera is at last convinced that he will not be able to win back the heart which has its polestar elsewhere. He, however, does not fret and fume as another man would have done in his place, nor does he, Othello-like, proceed to strangle his wife. He resolves on an act of supreme self-sacrifice, so rare and hence the more noble and chivalrous. He calls his rival Devra and assigns to him his wife, thus joining two hearts which were separated by the unnatural commands of convention and parental whims.

Devra not to be outbidden by Dholera gives him in marriage his two sisters, and still generously acknowledges his debt to him and his superior generosity.

He does this in the last verse of the ballad which runs thus :—
" Daughters and sisters can be given in marriage, wives however cannot be given away, though I have given two in exchange for one, the debt is mine still "

This may all seem strange to our modern ideas; but the undercurrent of chivalry and self-sacrifice is too strong to remain undetected. There is a primitive virility and strength which command our respect and admiration even when our ethical standards differ from those observed by those simple, God-fearing men and women.

The ballad of Pitho Hati runs almost on the same lines, striking a pitch in some respects higher than that touched in this.

IV --PORSO

This ballad illustrates the respect and esteem in which men of letters were held generally and the great pains which people took to serve them and to be of use to them. It may be mentioned that Charans were a class of bards and poets who were regarded with affection by the people as well as by the princes.

A Charan, by name Mandan, went to the village of a Kathi Rajput by name Porso, with his wife and a bullock on which were placed all his belongings. Leaving his wife and bullock on the bank of the river running by the village, he went to the village to see his friend Porso to announce his arrival. In the meanwhile there being heavy rain at the source of the river it was flooded and in this flood both the wife and the bullock were carried away. When the Charan came back he saw only an expanse of water, and went mad at not seeing his beloved wife. His lament is pathetic and touching "At your invitation I came to your village; a sudden burst of clouds greeted me here and my jewel was lost on the banks of thy river." How deeply he loved her may be seen from the following "That jewel was dearer to me than my heart, it has, alas! dropped from me; it has been lost on the outskirts of thy village, oh Porso!" "Her body was like a beautiful statue of red pigment; I took care of her as if she were made of gold; a great blow has struck down a poor man, I am become now dependent indeed." These Charans were privileged people and could even say bitter words to their patrons and admirers. Hence the words of blame addressed to Porso by Mandan

"A flood is on thy outskirts and poor Mandan is ruined: he has no reason now to be here." The lament ends thus:—"Alack the thunders, alack the rain, alack the waters which carried away the jewel of a poor man."

Porso has pity on the poor bard and brings him, a mad man, to his house, taking care of him as of a brother. He tries all remedies to bring him back to a state of sanity, but all to no avail. At last, however, he hits on an ingenious device. He comes to learn that there is a sister of the dead wife of Mandan. He sends for her and giving her good food and nourishment he makes of her a beautiful and cultured woman, as her sister was. At a proper time he takes her and a bullock to the bank of the river whence her sister was carried away by the flood, and to the same place is brought the mad bard. The effect is electric, for the mad man throws off his madness, and rushes to meet her whom he considers to be his lost wife, and becomes sane save for the illusion that he considers his beautiful sister-in-law to be his long-lost wife restored

V.—PITHO HATI

Pitho Hati of Maha figures as a hero in many a ballad, and his deeds of valour are sung with passion and adoration. Bhojo Kamaho of Bhandaria was also similarly a brave and valiant man. Though both of these had never seen each other, they had heard of each other's prowess and had mutual respect and admiration. Pitho, who was once on a predatory expedition, passing by the village of Bhojo, thought of seeing him. Bhojo was, however, gone at the time on some warlike mission, but his wife Vejel was at home. Pitho seeing that Bhojo was away from his village sent word to his wife to give him his "Ram Ram" when he returned, and prepared to go away to his own village. Vejel, however, thought it inhospitable to let him go in this wise and pressed him to stay, till the return of Bhojo with the familiar words of hospitable welcome, "Bhojo has gone but he has not taken away his house with him." Pitho courteously accepted this invitation and put up at the house. Bhojo. He stopped for two days, but as Bhojo did not return even then, he went away to his village. Bhojo returned after his departure. There must have been Iagos even in that village, for some found an opportunity to instil poison into his ears regarding the relations of his wife to Pitho. His suspicions were further confirmed by some words of praise of Pitho which escaped Vejel in her sleep. The hot Rajput blood flared up, and he asked his wife to leave his house and to go to Pitho's. Vejel like Desdemona fell on her knees, and entreated him to reconsider his decision and protested her innocence. Othellos, however, will not believe, at the time at least, and Bhojo remained obdurate in his resolve to discard Vejel. She too was a blue-blooded Rajput, and would not demean herself too much.

Ordering her chariot to be got ready she started for the village of Pitho. When there she sent word to him to receive her at his house. He demurred first, not liking the idea of thus taking away the wife of a brother soldier, but at last submitted to the piercing shafts of Vejel's entreaties. Bhojo then started for revenge and in the disguise of an ascetic went to Malia (Pitho's place). Seeing there, however, the magnanimity of Pitho he let off his ideas of revenge and became a friend. Both the friends partook of the same dish prepared by Vejel—a sign and symbol

of the sealing of friendship, a symbol which, it may be said, was ever respected. The ballad gives the words of Vejel, when she asks to be taken to the house of Pitho who first of all refuses. When a wife was thus dismissed from her husband's place and she wanted to be accepted by another, the custom was that she went to this man's place with water jugs on her head. If that man took down these jugs it was tantamount to acceptance.

"Oh Hati! Where are you going from the outskirts of my village? Pitho is the life of this body, a veritable breath of heart." "I am coming in post-haste to you, and I have not halted at any place on my way; take down my water jugs." When Pitho refused first, she said "You may have crossed several towers and battlements; but know that this Vejel is difficult to be put off."

"That you are creating enemies on your expeditions is your ill-luck; I am not to be blamed for that."

This ballad is a further illustration of the heights to which the ancient chivalry of the Rajputs could mount—a chivalry which suppressed even the primal passion of sex possession.

VI RAKHAYAT AND SONE

In the year 1302 Bhanji Jethva was the ruler of a village called Ghumli in Kathiawar. Contemporaneous with him was Dudanshi, king of the Isle of Sankhodhar. This king had no children. Someone prophesied, however, that he would get a daughter and he got a daughter. Unfortunately this daughter had teeth at the time of her birth; and a priest said that this was a sign of evil omen; and that if the daughter were allowed to live she would bring dire disaster on the land. The king, therefore, encased her in a box and sent the box floating on the sea. That box came floating to Miyani, which was ruled at the time by Prabhat Chavda; and it was found by a coppersmith. He opened the box and found therein a beautiful baby. Having no children himself, he adopted the baby as his daughter and gave her the name of Sone. She grew up to be a beautiful maiden. Prabhat Chavda, the king of the place where they were living, became enamoured of her, and expressed his desire to marry her. Sone did not, however, like to accept him; and she and her

adopted father went to Ghumli Bhanji Jethva who was the king of Ghumli at the time was married to a sister of Miyat Babaria, king of Than Kandolna This king had a son called Rakhayat. He once went to Ghumli to see his aunt The aunt asked him to marry Rakhayat who had during his stay at Ghumli, seen the beautiful Sone, loved her and she reciprocated his love. The course of true love ran smooth in the beginning, for they were allowed to marry While the marriage ceremony was going on the news came that the cattle of Ghumli were being taken away by some enemies Rakhayat as befitting a Raptut, went out of the marriage pavilion after the cattle lifters and drove them away but in the scuffle he himself was killed Sone went to the field of battle to get the corpse of her beloved Rakhayat There she is met by Bhanji Jethva who asks for her hand but she indignantly refuses She escapes with her adopted father to a Brahmin's house where they are followed by Bhanji Jethva Both the Brahmin and the coppersmith are killed fighting, while Sone with the dead body of Rakhayat in her lap becomes a Sutte

The ballad singer as is usual with him leaves out the beginning of the story and devotes himself to the tragic note of the last and closing scene When Rakhayat half serious, half joking, observes that his love has led him into contracting a marriage alliance with the daughter of a coppersmith she gives her history, with a touch of gentle pathos I came by the tide, the sea did not harbour me, I was lifted on the waves and survived for the sake of Rakhayat I am the daughter of Alande and am Sone by name I am Jam by caste but owing to fate I am now a coppersmith'

When she sees Rakhayat dead on the field of battle she cries, "The corpse of him whose body I was daily caring for as if it were gold, is lying uncared for in the burning ground" When Jethva, asks for her hand she says "Rakhayat has left me a widow, aye, even when my *midhals* (nuts tied on the hands of a newly married bride) are not still loosened. How can I eat the sweets (how can I enter the married state again) when I have to search the battlefield for the body of my Rakhayat?"

The last two couplets thrill with a passion intense, disappointed, and almost mystic, the passion for wifehood and motherhood, the sacred heritage of every woman.

" Babaria, mine were not to be your sweet embraces , the surging and roaring sea in my heart is now meaningless ; the waves of passion have proved fruitless "

" I had in me fond hopes of rocking the cradle . Babaria, you have left me a virgin widow

I K MEHTA

Bombay

ENGLISH CLASSICS

(continued from our last Number)

CHAPTER VIII

THE TUDORS

Spenser, Marlowe, Sidney, &c. the beginning of the Heroic Age.

A DIRECT result of the scrupulous regard for older versions of the Bible having been the preservation of an almost mediæval standard of purity for the English language, we are justified in taking particular notice of the writers of the Elizabethan age, and even of their immediate predecessors so long as they wrote at all under Elizabeth: there are moreover several of these writers who are still recognised and even read. Their style is unsettled for they were insular and more energetic than cultivated, studying effect rather than accuracy, and they are thereby deprived of those 'antiseptic' qualities which ensure permanent duration. Yet one at least has had important results on his successors: this was Edmund Spenser (1553-99), a poet whose literary fatherhood was acknowledged both by Milton and by Dryden. He possessed both skill and inspiration, and was a man who, in more favouring conditions, might have been as great as any literary artist that modern Europe has produced. Taken as contemporaries, no two writers could seem to differ more than the two admirers of Spenser just named: inasmuch that Milton declared Dryden to be "no poet," yet each claimed to be Spenser's "son." In later days a similar community of sentiment existed between two equally contrasted poets of one and the same period, Byron and Wordsworth, both of whom also showed the influence of Spenser, though in varying ways.

Like these and other distinguished writers down to Macaulay and Tennyson, Spenser was a disciple of Cambridge. It would indeed almost seem as if there were something about the sister-university less favourable to the calm atmosphere in which the mind of the artist finds its fullest development. Tory or Socialist, Ritualist or Positivist, Oxford is always in extremes, and thus perhaps, less propitious to artistic growth. We do not indeed hear of Cambridge Shelleys—perhaps the high water mark of Oxford is Matthew Arnold.

Be that as it may, Spenser was in a particular manner a Cambridge man, remained on the banks of the Cam until 1576, when he took his Master's degree and—after a brief and unexplored interval, went to London to seek his fortune in the brilliant court of Elizabeth—who may be noted in passing as the nearest to a sovereign of English race that ever sat on an English throne, since the reign of Harold. Here the young student became a follower of Sir Philip Sidney and an inmate of Leicester House, the palace of Sidney's uncle—the notorious Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester and favourite of the Queen. Sidney affected Spenser, for good and for evil—and formed the type of neo-chivalric character that was to abide with him henceforth, joined with a certain preciousness of style.

In all times, even, as we have already seen, in the nineteenth century, the Age of Science, there has always been a tendency on the part of artists to break away from the representation of the objective world of phenomena—and to make to themselves wings on which to soar into the higher regions of the transcendental. This temptation was never likely to be stronger than amid the surroundings of the English Renaissance, when exceptional minds were being continually vexed with the show of new possibilities amid the facts of their lives, brilliant indeed, but cruel, barbarous, and flawed with woe and squalor*. In 1579 Spenser had already planned his afterwards famous *Faery Queen*, and had also sketched a number of plays—his pedantic mentor, Gabriel Harvey, being consulted on the subject, counselled him to stick to the drama; and the immediate consequence was that the poet published neither poem nor play. In 1580 appeared his first complete work, "The Shepherd's Calendar," in which he dealt neither

* The effect of this contrast was very strong in Sackville, a predecessor and perhaps a model, of Spenser.

with phenomena nor with abstractions, but launched out into a highly artificial masque of so-called pastoral life, in which his friends and contemporaries were introduced thinly disguised as *dramatis personae*. "These poems," says Dean Church, "are, in poetical form, part of that manifold and varied system of Puritan aggression on the established ecclesiastical order of England which went through the whole scale" (of satire and censure until the final outburst under Laud and his ill-starred King). Such as it was, the work, anonymously published, was at once successful. Sidney—then the accredited arbiter—pronounced it a work of permanent value—"much poetry in it and worth the reading." From that time forward all the professed critics, with guesses and initials, proclaim the writer a rare wit and learned master, comparable to Theocritus and Virgil, and a not unworthy successor of Chaucer. The date of this publication, therefore, marks an era.

Before the end of the year, Spenser went to Ireland as secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant Lord Grey de Wilton, and made some acquaintance with war in that ignoble form which is seen when desperate barbarians wage unequal conflict against able and masterful invaders. The cool despatch in which Lord Grey reports the massacre of the Spaniards at Smerwick has been supposed to have been penned by our Puritan poet, and it forms a sad episode in that story of fanatical bloodshed which is confined to no creed, but is the more shameful in proportion to the purity of our professions. Such was our poet's stern apprenticeship to an official career, and in due course he came to suffer as well as to witness suffering. All these experiences sank into a mind both observant and imaginative, and went to furnish the stuff out of which a great work of art was to proceed. Lord Grey was recalled in the late summer of 1582, and Spenser added the qualities of that stern administrator to the more attractive attributes he had already learned, from the example of Sidney, to associate with his ideal of knightly worth.

After his patron's departure Spenser resided for the most part in Ireland, doing some official work and obtaining grants as colonist. About 1586 he settled at Kilkoman, a forfeited property of the rebel Desmonds, near Doneraile. Here he passed most of his remaining years, here he received the visit of Sir Walter Raleigh; and here he wrote so much of his "*Fairy Queen*" as it was given him to finish. The first three books

were published in London (1590) with an introduction in the form of a letter to Raleigh ; and they sufficiently attested the savage scenery and conditions of the author's exiled life. " The realities of the Irish wars and of Irish social and political life gave a real subject, gave body and form to the allegory " (Church.) That allegory, now, is to many readers a little obscure and even tedious , but the harmony of the stanza - Spenser's own invention -and the beauty of many of the pictures, combine to make these three Books a delight for competent readers, even at this late day. In the dedication to the Queen, Spenser proudly said that his labours were to " live with the eternity of her fame " , and the pride has had no fall, either then or since. Contemporary genius for once accepted his superiority , even Shakspeare--in a sonnet of which a copy appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599--speaks of " Spenser whose deep conceit is such as passing all conceit needs no defence " . At the end of 1590 the publisher had already testified to the " favourable passage " of the work.

Spenser was then on a temporary visit to London , but shortly after returned to Kilcolman, married, and went on with his great poem. In 1596 appeared the other three Books of the original design, which was to have extended to twelve books commemorative of twelve virtues. Thus one half of the somewhat too vast and vague undertaking had been completed ; and it is in itself a mass of matter almost too great for our days of hurry and change. Macaulay said (in his first Essay on Bunyan) that few readers were ever " in at the death of the Blatant Beast " , and in so saying proved that he, for one, had never read the whole of the poem he professed to criticise. The Blatant Beast is never killed : nevertheless there is truth in Macaulay's criticism. The plot of the *Faery Queen* is chaotic, the characters are unreal, the narrative is prolix and redundant, the allegory—as we have observed—not always clear. Yet, when all is said, Spenser lives, a fixed star in our artistic heaven. He was a true Poet, a " Maker," whose very tediousness arises from an excess of genius. Do not let us blame the oak because it bears no pine-apples. Spenser does not undertake epigram, is not often lyric or humorous : but he is, in a peculiar degree and manner, stately ; his invention and reflectiveness are alike inexhaustible ; his music never loses its charm.

His work being such, we may not feel much regret at its noncompletion however we may feel disposed to sympathise with the hard fortune to which the interruption was due. As so often happens, the cup that he had brewed was handed him by Fate. Having joined in the contemning and spoliation of the Irish, he was in turn ruined by them. Tyrone broke out in 1598, after receiving a pardon for past offences. The tribes of Munster rose in sympathy and a horde of ragged rebels harboured in the wooded hills at whose feet Kilcolman stood. At the end of the year Spenser left Ireland with a despatch from General Norris, the President. Either in his absence or after his return Kilcolman was sacked and burnt and Spenser died in want in the first month of the new year. The place of his death is recorded to have been King Street, Westminster within sight of the Abbey and the legislative Palace which impersonated so to speak the institutions of his beloved fatherland.

Contemporaneous with Spenser and even more unfortunate, was Christopher Marlowe (1564-93). Born in the same year as Shakspeare he did not live long enough to show all his quality, but if we were to compare the *Jer of Malta* with *Litus Andronicus*, or *Hero and Leander* with *Venus and Adonis* we might be tempted to think that a few more years might have furnished our great artist with a not entirely unworthy rival. Marlowe's plays have been reprinted in the Mermaid Series (1887) and extracts from the "first sestiad" of *Hero* may be found in the first Volume of Mr. Humphrey Ward's *English Poets* so that any student who may desire it has the means of judging of the truth of the above estimate. The Mermaid edition has a biographical and critical introduction by the late J. A. Symonds, and we cannot do better than avail ourselves of the guidance of that accomplished writer. With the one exception of Shakspeare, who is always alone, it has not been thought quite just to test our English Classics in general by their work for the stage, the exigencies of which require so many qualities beside those that are purely literary; and we cannot depart from the principle to follow Symonds in all his appreciations of Marlowe's plays. We note only that they are all, more or less, vigorous even to violence, full of the credulity of passionate youth but also full of inspired outbreaks. The earliest of these was called *Lambourlain*, and was first performed in 1588, setting at once and for ever the

pattern of English blank verse in what Johnson called "Marlowe's Mighty Line." *Tamburlaine* was almost immediately followed by *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*, based upon a German book published at Frankfort in 1587, and at once translated into English. This, which is Marlowe's greatest work, had the honour to be imitated and highly praised by Goethe; and contains more than one splendid piece of lofty and rhythmic declamation; it has also the merits—rare in so young an artist's work—of being both ably constructed and free from material horrors: Marlowe's conception of Hell, for example, is far more spiritual than that of Dante, even than that of Milton. Next came *The Jew of Malta* a fresh advance, from the literary critic's point of view, both in design and execution. Marlowe's dramatic work was crowned by a tragedy called *Edward the Second*, which has been always admired and to which Symonds does not hesitate to pronounce Shakspeare's *Richard II.* "distinctly inferior." Marlowe co-operated in the production of the three parts of *Henry VI.* now included in the works of Shakspeare; but he did no more good dramatic work single-handed. It is with his poetic fragment, *Hero and Leander* that we are here chiefly concerned: and of this we may at once say that it shows more imagination and more skill than any other poem of the period, and that it formed in after years the model for some of the most beautiful work of Keats.

Marlowe is here seen as the complete contrast to Spenser: instead of fantastic allegory related in stately stanza we find the most objective word-painting delivered with little apparent effort in easy-flowing couplets; the author (like Keats in later days) anticipating Milton's demand, is "simple, sensuous, passionate." Of the influence of this fine fragment, which was first published posthumously in 1598 and afterwards completed, in 1600, by Chapman, there can be no doubt. Shakspeare, who scarcely ever quoted, quoted from *Hero*; and another eminent contemporary paid Marlowe the following compliment:—

His raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness he did still retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

(Drayton.)

Drayton's compliment is not, it must be confessed, very discriminating, if one takes the word "madness" in the common acceptation. Marlowe is never the victim of possession but rather the master of his Muse. Nevertheless, the raptures of air and fire may be accepted as a note of the effect produced by Marlowe's art upon a sympathetic contemporary: his verse is certainly "clear." All the fulfilment of Marlowe's great promise was never realised: in 1593 he was killed in an ignoble brawl; and posterity was left to speculate on one more of the "might-have-beens," of which it has so many other instances in English literary art. When one thinks of possibilities extinguished in the early deaths of Chatterton and Keats and Shelley, one has every reason to add the name of Christopher Marlowe, the self-reliant poet of *Hero and Leander*.

Idolatry of Shakspeare has become so universal that the comparison of the two coevals may appear audacious. In the year of Marlowe's death appeared Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis* already mentioned and the poem was long classed with Marlowe's *Hero* as likely to corrupt young readers. But the classification was unjust: in a gentle persuasive casuistry Shakspeare was what he had shown himself in some of his earlier comedies; but *Venus and Adonis* falls as far below the work of Marlowe in vigour and in taste as it also does in scholarly execution. Indeed, having regard only to what each had done up to 1593, there were few who could have ventured to decide between the two young men who were born in the same year and had worked together at the same theatre.

A writer of a different sort was Spenser's patron, Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86). He too died somewhat prematurely, but not before he had in a great measure displayed the full extent of his artistic power. Hitherto we have been dealing with poets; nor can it be questioned that poetry—in the strictest sense of the word, emotional composition couched in metre—was the chosen vehicle of the great Heroic Age that may be said to have begun with Sidney. Judged as a poet of this kind Sidney himself takes no high rank: he was brave, good, bright, but he was after all a gentleman-writer, a dilettante apt to run to fleeting fashion and affectation. Had he, indeed, as has been well remarked by a judicious critic, been content to look "into his noble heart and written directly from that, his poetry would have been

excellent": and he had probably some feeling of the same when he said of himself -

" Fool ! said the Muse to me, look in
thy heart and write '

(*Astrophel and Stella.*)

But he preferred to listen to blind guides and to bury his natural emotions for the most part under monuments of quaint euphemism. Sidney's best poetry is therefore in his prose, a rhythmic art in which he stood alone among the men of his day. Some of his *Astrophel and Stella* Sonnets contain pretty verse, and of these enough for the student purpose will be found in Mr Ward's collection already often cited, with a sympathetic memory by Mrs Ward*.

Foremost then, among the few prose works of that unprosperous time, was Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, first sketched in 1581 but not published in its present form till after the author's death. In the previous year Sidney had begun another prose-work, also posthumously published - and this being written at Wilton for the entertainment of his sister, the then mistress of that fair domain was entitled *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. In 1583 Sidney was knighted, and two years later commanded the cavalry in an expedition sent to aid the Dutch under Sidney's worthless uncle Robert, Earl of Leicester. In the autumn of 1586 he received a wound at the siege of Zutphen - of the effects of which he soon afterwards died - so far fortunate that he did not live to witness the failure and recall of his incompetent kinsman.

In estimating Sidney's prose we have to bear in mind that it is the work of a young man and an aristocrat surrounded by admiring friends and never criticised or contradicted. In the bright forenoon of Elizabeth's reign he was accepted as supreme arbiter in literary matters, and although hasty in temper - was of such an indulgent taste that Spenser in a letter to Gabriel Harvey, speaking of a foolish book dedicated to Sidney which the latter received somewhat scornfully - yet hastens to add, " if at least it be in the goodness of that nature to scorn "†. But in 1581 there was not very much English poetry of a very high order

* Ward's *British Poets*, Vol. I.

† This book was " *The School of Abuse* " by Stephen Gosson (1555-1624), and the *Defence* as said to have been written in reply.

extant to justify Sidney's "Defence" He praised the old Ballads "Chevy Chase," he said, "stirred his heart like the sounds of a trumpet" But he wondered why the peaceful time in which he wrote was so unfruitful in over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets The poet was "of all sciences the monarch" may he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard at the very first give you a cluster of grapes he cometh to you with words set delightful in proportion and with a tale forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner The "Arcadia" is not perhaps quite at the same high level as this but it is almost the first work that we have of romantic fiction in studied and artful prose and if not exactly popular is still read with interest and pleasure Here are dainty descriptions and pretty conceits, such as that of the shepherd boy piping as though he should never be old The book was a favourite with the unfortunate Charles I. and was much prized and praised by Lamb as a favourite of comparatively recent times

Only other prose writer of that day who can be in any way said to survive is John Foxe (1517-87) the historian of the Reformation Foxe was an Oxford man expelled from the university in 1545 on account of his adoption of the new doctrines, and in 1549 of Mary Tudor he sought safety on the Continent, where for some time reader to a Basle printing office On the death of Mary he returned to England and became a Prebendary of Ely where he wrote his "Acts and Monuments," commonly known as "Foxe's Martyrs" It became at once a favourite work with the followers of the reformed faith, and, though free from exaggeration and bitterness, is still read and cited.

The early poets of the Heroic Age are but little studied in these busy days, yet literary history must notice a few who, with longer lives might have entered the charmed temple of Fame Sir Edward Dyer (1552-1607) was a friend of Sidney's, not only remembered by a short piece, often included in selections, which begins "My mind to me a kingdom is," Lord Brooke (1554-1628) was the other longest-lived member of that triple alliance, who professed to have written "in his youth and familiar exercise with Sir Philip Sidney," and his works show strong powers of thought he wrote dramas in the old six-foot

line of the Greeks ; and an Elegy on Sydney's death—attributed to him by Lamb—is in the same metre, but all in rhyme.

Constable (1555-161?) was another of Sidney's admirers, and author of a " Sonnet to Sir Philip Sidney's Soul " containing the following strong couplet : -

" Death, Courage, Honour, make thy soul to live,
Thy soul in Heaven, thy name on tongues of men."

Thomas Sackville (1536-1608) was perhaps one of the factors and models of Spenser's *Faery Queen*. He rose to be Earl of Dorset and Lord High-Treasurer of England, but in his younger and less occupied days began a poem on the scale of an epic, in which he meant to set forth a Pantheon or heroic History of England, something of the kind afterwards attempted by Fuller in prose. It was to be called " The Mirror for Magistrates," where the word was to imply statesmen and rulers in general. But Sackville got no farther than the " Induction " and one character—that of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in 1483. The fragment shows dignity of conception and expression, but is deeply tinged with gloom.

If we determine to regard the Elizabethan climax as having begun with Sidney and Spenser we must agree to close this chapter here. The poets who connect that era with the birds of dawn were all dead before the *Apology* of Sidney—afterwards expanded into the *Defence of Poesy*—had created new ideals and before Edmund Spenser had become " the new poet " of an advanced generation. There was indeed no gulf or actual breach between them and their immediate predecessors ; but the later times were far quieter and there was far more leisure for intellectual cultivation. The succession was settled, the religious crisis was closed, the country was becoming prosperous. With these elements at hand a critical treatise and a poem by an original-minded artist were enough to precipitate a new creation. The Elizabethan, or Heroic Age must be considered as beginning about 1582, with the manuscript of the *Defence of Poesy* and the printing of the *Shepherd's Calendar*.

(To be continued.)

H. G. KEENE.

England.

THE CHRYSALIS.

(A PRELUDE)

THERE was an unusual softness about her that evening, less confidence and more shyness in her greeting and he, noticing the change in her bearing, had attributed it to recent family events: in this he was both wrong and right

They had been late in starting and were obliged to walk briskly that they might be in time for the opening number of the programme, and conversation had been jerky and scarce, with no chance for confidences, so he postponed his communication until an *entr'acte* should give the opportunity he desired. But when the first part of the programme had come to an end, he found himself postponing still the announcement of his engagement which he never doubted would please her. She had so often urged him to marry.

While he hesitated, the music began again and soon its subtle influence had them in its grasp, was filling their hearts with memories of an evening long ago when he had told her of his love for her and she had replied firmly if sadly, that her regard for him was only such as a sister might cherish for a beloved brother—nothing more.

The man, wounded to his innermost being, had looked into her face searching for something there which might contradict her words, but the clear straight glance of the dark eyes was frank and unflinching, and he had parted from her, convinced of the truth of her words.

Now, with the melancholy loveliness of the music flooding the hall, these two lived over that night, and looking at her now he found her tenderer, sweeter, more mellowed.

A sigh broke from him at which she started, and, turning quickly to meet his intent gaze, blushed a rosy red and turned her head away.

The music came to an end and they rose to go. They were once more in the street, alone amid the hurrying crowd, but for them there was no need of haste. He must tell her now. The spell woven by the music, those memories of long ago, had faded again and in spite of them,

he loved his gentle little fiancée.

"Miriam," he said, gently pressing her arm, "won't you congratulate me?"

"Congratulate you?" she asked, surprised, "On what?"

"On my engagement," he replied, smiling happily. "Beatrice Denvers and I are to be married next month."

There was silence for a moment; then he asked, surprised, and stooping towards her: "What is the matter, Miriam?"

"Nothing oh nothing!" she replied hastily. "only your news has rendered me speechless with astonishment."

"Is that all?" he asked disappointed.

"No! no, my dear boy of course I am delighted and congratulate you most heartily. Beatrice will make you very happy, I am sure."

She was pressing his arm now and her eyes were smiling up into his.

"Thank you, dear Sister," he said, and stooping, kissed her cheek as her brother might have done.

It was dark before her door, or he might have noticed the scarlet spot, might have caught the drooping of her mouth—but as it was, the smile in her eyes was all he got and when the door had opened to her he raised his hat and strode down the street content.

"You are very tired, mum," said the kindly maid, "shall I help you to undress?"

"No, Lucy, thank you. I am tired but not in the least sleepy, so I will just sit here by the fire and read awhile—but you go off to bed, don't wait for me."

"Goodnight, mum!"

"Goodnight, Lucy!"

At last she was alone—alone with her broken life from whence the love in whose face she had once, twice, shut the door, had now fled for ever.

She bowed her head on her hands and wept—long passionate sobs shaking her shoulders, hot tears scalding her eyes and still warm dropping on to her fingers. So—sorrow, regret, love and despair swept through her being until nature could stand no more and she lay back exhausted into the depths of the big arm-chair. Sitting thus, she became obsessed by memories which led her tired feet over paths trodden long since, and the bitter parts were bitter still, while from the sweet, Time had taken his toll.

Once more she stood beside the death-bed of her father and heard him say, "Miriam, you are young and strong, help your mother to

"bear this parting, and take care of Rupert." To which she heard again her own whispered promise and as she heard, the woman of to-day muttered, "Thank God I have not failed—Oh, thank God at least for that!"

She saw herself little by little taking command of the household as the widow's nerveless hand relaxed its hold; listened again to the first call of love's voice which even then had sounded sweet to her girlish ears—that call which to-night was crushing out her life with its poignancy.

Her stern sense of duty, her promise to the dying man, had given her strength to bid the little winged god begone, since in her life there was no place for him, and she had continued on her way happily enough until the shadow of death again lay over the household and her gentle mother was gathered to the rest she craved.

In the midst of her sorrow, Love called again—this time knocking at the door of her heart with no uncertain hand. She longed to open wide the portal and call him in—yet dared not, because her brother's life was in her keeping still and he clung to her jealously, begging her not to forsake him yet awhile.

Her soul cried out against this youthful tyranny, but her conscience was inexorable—she had promised and must remain faithful to that trust until Rupert himself should break the chains of her bondage. So she had offered her lover the stone of friendship while yet her heart was warm with the bread of love.

To-night, with the chains broken and the flood-gates loosened, she had gone to meet that lover, and he, all unconscious, had told her of his plighted troth to another!

Her head fell back on the cushioned chair and a little hysterical laugh, chill with the frost of death, rippled out from between her pale lips.

Thus she remained, lost in thoughts and memories, suffering because of them, until the clock on the mantel rang out the third hour of the morning.

The sound from out the stillness startled her and sitting up with the air of a sleep-walker suddenly awakened, she gazed vacantly around the silent room. Then, rising, she poured out a glass of wine from the decanter which stood on the table beside her and draining the golden brown liquid at a draught, as one drinks water, she set down the glass and leaving the room, quietly, with languid steps, mounted the stairs to the bed chamber.

Silence! All was silence. Rupert, happy in his new-made wife, was far away on his honeymoon; the faithful maid lay sleeping. She was alone!

She undressed and threw herself on her bed, too weary in body and mind to remember the lesser ceremonies of the toilet with which a woman usually prepares for repose. Then she slept, a fitful, dream-haunted sleep and awakening to the new day, was weary still.

She would not rise till later—why should she? No one waited her coming at the breakfast table—was she not alone?

At the remembrance a little shiver ran through her, the weary sadness of her face deepened.

A knock announced the coming of the maid who bore in her hand a tray.

"I thought you would be tired, Miss Miriam, so I have brought you your breakfast and your letters," said the smiling Lucy.

Miriam sat up slowly and, as the maid gently deposited the tray on her knees, took up the bundle of letters which lay beside her plate. Indifferently she glanced over the addresses until the handwriting of her brother attracted her attention. Laying the rest of the letters on the coverlet, she hurriedly cut open this envelope which held for her tidings of the happiness of others.

It was briefly told—"Just a few lines to let you know we are well and happy and looking forward to the home-coming next week. Take care of yourself, dear Miriam, and remember that by this marriage of mine you have not lost a brother but gained a sister."

A wan smile flickered over the girl's pale face which the maid who still hovered near, noticed. She said

"You will lie down and rest awhile after your breakfast, won't you, Miss Miriam?"

To which the mistress had replied with a nod of her head, adding, "I will ring for you when I am ready to get up." Then she began to pour out a cup of coffee.

The maid went out closing the door behind her and the mistress relieved of her presence set down the coffee pot and lay back on her pillows.

The happy, unconscious selfishness of her brother's letter had been an added wound to her already suffering heart, and yet she could not blame the lad, for he was ignorant of the wrong he had done her—unaware that he had robbed her of that very happiness of which he now wrote.

Next week they would come home—not to the tiny house in which they had lived since her father's death, but to a pretty furnished flat, a little further up the street which the bride-to-be had begged her to share; but Miriam had refused gently with a tender smile, thinking in her heart that there was another shelter which would soon be offered to her and which now she might without scruple accept.

Well—she had been wrong ! That place was for another, not for her. She must continue to live alone in this home of many memories till death came to release her

Long she lay, thinking thus until from out the wreckage of her life an idea sprang, grew and spread until it possessed her whole being. She sat up hastily, drank the fast cooling cup of coffee, forced herself to eat a roll, then sprang out of bed and began to dress

Half an hour later she descended the stairs and going to the sitting-room, took from it her long neglected violin and went out into the street

As Signor Pascoli took and shook tenderly the hand of his old pupil, the thrill of hope reborn ran through the woman's slender frame, she felt almost happy again

"You are surprised to see me ?" she said "Well, I have come to ask you a favour and it is this— will you let me play for you once again, and will you tell me frankly if it is too late to earn that success which you once said might be mine if I chose ?"

Pascoli was astonished. He had loved this talented pupil and had been keenly disappointed when to his urging that she should make a serious study of the violin and reap the reward which her talent promised, she had shaken her head saying that the home and invalid mother needed her more than the world of music. To the former she was indispensable, to the latter quite the contrary

The old man had been a trifle hurt. To him art was as sacred as the dearest ties of home and family and to neglect and wilfully throw away a gift, was a sin he could not condone. But he understood the firm determination of his pupil's character, well, and said no more. Then the lessons had ceased and for some years he had only seen Miriam on those rare occasions on which she came to visit him

He shook his head now. In his fine old eyes a gleam of anger shone.

"My dear child," he said "Art is no wanton to be cast off and picked up at will—she is the true spouse who demands unceasing fidelity. You have robbed her of the best years of your life and now when the fires of youth are already dim and your soul has lost its pristine freshness and originality, you come seeking her again"

The master's voice was weighty with sadness, and despair seized the soul of his listener. What he had said was true, and knowing it so, she could only be silent

After a period of time which to the waiting girl seemed an eternity, Pascoli raised his head, straightened his shoulders and walking to the window, stood a moment looking out upon the perfect day. At last

he turned to where Miriam sat in silence and laying his large hand affectionately on her shoulder, as though to condone for the sting of his words, he said :

" Let me hear you play, Miriam. I can then judge better of your progress since you ceased to be my pupil."

He crossed the room to where a pile of music lay on the floor and selecting a volume from among the many, he placed it on the stand and opening it, signed to the girl to begin.

As her eyes lighted on the music she started and a look of pain crossed her face which the quick eye of the master did not fail to see:

" The Kreuzer Sonata used to be a favourite of yours," he said kindly, " but if you prefer something else, why, choose ! "

Miriam merely shook her head and placing her violin in position, began to play.

The first few bars were uncertain, tremulous, as though the player was nervous : but the listener appeared not to notice it and paced up and down the little room, hands in pockets, humming a soft accompaniment. Gradually the girl forgot that her judge listened, forgot that he had told her she came too late—remembered only the anguish of her starving heart and poured out all her sorrow into the slow reverberating notes which wailed through the room with unconquerable pathos.

As the last note of the first movement faded away into silence, Pascoli stopped and leaning on the frail music-stand till it creaked beneath his weight, he gazed into the face of his ex-pupil, a face from which all colour had fled, whose eyes were wide and shining like those of a creature in mortal agony.

" Miriam," he said at last, " who has taught you to play like this ? "

The pale lips parted and slowly from between them came the answer.

" Life—and Death ! " she said, but nothing more and the master wondering, forbore to question, though the enigmatic words of his pupil haunted him until the aftermath of death had made them clear.

He crossed once more to the window as though seeking light, and remaining there lost in thought, while Miriam replaced her violin in its case and prepared to go. When she was ready she came to him, holding out her hand. He took it and holding it for a moment between his own two massive ones, asked :

" Will you do me a favour now ? "

Before she could answer he continued :

" Will you take my place to-night and play that sonata before the public ? "

Seeing both surprise and hesitation in the girl's look, he added :

" It is the best answer I can give to your question—let strangers judge between you and Art—as for me, I can no longer judge ! "

" I shall not be accepted in your place, Signor Pascoli, you know it would be impossible. "

" Only agree and I will settle the rest, " he persisted.

" Why, then, of course, I can only thank you for your generosity, dear Master; and accept. But the test is severe ! "

" And all the more reliable for being so, " he replied.

With a few words regarding the practical arrangements for the exchange, they parted and Miriam walked home like one in a dream.

* * * * *

It was all over--the test had been made, had proved successful beyond the wildest dreams of either master or pupil, for in the playing of this girl there had been something supernaturally beautiful—overpowering. It might have been the music of another sphere, so rare and exquisite it was and the audience had gone wild with enthusiasm. She played again and again in answer to their call until she could play no more, and even then they were not satisfied—they had not had enough.

The Master had accompanied her home and there were tears in his eyes as he bade her good-night—she was so white and still after all her triumph, and in her own eyes a light shone, unnatural and intangible as the will o' the wisp. Like her music she seemed to-night, a thing immaterial, unconnected with earth.

When the door had closed on his retreating form, she threw herself into the big arm-chair by the fire and placing gently her violin on the table beside which she sat, she lay her weary head lovingly down upon it—her eyes closed and a smile, faint as the first flush of the dawn hovered round her pale lips.

In another part of the city, one who had listened to her music and witnessed her triumph, stood leaning heavily against the mantel in his study. On his face was written the realization of an irretrievable loss.

MAY HARVEY DRUMMOND

SOME QUAIN'T TAMIL PROVERBS.*

AN article on "Some Quaint Tamil Proverbs" was contributed by the present writer some time ago to *EAST & WEST*. That article concluded as follows: "There is no better study which will take one to the very heart of a nation than the study of its proverbs. And with the awakened interest in the peoples of India, it is hoped that other nations will look with some of that sympathetic imagination on our institutions and learn to appreciate their real worth. And it may be confidently asserted that one at least of the channels through which they may seek such information is the proverbs which are in daily use among the peoples of this land. The writer of this article will feel amply rewarded if his efforts in this direction will enable some at least to understand something of the national character of the Tamils of South India."

Since writing the above, the present writer has come across certain other quaint Tamil Proverbs which he now comments on in the same hope as the one expressed in the previous article.

Modesty has been a characteristic of most of the learned men of the world. And it must be conceded that the learning of such men shines the better for not being blazoned forth with a flourish of trumpets. Hence modesty has always been enjoined as a virtue. This is contained in a curious proverb which may be freely rendered thus: "Do not make a show of your powers and accomplishments before your mother who has given you birth." Respect to the mother has been and still is a great virtue in India. And hence by invoking that respect, it is sought to enforce this lesson to be modest in the presence of the people to whom respect is due, as typified by the mother in the proverb.

"Even the Emperor of Delhi is only a son (lit. boy) to his mother." This somewhat enigmatical proverb is intended to show that no man can jump out of his skin even though he be the Emperor of Delhi. Incidentally it shows how much the greatness of the city of Delhi is appreciated even in distant South India. And may

* An article on the same subject by this author appeared in *EAST & WEST* for July, 1912.

it not also in some measure justify the transference of the capital of India to the ancient city of Delhi? But that is by the way. This proverb is sometimes used by elders, especially the relations of any great man, to make him conscious that, in spite of his greatness, he is only a young man whom they can afford to treat in a patronising manner, and sometimes by the man himself to show his deference to his elders.

Suave words are not unoften followed by actions which falsify them. Men all over the world, not infrequently, make promises which, even while they make them, they have no idea of keeping and which sometimes they do not keep. This phenomenon occurs more frequently in India where the obligation of *Dakshinyami* (an untranslatable Sanskrit word the nearest equivalent to which in English is 'politeness') makes it impossible for people to speak out their minds when they know that their words are likely to displease the listener. Hence the proverb "The mouth is (like) the plantain fruit; the hand is (like) *Karunakkighangu* (a kind of root which leaves a very uncomfortable prickly sensation in the mouth)." While the man's words are as sweet as a plantain fruit, i.e., give promise of sweet performance, his deeds are as forbidding as the root referred to above.

"Even theft, you must learn and forget." This curious duty enjoined on all by this proverb, has always perplexed the present writer. Theft is by no means an occupation which can be commended as an art to be learnt except on two hypotheses, viz., (1) that a man's education cannot be complete until he learns everything, even this art of easing another man of his goods and (2) that, for the sake of detecting and dealing with theft, one must have known something of it oneself. The former is not a very satisfactory one, while the latter seems to be nullified by the injunction that one must forget it as soon as one has learnt it. Perhaps this is the one good feature of the proverb. But it may be confidently asserted that the injunction contained was never intended to be, and is not, literally acted on. All it can be said to mean is that it is worth while to learn even arts which may seem disreputable.

"Is there any man who pines for ghee (clarified butter) while all the time he is in possession of butter?" The question is asked of course with the implication that the answer must be in the negative. For there cannot exist any man so impractical as not to know that he has to resort only to the simple process of heating the butter, to get it converted into ghee. The proverb is applied to the case of a man who does not utilise the things at his disposal to get what he wants, while he can do so. It must not be imagined that the proverb is used only when the means are so easy for realising the end, as in the case of butter

and ghee. It is often used when men are, as usual, unable to see how they can use their energies, opportunities, and accomplishments, to realise their desires.

The desire to have a separate habitation for oneself and one's family is strong in this country, perhaps stronger than in other countries. It is, no doubt, a fact that in the cities of India, two or more families live in the same house as co-tenants. But, in the villages, it is not an infrequent phenomenon to find that, while there are big houses belonging to the richer people, a portion of which can be had almost for the asking, the poorer people prefer to live in huts of their own. This tendency is expressed in the proverb "Even though it (the house) be (as small as) a rat's hole, it is best to have a separate one for oneself."

The English proverb "You cannot have the bread and eat it too"—has its analogue in the Tamil proverb which may be translated thus, literally. "There is the desire for the moustaches as well as for the pottage." The intonation with which this proverb is usually uttered denotes the absurdity of the desire for both. A man who has moustaches and who drinks pottage cannot help soiling his moustaches. And, if he has to drink the pottage often, it will be impossible for a man who loves his moustaches to continue this process very long. So, ere-long, he will have to make up his mind and choose between his moustache and his pottage. This proverb is often used to describe the state of a man who desires two inconsistent things.

While the Hindu mother, at least in this part of the country, has almost always been very partial towards her sons-in-law, even sometimes at the expense of her sons, and we may expect that such partiality is likely to be popular—yet she has not escaped the scathing criticism of the proverbmonger. "The mother-in-law felt very sorry for having had to offer to her son what she had prepared for her son-in-law." The feast which had been prepared for the son-in-law's reception had to be partaken of only by the son, since the son-in-law did not turn up. Of course, this proverb does not contain even a half-truth. No Hindu mother is so unloving towards her sons. But sometimes in her anxiety to please the husbands of her daughters, that they may treat her daughters properly, she overdoes things; and this proverb is intended as a criticism of such overdoing.

Punishment has always been recognised by the wise of all countries as a necessary part of the education of a child. The reason for it seems to be the idea that children are naturally so prone to mischief that unless they are punished for their delinquencies, they will never grow up properly. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is the English proverb corresponding to the Tamil one "Even brothers cannot be so helpful."

to one as beating (punishment)." One can only hope that in neither case is indiscriminate punishment advocated, but only as a consequence of some fault. It may even be permissible to doubt whether too much emphasis is not laid in these proverbs on the good effects of punishment, especially in the light of the greater available knowledge of child psychology.

It has frequently been observed by Indian and foreign thinkers alike that one very prevalent characteristic of the Indian mind is its unwillingness to adapt itself to new ideas, if they happen to be generally unpopular. In almost every field of activity, a few important men give the cue and the others must follow, or woe to the man who has different ideas of his own and dares to express them. Two or three influential politicians, in their wisdom, sketch the lines of Indian political progress, and every Indian must fall into line with them at the risk of being dubbed unpatriotic. Similarly, a particular pill is prescribed by the numerous physicians for the ills which Indian social flesh is heir to, and those who do not acknowledge the efficacy of the pill are reactionaries. Or again, Swadeshimism is said to be the panacea to cure India of her economic weakness. And those who doubt its efficacy are people of little faith. These are only examples on a larger scale of a prevalent desire to remain undistinguished and undistinguishable in the mass. And this largely accounts for the lethargy so often found in India in her various fields of activity. This feeling is given expression to in the very popular proverb "Live in agreement with your village." By the way, this proverb indicates the strength of the village organisation, at any rate at the time when the proverb was coined.

"What does it matter to us, whether Rama rules or Ravana rules?" is a proverb, which, while gradually losing its hold on the people's minds, may in a sense be said to be the political philosophy of many a man in India. To him, it does not matter who rules over him and his country, whether he be the good king of Ayodhya or the bad king of Lanka. The genesis of this proverb may be traced to the fact that, while the conquering legions thundered past in India, the villages remained self-contained organisms and scarcely, if ever, felt the consequent disturbances. Their relations with the central Government must have been confined to the payment of taxes; and so long as the taxes were not excessive and they got something in return for them, they would not care as to who were the recipients of the taxes. But it must be conceded that the Governments in India were often very oppressive and hence this political indifference. Even Ravana, the proverbial bad king, is not described in the *Ramayana* as oppressing his subjects.

"A vain man who suddenly gets wealth and power will have an umbrella held over his head at midnight." This is the literal translation of a proverb which gibes at the common tendency of little-minded men to lose their mental balance, when they find themselves unexpectedly placed in a position of affluence. It is only great men who can adapt themselves to any position they may find themselves in. Little men will, under such conditions, do ridiculous things even as the man in the proverb had an umbrella held over him when it was least wanted and could only expose him to ridicule. Many stories are told in this part of the country to illustrate this tendency. Perhaps the most interesting of them is what follows.

Once upon a time, there was a proud daughter of a king who refused to marry any of the many princely suitors to her hand, because they were not able to engage on equal terms with her in any intellectual controversy. The princes, in despair, hit upon a plan to humble the pride of the princess. They got hold of an idiot of a shepherd; and with great pains dressed him up as a prince and taught him to behave like one. They took care, however, to lay on him the strict injunction of silence, thus hoping to make it appear that he was very learned, but that he did not condescend to speak, and contented himself with only making signs. They also taught him a few significant signs to be made with his hands which may lead the unwary into believing that he was really a very learned man. Anon, the princes introduced the pseudo-prince to the princess as the most learned among them, but that the princess could exchange thoughts with him only through signs. The princess was satisfied with his signs, granted that he was a very learned man, and perhaps tired with her state of single blessedness, straight away accepted him as her husband. The princely husband, in due course, retired to his luxurious chambers for the night and, being unaccustomed to such luxuries, fell into a deep slumber. When the princess, arriving later, tried to wake him up with music, it had only charms to soothe the savage breast of the shepherd and made his sleep all the more profound. Then the princess hit upon the device of putting into his mouth scented nuts with the object of waking him. The poor shepherd thought that the sheep among whom it was his habit to sleep were interfering with his sleep and uttered an exclamation to that effect. The princess then, to her dismay, found out the deception practised upon her. This story is often told for the purpose of teaching people how to conduct themselves in unexpected situations in which they may find themselves placed.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense," "Evil to him who evil thinks" are the French and English analogues respectively of the Tamil proverb which may be translated thus: "Only the man for whom evil is in store

thinks evil of others." Whether it be so or not in actual life, the proverb assumes that life in this world is so consonant with one's ideal of poetic justice that the evil-doer scarcely escapes punishment even in this life. This is the sense in which it is used when a bad man does occasionally suffer. But, more often, the proverb is used as a threat to evil-doers.

To act "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out is impossible to conceive and the result is bound to be ridiculous. But a more disastrous phenomenon is portrayed in the Tamil proverb which is to this effect. "The tying of the Thali was forgotten in the hubbub incidental to the marriage ceremonies." In this part of the country, at any rate, the tying of the Thali is the most important act in the marriage and is taken to have the effect of binding husband and wife irrevocably, although, from a legal point of view, the *Saptapadi* is by far the most important ceremony. But, certainly, the omission to have the Thali tied by the husband on the wife's neck will have most disastrous consequences. This proverb is applied to denote the state of a man who is so worried with some important work that he is likely to forget some very essential thing in connection with it, or to ridicule a man who, under such circumstances, has omitted to do some important thing.

"A tiger, even when oppressed by hunger, does not stoop to eat grass." This is, of course, a natural phenomenon, capable of an easy explanation. But a poetical conceit has been developed out of it. Grass is usually eaten by humbler animals than the tiger, and the tiger always commands respect born out of fear—a not uncommon source of respect even in the case of men. Hence it is said that even when a tiger is suffering the pangs of hunger, it will not resort to certain despicable means of satisfying its hunger. Though the conceit is somewhat fanciful, the proverb has satisfied the purposes of admonishing people not to demean themselves in their desire to relieve their sufferings, and of pouring ridicule on a man who stoops to do anything to compass his ends.

This idea has been beautifully described by "Kalidasa" in his famous poem of *Megha Sandesa* or "The Cloud Messenger." The banished Yaksha who is pining for the company of his wife seeks the assistance of a cloud to convey a loving message to his wife at Alakapuri whither the cloud is expected to travel. In requesting the cloud to oblige him, the Yaksha praises the cloud by saying that he (the cloud) is descended of a great family and that he is the minister of Indra, and concludes by saying that it is only because the Yaksha is awed of the greatness of the cloud that he is asking of him a favour, for begging a favour of the great even when your request is not granted

is much better than requesting a favour of a small man even when it is granted. Hence, even when in distress a great man is very scrupulous as to the means he employs to help himself.

Patience has even been praised by the wise of all ages as a virtue not only because it is its own reward but also because it *has* its own reward. The Tamil proverb says that the patient man will live to reign as king, while the impatient man will always go to ruin. Of course proverbs are only half truths and this more than any other. There are situations in life when patience is a crime. But, generally speaking, it may be said that a patient man is well advised and is likely to succeed in the long run. The simple reason is that the impatient man is less likely to hit on effective means than the patient man who necessarily devotes some thought to the subject.

These are some of the typical proverbs which are in current use among the people of this part of the country. It cannot be easily patent to foreigners who do not know how the people live and move and have their being how these proverbs are in daily almost hourly, use among the people and how they are used and used aptly by even illiterate people. It is easy to scoff at these proverbs but those who are blessed with the rare gift of a sympathetic imagination can see in them the enshrined wisdom of a gentle and kindly people who have tried, in their own way to fight the battle of life.

Madras

S. SATYANARTHI.

A DICTIONARY IN THE MAKING.

SIR JAMES MURRAY ON HIS TASK.

WESTMINSTER ABBLEY OF WORDS

THE ancient temple of the Jews grew in silence, and it is interesting to remember that in an old English garden at Oxford, away from the hurry and strife of affairs, the wonderful architecture of the New English Dictionary silently approaches completion. More than thirty years has this treasure-house of the language been in building, first at the Scriptorium at Mill Hill, and later in the city where Johnson spent his collegiate days. With the thirty years many of the first enthusiasts have passed away, Dr Furnivall and Professor Skeat among them; but the master builder, Sir James Murray, abides still at the task, his natural strength unabated it would seem, notwithstanding his seventy years and six. Summer and winter he rises at six o'clock, and works at the Dictionary the day through, winnowing the history of words.

In the preparation of the first section of Volume X. (Ti—Tombac), which has just been published, Sir James worked ninety hours a week for three months, and the history of 'to' with the infinitive alone cost two months of toil. When it comes to be written the story of the making of the Oxford Dictionary, will rank with thrilling tales of travel and heroism which are an inspiration to the race. It seems that last year fate herself challenged the aged lexicographer into the lists. His learned colleague, Dr. Henry Bradley, fell ill, and was ordered a sea voyage; there was a shortage of assistants, with beginners on trial instead of scholars matured to the work; but sheer industry and strength of purpose triumphed over circumstances of delay.

Though a bitter winter wind was blowing, Sir James had cycled to Congregation and back again to his home in Banbury Road when he gave me a special interview.

Asked as to the probable date of completion of the Dictionary, Sir James had an answer which gave him obvious pleasure. "I have got to the stage when I can estimate the end. In all human probability the Dictionary will be finished on my eightieth birthday, four years from now. My colleagues, Dr. Bradley and Dr. Craigie, are busy with "S" and I have penetrated into the second half of "T," which I expect to complete in two years. By that time the three of us will be at liberty for the last six small letters of the alphabet, and, indeed some work will already have been done on them. It was my hope to do the whole of the last volume myself, but that hope had to be given up in the general revision of plans, and I have actually had to do 400 pages of Volume IX. before beginning on Volume X., of which I have published 120 pages. I began on the Dictionary in April of 1879; that is to say, I made a start on the material collected by the Philological Society, and it took three years to get it into ship-shape, and make it adequate for the purpose. Under the kindling enthusiasm of Dr. Furnivall, eager readers had been gleaned quotations, but when I came to sift what had been sent in I found the great mass various in quality. Perhaps there were five million quotations, and in the Dictionary itself I estimate we shall have used about a third of that number, shortened in form, of course, because of exigencies of space. Insufficient instructions were originally issued to "readers" to guide them in their work; Dr. Furnivall had many other interests, and could not attend to minutiae. It was essential, for example, that each reader should have an authentic edition of the book he was engaged upon, otherwise his findings might be full of flaws; but this condition seems to have been overlooked. Modern editions might be cheapest, but they are seldom verbally reliable, and scarcely ever so for spelling. No proper list was kept of the portions which had been examined of the promised books. When I came to address an appeal to Dr. Furnivall's voluntary helpers more than half the letters were returned with the remark: "Gone away" or "Dead." Many had left their manuscripts behind, and I had to make journeys into country places, and find bundles of quotations in unlikely places, in stables, in cellars, and empty houses. In

some cases I had to pay ransom before I could arrange to get the bundles away. Then we had to increase the quotations by some three millions more under careful control, and so went the first three years.

"At first we calculated that the Dictionary would run into eight volumes. That calculation was made on the basis of existing dictionaries, Johnson's and, in particular, Webster's; but we were not long in finding that there had been a tendency, either from the pressure of the publisher or a natural weariness, to hurry the work in its later parts. One may trace this distinct falling off by referring to the words in the later letters of most existing dictionaries. Ten volumes came even to be narrow limits for the way in which we planned to treat every word, small and great."

Asked about special difficulties and problems which have arisen in the course of his labours, Sir James had much to say of extreme interest. He immediately referred to that elusive class of words whose parentage cannot be traced, they defy the telescope of the lexicographer. "Whenever we write down 'Etymology unknown' it means that days and weeks of study have been spent without other result. Every conjecture made as to the possible origin has been carefully tested and abandoned before we write that final epitaph of failure. English words not found in other languages are especially difficult to follow into the past. My friend, the late Professor Skeat, found the number of words whose etymology is an ultimate blank to be more than he originally thought. Our material goes farther back than his, and sometimes yields fresh light, but does not cast all the light we need. The chronology of a word is an important factor in deciding its exact ancestry. About the year 1200 certain Low German words not found in Anglo-Saxon began to appear. The Flemings may have brought them over, or the Jews, or possibly the mendicants that travelled from one country to another. We know no certain explanation. French words, as a rule, are easy to trace; but the difficulty is that there is as yet no etymological dictionary of Old French. Middle French is fairly well known. It is when you attempt to pierce behind 1500 and deal with words now obsolete in French itself, but still alive in every-day use in England that darkness meets you. Scholars in France have given generous assistance in meeting the problems which have sprung up. I write to Monsieur Paul Meyer, to A. Antoine-Thomas, or other

eminent philologist and say: 'Has anyone tackled such and such a word, and where?' and I am referred to whatever articles there may be in the archives of recent French literature. Provincial words of a popular character are difficult to deal with satisfactorily. 'Tot,' 'Toddle' are examples that come to mind from recent investigations. They are words of the vulgar tongue and seem to be very old, but they are not written down until you come to modern novels. They savour of the soil, of direct rustic speech. One may guess the pedigree, but often enough the conjecture does not fit in with chronology. 'Tip' has some thirteen meanings and not more than two can be traced to certain history."

The curious are always wondering by what means the pronunciation of a word is ascertained for the purposes of a dictionary. In cases of doubt Sir James makes tests among educated men in Oxford and elsewhere, and his experiment consists, whenever possible, in asking them to read a sentence which contains the dubious word. Sometimes, as Sir James laughingly remarks, the learned master of the house pronounces it in one way and his wife in another. "I have heard three or four pronunciations of the word 'prolocutor' in the Lower House of Convocation; we have given three of them in the Dictionary. There is a preference at Oxford among classical scholars to preserve as far as possible Latin or Greek quantities, as, for instance, in 'thesis,' where the sound in the first syllable is often rendered short, like 'thëssis' and 'doctrinal' which many call 'doctrinal.' On the general question of pronunciation the tendency is for American and Colonial speech to get away from the English standard. In America you will often find a different vowel or a different stress, and you find it in Canada also, a fact which brings the speech of Canada and of the United States into closer kinship. I also found when in South Africa in 1906, more agreement in many words between the speech of America and Cape Colony than between Britain and America. What roughly may be called the Cockney element which is stealing into English speech is not, I think, wholly for the better. It is illustrated by the tendency to give 'paper' the sound of 'piper.' Here the influence of the Metropolis ought to be checked in schools, but who is to teach the teacher? The sound of the word is the word, and we cannot be too reverent in our concern for oral speech, lest

it lose its dignity. I do not look kindly upon the dropping of the 'r' from Southern English speech."

Asked as to the chief note of the newer English etymology, Sir James replied that most certainly it was the attention given to Teutonic words. Professor Skeat used to point out that "of" and "and" appeared a hundred times as against the once of a Latin word, but few people trouble about the derivation of these familiar words. "Professor Skeat can, I think, be designated the founder of scientific English etymology. He had not at hand the material that we have now, but his Dictionary, even in its first edition, marked an enormous advance on anything previously published. The successive editions of that Dictionary increased in value, and the latest edition, for which he had at command our materials down to the letter 'P,' is down to that point almost the last word in etymology. He had the great gift of popularizing everything he touched, and he awoke in the British people a hunger to know more of the Teutonic origins of the language. He was once staying, I remember, in a hotel in Patterdale, in the Lake District. After dinner one evening a tourist also staying there raised a question as to the derivation of a particular word. Skeat expatiated on the scientific etymology, and was interrupted with: 'Oh, but isn't that just like Professor Skeat in his Dictionary? He's too confident.' 'I am Professor Skeat,' quietly replied the speaker. The tone at once changed into that of hero-worship, and the casual controversialist called in his wife to see the great man who settled all their verbal disputes! Before the days of scientific etymology people were in the habit of jumping at 'derivations,' and in the case of words directly from the classical tongues there was not much room for error, but as for Teutonic words twilight prevailed."

"It is a disappointing thing," said Sir James, "to have to spend days over the history of a word, to dig deep and root up a dozen conjectural derivations which prove to be baseless, and find at the end that nothing positive is left. Early Latin etymology is very difficult, I mean the tracing of the sources of Latin words themselves. The classical period was relatively so short, and it seemed to swallow up into itself all the Italian dialects that preceded it and might have thrown light on the history of Latin. Greek, of course, reigned from Homer down to the time of the Byzantines, and its past is not so shadowy

The study of phonetics is also a note of the newer etymology. Grimm's Law and Werner's Law were the beginnings of fresh and luminous investigation. The two laws dovetail into each other. We are able to say now with considerable certainty what would be the pronunciation of a prehistoric Germanic word in the present day, and we can take a modern word back, as it were, into Anglo-Saxon and even prehistoric Teutonic approximate to its form when Cæsar made his bridge across the Rhine. The great speech-tendencies, as they may be called, are a fascinating field of study. If our spelling had remained phonetic this task of dictionary-making would have been lightened wonderfully. The confusion came in when the Norman scribes, using the Roman alphabet but attaching different sound values to the symbols, began to write down our English speech, for which our own scribes used other sets of symbols, taken, however, from the same alphabet. Whether we shall ever get over the confusion which thus began I do not know."

Sir James was eager to return to the daily work. "I have given up everything extraneous," he said, "and am happiest when I am writing away uninterruptedly towards its completion." Like many men who have a high task in hand, he is much pestered with unnecessary correspondence. "People write to me who have their own axes to grind and often take away the best of the morning hours. I get letters saying that such and such a word is not in the Dictionary, and all the time I know the word is there, but they have not looked. To these correspondents I say that the ideal lexicon for them would evidently be one provided with a kind of electric button which you might touch and say 'Open Sesame,' on which the word sought would leap into prominence. The editor of the 'New York Nation' once told a correspondent that he was a very bold and not very wise man who ventured to declare that a word was not in the Oxford Dictionary." "I wish," said Sir James, "the people who write me on trivial matters would remember the urgency of the work upon which I am engaged and the demands it makes upon every ounce of my intellectual energy and leave me free to finish what I have undertaken." This spirit of devotion to the building of the Dictionary impresses every visitor to the Scriptorium in Sir James Murray's garden at Oxford. While he impatiently suffers the mere interrupter, Sir James pays a warm tribute to correspondents in Britain and in many parts

of the world who are helping on the work. He made special reference to his debt to the Librarians of the Congress Library at Washington and of the Boston Athenæum for turning up and copying passages from American books not in our public libraries, but there are a hundred others to whom, he said, the thanks of himself and his colleagues were due. To all these the completion of the Oxford Dictionary will be a great festival, memorable in the annals of literature

SYDNEY WALTON.

England.

THE HUMANE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

" But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves—
Attachment never to be wean'd or changed
By any change of fortune ; proof alike
Against unkindness, absence and neglect,
Fidelity that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp ; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life
And glistening even in the dying eye."

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE material world is composed of a number of minute worlds each of which moves on a separate axis. Misunderstanding, dependence, inferiority, envy, hatred, jealousy and cruelty are some of the axes of one kind of little worlds. On the other hand, love, sympathy, unselfishness, truth, honesty and forbearance are some of the axes of the other kind. But for these, the motion of the little worlds is impossible. If the moving of the little worlds is impossible, that of the material world is also impossible. God, in his infinite wisdom designed the course. He wishes to see His will carried out on Earth as in Heaven, by means of correspondence and conflict among the little worlds, Himself being the ever-present Superintendent of these.

The creation of Man He made superior to all the others by creating him in His own image and endowing him with reason. And why should man be superior to any other creature ? The question may be answered by another : why should one be made the father and another the son ? Or why should one be the man and another the wife ? Because the scheme proposed by him can be worked out best by such means. He expects the superior man to use his reason but never abuse his superiority ; and to maintain this superiority He renders him help constantly and in various ways.

Foremost is the immense influence which one mind holds over another. The love of a parent influences the character of his children. The admiration of a subject to his king which grows in ever-increasing intensity is due to influence. The tender attachment of two dear

friends—joined together early in life, continued down to its close—which determines the actions of each to the other and to the world, is again the result of influence. And not the least of such influences is that which attaches a man to a brute or the brute to the man.

For man, the value of the existence of animals is great. They supply him with fur and wool, milk, hides, manure, ivory, feathers, horns and flesh. To make up his defects they aid him with their watchfulness, strength, speed, and instinct without which man's reason must often fail. The music of birds, the intelligence of animals, their thousand and one curious shapes and as many arch looks, please the poet's fancy; their love for play and play for love give birth to his reflection and call forth odes and ditties from him. Their vivacity disperses the cares of man. The study of the kingdom of animals, of their colours, parts and of the adaptability of these to their habits, affords intellectual training of a very high kind. Riding on a horse, playing with a dog in the fields and mixing with other creatures in their funny feats are by no means the least part of one's physical education.

And the lessons they teach us in morality are vast, varied, and important. Therefore, for the good of man, the treatment accorded to these animals must be not only human, but humane.

There is the constant work of destruction going on side by side with the work of creation. Indeed the proportion of natural deaths amongst men is high—man or animal rarely preys upon man—the flesh of man is so worthless! The number of natural deaths of animals is few. But they prey upon one another. The lion preys upon the inferior animals of the forest, the eagle preys upon the lamb, the cat preys upon worms and insects. Thus the balance is kept up, often in a way even beneficial to man. There is a story told of a king that, considering the effects upon the body of one of his sons from the bite of a snake, he ordered the extermination of the family of snakes from his kingdom. The order was carried out with much difficulty and high rewards. Next year though there was plenty of rain, the harvest was poor. The general complaint was that rats and frogs had made holes for themselves in the fields and they were lopping off the ears of corns long before they were fully matured for harvest. The King thereupon set men to do away with these creatures. But try how they might, they could not; till at last it was discovered that the very snakes they had exterminated had been keeping out these creatures from the harvest, acting unconsciously the part of the watchmen of their fields. And the king promised and gave higher rewards for bringing back the snakes than he did for exterminating them. So, without the intervention

of man and his ingenious artifice, the work of destruction is already great. Why should there be that further destruction under the common and ignominious headings, games, fun and inconvenience? Artificial man! were you one of these animals and did some creature, superior to yourself, drive pins of steel into every limb of yours, would you not heap curses and imprecations upon the creature? Nay, say truly, would you not ascribe blindness, thoughtlessness, unkindness, and everything else your heart might think of, to God? Every one has two kinds of justice, one for himself, one for others!

"But" you ask "are we to forego our convenience? Are we to suffer from ill health and should we be in constant fear of these brutes that have no right to be thrust into the world but for our pleasure?" The reply is, why are you thrust into the world at all? If you fulfil certain conditions of the Creation they equally will, if not better, fulfil theirs. Whether or no you abide by the laws of creation, they do. But here is a horse driver put him in two or three men more into an already over loaded cart and whipping his horse like a regular clock-work—the men within still crying, "Drive faster" — the skin from the horse's flanks peeling bit by bit from the time these men get in till the station is reached sometimes covering a distance of fifteen miles. There is a child, not two years old, that arrests the path of a leaping frog and presses the sharp end of a stick into its big eyes—the splendid spectators commending the nobility of the action—the child's mother at the gate communicating the news to the mothers of less cruel children! Here is yet a strong man of forty has a long tongue for the fresh blood of a sheep peels its skin before cutting off the head and collects the rushing blood, despite the brute's struggles and indescribable death cries. Alas! few are there that put an end to the life of a victim at one stroke! Prince Buddha, while still a lad plucked gently an arrow fixed in the body of a wild swan wept over it and cured its wound, when the one that had shot the arrow claimed the swan, the prince refused to give it. The matter was brought to the consideration of the wise and there arose an unknown priest who said—

"If he be aught, the saviour of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
• Who sought to slay—the slaver spoils and wastes,
• The cherisher sustains, give him the bird."

If we look at the animals around us we find them full of life and vigour. Scarcely any animal suffers under the plague of diseases, scarcely any is blind deaf or lame unless it is made so indicating specimens of man's cruelty. No animal is born premature, "scarce half made up." This is because they rely upon their instinct more than man upon his reason. They take in what is their proper food and scrupu-

lously reject their poison ; have definite seasons for pairing ; and treat their young ones in an admirably careful and clever manner. Witness the monkey's young clinging to its mother ; the birds sheltering their children under the wing ; the new-fledged offspring learning its first flying lessons from its parents , and the small pups rolling up and down after their mother . How the old bird puts sweet food into the mouths of its sweeter little ones ! How the old bitch licks up the soft bodies of its tiny dear ones ! Witness again their instructing the much beloved babies as to how they should find their way in the world ; how they should build nests or find places of shelter , how they should defend themselves against ill-use and mightier creatures — such a perfect education in every respect ! With man, any season and every season is quite as good as the others for ' pairing ' . His wife may take in this and that in her pregnancy — what wonder that the midwife is called in ! His child may subsist on my food . And how is this child taught to find its way in the world ? Pretty much in the same way as the other things are done ! And this — despite a lot of physiological principles, nursery rules and advertisements to the effect how to earn £500 a month !

Animals possess many qualities in common . In it is the union of the species . They seem to be most pleasant creatures when in company . The doves like to live in tens and twenties . Parrots and cranes range the air in groups . The crows teach us an excellent object lesson in " union " . They go in crowds in search of food and when a wretched pattern of humanity twists the neck of a crow, other crows come to the spot and weep and weep and weep over the dead . And monkeys traverse the land likewise . So with most of the animals . Somewhere in his moral essays, speaking about the virtues of animals, Pope says,

" Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic and the realm of bees ,
How these in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know "

Man fights with man . But animals of the same species rarely fight against one-another .

Then comes their self-defence . In taking care of themselves or their property, they need no detective police, no fire arms nor weapons . The mightier creature is often worsted when the weaker has a right provocation . It is not so easy for a snake to snatch away the eggs of a bird from its nest . The bird observing any such attempt, it will go hard with the snake, mighty as it is . But before it comes to this, animals take proper precautions to secure their places from disturbance and injury .

But does an animal love its neighbour? Yes, it does; even if the neighbour be of a different "caste" and "richer." When they are tamed and brought together, a monkey likes to be with a dog and picks out lice from its shaggy body. The rabbit agrees to be with the white rat and they kiss each other. The ordinary parrot loves its big brother, the cockatoo, though the latter is richer in plumes. In menageries, this thing is very common. The plays that different animals organise for themselves are worth noting.

It is surprising to see how, fed by you, animals love you with all their heart to the last day of their existence. The mungoose scampers after you. The parrot hops to your shoulder. The dog frisks about and rolls by your side. Others perform feats of strength and stratagem. They express their joy in many an upspoken, many an unspeakable way of their own. But, amidst all these, do you feel the change effected in your character? Does your soul thrill with pleasure, and is your heart filled with gratitude to the Creator for the moral lessons which these animals inculcate, themselves unconscious, and which you dreamt not of when you first brought them to your charge?

Friendship with the brutes is not "a shade that follows wealth or fame and leaves the wretch to weep." In the vicissitudes of time, to-day you are rich and you feed your animals daintily. To-morrow you become poor and you feed them poorly. Is their attachment for you any the less for it? The mere brute that, you thought, cared for the filling in of its own maw does not care for it so much as for your affection; else, it had followed the wealthy man of to-day.

The dog that springs at a thief for breaking into its master's house is not prepared to accept the choicest meat he throws at it. If chained, it barks and wakes its master; if free, it fights with the thief armed with weapons, if you like, till the last drop of its blood is shed. Is this not fidelity unmixed?

And kindness begets kindness. Is this all? The tamed animals do not find fault with you for bringing in their supper late; do not sound you for their wants; but show cheerful faces at your mere sight. They have, further, that nice instinct of understanding whether you are in your proper mood, glad or sorrowful, and they act accordingly. Treat them harshly, do not appear before them for days together, neglect them however much you may, they still regard themselves as your pets, seen when you meet them again.

The bird "Jatâyû" in the Story of the Ramayana for some small favour it received of Rama's father years before, offered a mighty resistance to Ravana's progress to Lanka with Sita. And the grateful bird, with its shattered wings and broken limbs, told Râma

the pitiable circumstances under which the incident happened and immediately fell down and breathed its last. The action of the lion towards Androcles, what time its hunger was considerable, goes to prove the commendable sense of gratitude even in the mightiest of wild animals. Is this virtue exemplified in man? Seldom. Again I am tempted to ask, "Is man really superior?"

When you have children and when they, for fun's sake inherent in them, hold these animals by their legs and wings, pinch their tails and tease them in all sorts of ways, in their silent submission what a fund of patience lies concealed, as if their love of their master's descendants were greater than the pain they caused them!

In addition to these virtues you imbibe from them, it is wonderful how, when you are interested in their welfare, feel for them and treat them generously, your virtues multiply. Your crimes greatly diminish when you constantly see animals by nature spotlessly innocent. You learn how to move with your superiors and mix among equals, as you see how *they* move with you and mix among themselves. Their cleanliness and caution are fit examples for emulation. And you know where to go to, and which cheerful companions will solace you, when you are much vexed with cares.

Such a change in character was witnessed in the case of a friend of mine who had a great fancy for his dog. The animal was brought to his house when still a pup. By its freaks and mischief, it gained on his affections so that he began to spend a good deal of his time with it. When a stranger entered the house, it would not bark, it would not bite, but merely lie down before him with an upturned expressive face. Verily the face is the index of the mind, and the stranger knew what it would cost him to cross it, unless its master called him from within. And when my friend went into the fields, it would follow him there, frisking all the way. There it would fetch him the balls he would throw in all directions, search for them in his pockets if found nowhere else, and by a growl would seem to chide him for his trick. Thus he and his dog loved each other and the latter knew no affection nor inflection from the former.

Days passed on, and the dog was looked after with a child's care. Every discovery it made pleased its master. It became his sole joy, his one cheerful companion. As he gazed at it which he would often do—his eyes would sparkle with pleasure and pride. And he would pat its neck, call it "Dear," leave it then, return a minute hence and do the same thing over. So greatly attached was he to it—so intelligent was the dog—that even at bed time he would have it by his side, and cover its face with kisses before going to sleep.

But one day, my friend returned from the fields late and, being very tired, retired to his bed soon. The grateful dog was by, and but few were the kisses it had that day. Next morning, when he walked out of the room, his dog did not follow him. He called out "Dear, Dear." But he did not hear the usual noise of its shaking ears. He paused and called again, "Dear, Dear" echoed through the hall, but the dog was not there. Straight he went in, opened the shutters and—horror of horrors!—he found his dog couched up by his pillow, dead! Almost the same instant, in a corner of the room, he saw a huge serpent, head cut off, and body extended to a great length. The spectacle soon told its own tale. For full fifteen minutes, my friend knew nothing there, and then gave vent to his feelings in copious tears. He took the dog, placed it on his lap and on his bosom and caressed it a thousand times. An urgent telegram was awaiting him. But no; his attention was for nothing that day but for his dog. His foolish fancy could not be satisfied. No medical treatment could bring the dead pet to life again!

He carried his dog to his field, with his own hand dug a pit there and slowly placed it at the bottom. Its head was up—the face was like that of the living—it reminded him of its past actions. He took the dog out again, gazed at it for a long time, put it in once more—but soon to have it again in his lap. At last, with one mighty effort of the will, he gently put it down—looking away from it the while—covered it with earth and, with both his hands covering his face, came back the way he went. And for days afterwards, he would rarely speak to his friends, seldom meet strangers, excepting the children; and at supper time he would remember it, go away and never take his meals that day.

Now, my friend, before he had the pup, was a rash youth. He wouldn't mind it, at the age of eighteen, he broke the crowns of ever so many dogs, clipped the wings of birds and did all sorts of injury to his neighbours—even to the extent of pulling down plants in their garden—immersing whole sacks of their paddy in running water,—and terrorising their children. But since the time the dog came, and he called himself its owner, his character underwent a change—a gradual change—and at first, though he allowed his dog to chase the birds and kill the reptiles for its pleasure, he would do nothing himself. By and by, the sense of injury began to dawn upon him and he no more allowed his dog to indulge in such hunts. "I shall give you enough to eat," he would say, "but do not harm those helpless creatures." The dog would understand him, shake its shaggy body once or twice and lie the down a suppliant at his feet. Thence, they that loved his dog became his favourites. He came to be less selfish, did not trouble

his neighbours as before, but recognised them as his friends. He would call me and say: "See, what an amount of activity it possesses! And yet—here! how docile it is!" It quickened his imagination to see it roll about in a playful manner, place its forelegs on his knees, jump to reach his hands though he held them five feet high, or run and hide itself for him to seek it out. And, when he could not find it, it would with slow steps come out of its hiding place and archly look at his face.

My friend became more patient, kind and sympathetic. Where once "Domestic fury reigned supreme" there was all calm. He extended his sympathy to the children of the street, and took great interest in their play and welfare. And though there was no child in his house, he would bring young lads and lasses from others, as playmates for his dog, and have them with him throughout the day. There would be many a race between the dog and the children himself enjoying the fun most—and if the dog came from the race successful—as in almost all cases it would—he would hold it in his arms and chuckle it under his chin. And the day the dog was dead the children came to the house and learnt the news. Ah! who can describe the sorrow children feel and the tears they shed when one of their playmates, and the best of them, is missing and whom they are told they must miss for ever!

And it is meet, and worthy of my friend that he has come to be a man loved and respected by all sympathisers with the weak and helping the oppressed, a man constantly admiring nature and her creation, himself feeding the rabbits, white rats, lambs, and various birds at present to be seen in his house, none of them caged, looking to their comforts, spending his leisure hours in their company and, if I may emphasise it, evincing high interest and happiness in the welfare of three children, a lass and two boys who though their parents are far off, are still the smiling and gladdest inmates of his house.

Hence, considering the manifold advantages to himself, let alone other motives and conditions of the creation of animals it is of immense importance that man should defend them from ill use. Compassion, rightly understood, is his one truly great concern. His real superiority must be asserted by his just and generous treatment of those entrusted to his charge. Divine grace and reason are the special attributes of man. If he does not use them—at any rate if he abuses them—he is worse than brutes, in that they have instinct for their guide, a guide that stands them in good stead always. The rule, "mercy to him who shows it," is decisive. Once more, man must respect the laws of God. He must rise high, and realise the far greater importance of those laws than those of man. And he must exert himself and labour and learn

with the means given him, to carry out in *his* measure the so noble,
the so wise Will of God.

T S RAJAGOPALAN

Madras

TO SOLDIERS OF INDIA.

Our hearts are yours Your hardihood has won
Our praise, our pride, our deep and wide esteem.
We knew you true and loyal as the sun
Whose light illumines your mountains and the stream
That flows through London to the swaying sea
That links our lands together.

Now we know
The priceless value of your chivalry,
The splendid service that you freely throw
Into the equal fight for you and us
To free the world of domination vile,
To free brave Belgium from her piteous
And cruel handling in rare "cultured" style.

Our salutation to you, India's sons,
For you have draped the Empire in a robe
Of glittering glory.

Through the boom of guns
That grumbles round the surface of the globe,
Your prowess and your courage strike the sight
Of all men living.

Praise to you alway,
When, on the field where Britain's lieges fight,
Our King and Emperor passed through his array
Of noble troops, he, with a glad acclaim
Fixed a royal sign upon an Indian breast—
The cross that bears the great Victoria's name—
He honoured all who fought at his behest.

Your hero bears the sign, and lo ! we bow
Our heads within his presence, and we cry
" God bless him," and we make anew our vow
To love and cherish India all our days.

For this our empire needs, and has, the band
Of steadfast union, part to part. Our ways,
Our hopes, are one ; and, onward, hand in hand,
We tread. invincible. our imperial strand.

ERIC HAMMOND.

London.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE.
A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.
(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER 'III
PRISONERS.

THE great battle of the rivers had been in progress for many weeks. Neither the allies nor the Germans could advance—neither could be compelled to retreat. The slaughter on both sides was great—at times it amounted to butchery.

The Kaiser had arranged for a magnificent entry into Paris. He thought it would be easy for his generals to obey his orders—to crush French's contemptible little army; and the retreat of the Allies had been looked upon as a rout—not a strategic movement. The rude awakening came when French's army caught the German staff napping.

It was a sad day for the Kaiser. He had planned to make Germany the one Empire in the World. He had hoped to crush England as Rome had crushed Carthage—to make India and the British colonies dependencies of Germany.

Then he would rule the conquered people according to *his* ideas.

"Pah!" he had cried in disgust, when referring to England's rule in India. "Why are there anarchists in India? England is afraid to use force. Oh, yes, I know she talks about the liberty of the people—of justice. Justice! God, what do those coolies know of justice? Armed force—that's what they can feel"

The Kaiser would use his mailed fist.

He was indignant that England had put "black" troops in the field against him. He should have kept his flow of indignation for acts to which it is more appropriate. The Indian soldiers are proud of an ancestry which possessed a civilisation when the ancestors of the Kaiser were robbers—nay, earlier, when the Huns were running half naked in the Hercynian woods. At the present day they can stand as an example to German culture. Such acts as the murdering of women and children, the burning to death of old men, will never be

charged against them. Nor will they shelter themselves behind the Red Cross or lay waste defenceless cities

And that they are brave, the Germans found to their cost ; therefore was issued another Imperial order to slaughter the Indian troops whenever possible

To carry out this order, Rosenberg had been sent to consult the French spy. He was now in the tent of his General, giving details of the information received

" You have arranged with the spy to send further information ? " asked the General.

" If the Gurkhas make any change in their position we'll hear of it before we set out "

Rosenberg saluted and retired to a tent set apart for officers. There was an officer present, a friend of Rosenberg

" Good news, Gottshalk "

" Eh—what is it ? A plot to cut the throats of the coolies ? "

" You have it, Lord—what a slaughter there will be to-morrow " night ! "

" I've seen too many of our own men, to be surprised at any big casualties in future "

" Tush, man ! You and I are still alive. Let us eat, drink, and be merry "

" Major, I'm pretty sick of this war—I know you'll not betray me. What will our people in Germany say when they know the truth—instead of victories, defeats. And the slaughter— "

" It's these trenches," said Rosenberg, placing both his hands on Gottshalk's shoulders. " They are dull—and you are feeling depressed. Lord—You were a different man at Louvaine—Wine, women and song Champagne—how my mouth waters ! "

Gottshalk's eyes glistened

" Perhaps you are right " he said

" When shall we have another such treat ? "

" In Paris "

" I doubt if we'll ever get there "

" Then, if we have to retreat—woe be to the towns we pass through. "

" And woe be to our towns in Germany, France and Belgium will have their own back, and those Indians and Africans— "

" It will never come to that— "

*" Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnesha',
Wie schwergeklirr und Wogenprall,
Zum Rhein, Zum Rhein, Zum deutschen Rhein
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein ? "*

And out in the trenches, cold as it was, the men took up the strain—

"Fast stands and true the watch,

The watch on the Rhine."

"There, listen," said Rosenberg. "That does not sound as if our men are dispirited. I'm not. I'm off now to have some fun."

"Women?"

Rosenberg looked pleased. He liked to be considered a rake. He nodded.

"Who is it?"

"Do you remember that woman in Louvain—that clergyman's wife?"

"But I thought you had failed with her and had—."

"Pah! I killed her. It is her cousin—a good-looking girl. Not married. Gott in Himmel! She is pretty."

"Where is she?"

"At a village close by. I'm off there now with some of my men."

"There might be some shooting?"

"All the better. We can say the inhabitants fired on us and then—fire and sword."

"Don't let us have any more of that—."

"Why, what ails you, Captain? You were not so chicken-hearted at that other place—damn its name, I can't remember. You did not object to pouring petroleum into the cellar where had gathered women and children and old men. You, with your hands, set fire to a mattress and threw it down into the cellar and ordered the soldiers to fire a volley?"

"Don't remind me Major—"

Rosenberg laughed loudly.

"You're turning Christian and believe in a future and so forth. Damn it all—there is no hereafter. Have we, Germans, not proved that? Let us live like men."

And he strode out of the room, his head high in the air.

"Devil!" muttered Gottshalk, and covered his face with his hands.

* * * * *

Three men were walking quickly through the night. They were *Tireurs*. The air was biting, but this only urged the men to walk the faster. The moon was young—a dim light aided them in keeping their course in the direction of Sancy. The *Tireurs* were dressed as peasants; but under their great coats carried revolvers.

"Do you know the Curé of the Church?" asked Palmer.

"If the man I met there a month ago is in charge. Several Curés have been murdered by Germans."

"And several Germans have been killed by James Buck. I merely make this announcement," said Buck, "to give the spirits of the said murdered priests some satisfaction"

"You're a heathen, James"

"No more than you are, Dick, if that is any compliment, which I much doubt As far as I'm concerned, I pray to the Saints—do heathens do that?"

"He's a good man," said Lefebre, defending Buck, "I've heard him, more than once, before pulling the trigger, ask his patron Saint to direct the bullet to the German's heart"

"Nay—I'm not so particular. I don't care where it hits the rascal, as long as it knocks him over"

There were lights in the village streets, and through gaps in the walls of houses, light penetrated into the night Those gaps in the walls had been made by shell fire Many of the houses were deserted. In the gardens, the flower beds had been trodden under, the vegetables uprooted, broken ornaments and vases littered the deserted compounds, even clothes—women's garments, baby linen—things for which the invaders found no use, and destroyed with that sheer lust of brutality for which the German had become noted.

It was evident that the village had been paid a visit at no distant date

Lefebre wondered if they were too late

As they approached the Church, they noticed that it, too, had not escaped the hands of the Huns The roof, in many places, had fallen in. The windows were smashed. Blinds now covered the apertures. But these blinds gave Lefebre hope There were people in the Church.

The Tireurs stumbled and fell over broken images of the Saints as they approached a locked door and knocked

The call was answered

"Who's there?" asked a voice

"Frenchmen," replied Lefebre

The door was opened slightly and a man put his head out. It was a clergyman It was Father Sullet

"What do you want?" he demanded

"Shelter—then I've got something to ask you"

"It is late—come in the morning"

"Don't you recognise me?—Lefebre?"

"Come in, Sirs—come in These are perilous times—very..."

He threw wide the door and stood aside to let the Tireurs enter They were in the vestry A dim light was burning The vestry was furnished with a small table and some chairs. The Curé had evidently been at his prayers—there was an open Bible on the table...

"Sit down, Sirs Ha—Lefebre—glad to see you We had a visit from the Germans after you left My God—my poor people."

The old man lowered his head and sighed

"They will be revenged," said Buck

The Curé held up his hand

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord" No, my young friend do not fight with that intention Fight for the defence of your country. Fight for the *Truth* Germany stands for unrighteousness If Germany wins Religion will be trampled under foot; but that will never be You said you had a question to ask me?"

"I'm an Englishman— but the Curé interrupted Palmer

"The English are our friends God bless them! But you are having a bad time England has been invaded London in flames.—"

"Glory be—! Who told you that?" laughed Buck "Why, if even England went—which it will not—there's Ireland

"We hear little of what is going on South except from the Germans" replied the Curé "German officers, who were here a few days ago, told me that England was all but in their hands Ireland was fighting for the Germans."

"The damned liar!" cried Buck

"Not true eh? How you Englishmen swear In Africa, all the Zulus, Boers and others are massacring your colonists In India, the Moslems have answered the call of the Turks to join in a Holy War"

"There James," laughed Palmer "Americans tell tall stories, but they cannot beat the Germans

"They are all lies, Sir?" enquired the Curé his face brightening.

"I'm glad and I thank the good God I know they were lying when they said that England had brought about this war England never did—she loves peace It is Germany who is the sinner—wants to conquer the world But you said you had a question to ask

"I've not forgotten It is about a nurse, Miss Carew Is she here?"

"She is—an Englishwoman an angel Ha! but I forget We call her Nurse Joan. She does not want her name mentioned—since two days ago, for she has heard that a German Major is seeking her for some vile purpose"

"And that same Major is now on his way to this village"

The Curé leaped from his seat

"Are you sure?" he asked

"We are sure," said Lefebre

"But—but, you'll not let him?"

"That's why we have come. Where is she?"

"I'll call her."

Miss Carew came and was introduced to the three Tisseurs. She was young, good-looking, healthy. Palmer felt no longer any surprise now that the German Major was going out of his way to try and capture this woman.

Miss Carew looked surprised—but not frightened.

"You've something to tell me," she said looking at Lefebre, the oldest of the three Tisseurs.

Lefebre could not speak English; he did not understand what was asked. He bowed and pointed to Palmer.

Joan Carew blushed. She did not know why. Palmer was good-looking, but Joan had seen many good-looking men and yet had never felt the blood rush to her cheeks.

"Please sit down," said Palmer; and when she was seated, asked:

"You had a cousin, and that cousin a little girl—"

Now she looked frightened.

"You say *had*? What do you mean?"

"The child is alive; but your cousin—"

Before Palmer had finished his sentence, Joan burst out crying. She quickly recovered herself, however, and asked:

"That man Rosenberg?"

Palmer nodded

"Where—where is the child? And how do you know these things?"

In a few words Palmer told her.

Joan wept softly.

"It is better that my cousin is dead," she said. "I will look after the child—if, if that man will only let me alone."

The Curé who had gone out of the room, returned hastily.

"A man has come to say that a troop of Germans is riding this way."

"Rosenberg and his men," said Lefebre.

Joan looked terrified. Her face turned ashen—her hands shook, and her eyes stared out of her head. She threw herself on Palmer and clung to him.

"Save me! save!" she pitifully cried.

It was apparent that Rosenberg had instilled into the woman a fear of him that was almost appalling. It was not death—not even torture, but worse, that Joan feared.

Palmer comforted her.

"We are here to save you," he said.

Buck envied Palmer. Why had he not been standing close to Joan? The beautiful woman would have been in his arms.

"We must hide her," said the Curé.

"And you must hide us also," said Lefebre. "We are Tireurs."

"Then come this way."

The Curé led them to the crypt of the Church which had a secret trapdoor, and was an ancient treasure house of a feudal lord. Here he brought some chairs—even bedding and food—bread and cheese.

"A light—you must have a light," he said.

And in a few minutes he had brought a small lamp.

Then he went away and locked the door.

"I don't know why he has brought us bedding," said Lefebre. "The Germans won't stay long—and we must get back to camp."

"Perhaps the lady would like to lie down," said Buck, taking one of Joan's hands in his and pressing it. "How cold you are," he said.

"Not more than usual," she replied, drawing her hand away gently. She went and sat on a box. "I don't know how to thank you all for coming to my rescue," she said.

"I know what these German brutes are," Lefebre told her, for he had spoken in French. "My wife and child—they are dead, butchered."

"But not dishonoured—thank God for that," said Joan. "Death—fear not death, but I've seen women—girls, assaulted as even savages have not been known to have assaulted their prisoners. You are, I believe, a Tireur?"

"We all three are."

Joan looked at Palmer.

"I'm sorry. Do you know that you, whenever you shoot a German, commit murder?"

"Not in the least bit," laughed Palmer, "Our soldiers—"

"Yes—our soldiers. But you are not employed by your country?"

"I'm of more use to my country now. Besides, the Germans try to shoot me."

"They'll shoot you if you are taken a prisoner: that ought to show you what people think of Tireurs."

"I don't care what they think. I'll shoot as many Germans as I can."

"So will I," said Lefebre, producing his pipe. "Room yet for more crosses."

"You—horrid men" exclaimed Joan, "you'll make me hate you."

Palmer laughed.

"I can't help it," he said.

"Shut up!" cried Buck. "Dick, I'll kick you—can't you see how you are hurting the lady?"

The Curé entered.

"They've gone," he said. "The Major was very angry—would not believe the lie I told him—God forgive me for lying and before many of my parishoners, too. The Major was going to search every corner of the Church, when a soldier came running to him and said the remains of a cavalry patrol had arrived. From what I could gather, the patrol had been ambushed by some Britishers. 'Black devils of the British,' he called them."

Palmer laughed

"That's what they call our Indian troops," he said in explanation

"But," said Lefebvre, "this will mean delay. The Germans may not leave this village, and we have to get to our camp as quickly as possible. I better go out and see—"

"Nay, friend," warned the Curé. "A number of Germans know you. My man will do the needful."

"Will your man stand about and find out their movements and their designs?"

The Curé shook his head

"My friend the peasants are afraid—they have reason to be. From a distance they will spy—"

"That won't do," declared Palmer. "I'll go but No German has seen me—at least no German who has been close enough to examine my features, is alive to-day."

He laughed as he turned round and deliberately looked at Joan. But Joan's face wore a frightened expression

"Why unnecessarily expose yourself to danger?" she asked.

"What does it matter? I'm a murderer," and he walked out of the crypt

Palmer knew his way out of the Church compound, but at the garden gate he stood and listened to catch if possible, the hum of voices which would indicate the direction the Germans had gone.

He heard nothing. The street lamps had gone out. It was dark.

He was returning to the Church to enquire of the Curé's messenger if he knew where the Germans had gone, when suddenly his arms were seized and he was overpowered

"You were not in the Church just now when we searched," said the Sergeant in charge of the soldiers

"And yet you saw me just now come from there," Palmer laughed in spite of the predicament he was in

The Sergeant did not answer

Two of the soldiers took Palmer by the arms, and marched him to a large house not far from the Church. In the compound, round a fire, soldiers were sitting. They paid little attention to the arrival of a prisoner

At the door of the house a sentry was on guard

"The Major and other officers are inside examining a prisoner," he said in answer to a question by the Sergeant

The large hall of the house was illuminated with many lamps Round a table sat three officers, near them was an Indian officer, guarded by German soldiers

The Sergeant made his report

The Major's face brightened

"From the Church, eh?" he said turning to Palmer "Then, my fine fellow, tell me if you know where they have concealed Nurse Carew. Think—it means your life "

"I'm not afraid to die "

"No? Are you a Belgian ?

"No disgrace if I were I'm an Englishman "

"Ha!" The officers exclaimed in unison

"A Tircur—or a spy?" demanded the Major

"You must find that out for yourself "

"We'll not trouble to—you'll die with this countryman of yours," and he laughed, "unless he answers my questions Now then, Muller," turning to a young officer 'question him I'm damned if I can talk his monkey language "

"Listen," said Muller to the Gurkha officer "Your life will be spared—you will be given a commission in our army, the victorious German army, if you promise to induce your men to come over to us Why fight for the English? Listen I'll read you a telegram received to-day from our great and glorious Emperor

The South African trouble is proving more serious than the British are inclined to admit Egypt is a caldron boiling over under the fires of revolt and the Amir of Afghanistan is only waiting the signal of the border-Rajahs to send across the frontier his finely trained army Why did the British enter upon this war? They were actuated by motives of spoliation Britain cares nothing for international obligations. Britain is the Sclavok the bloody usurer among the nations "

"Now what do you say to that? You come of a brave stock, a nation that loves truth—"

"That epistle you have just read," said the Gurkha—"I think there is a mistake in the name of the country Ought not *Germany* to be substituted for *Britain*

"Bravo, man of truth," laughed Palmer

A soldier, standing by, hit Palmer in the mouth

"I have read what is written," said the German officer to the Gurkha, trying hard to conceal a blush of shame

"Then all you have read are lies I know better." The Rajahs—

not one of them are eager for an Afghan invasion. In fact, many of them are in the firing line, now."

"I thought the Germans already knew that," said Palmer. "Some of them were in the recent charges."

Rosenberg snatched up his revolver and was about to shoot Palmer, when Muller caught his hand.

"Not that way," he said.

Rosenberg threw the revolver on the table.

"Tie this Englishman to that cork there. How will he like that, eh?"

"Neither the Gurkha nor I will feel it any disgrace. I know I do not, and he a brave man is, I'm sure, ready to shake my hand, and—"

"Silence!" thundered Rosenberg. Then turning to the sergeant, said:

"Six men—six paces.

Palmer and the Gurkha were marched out to be shot.

CHAPTER IV

JOAN'S SACRIFICE

Is he coming?

He has not come.

An hour passed and Palmer had not returned. Lefebre and Buck grew anxious. Even Joan asked frequently, "Is he coming?"

It was getting towards morning. Lefebre had important work to do—he must get back to camp. In his pocket was the roll of paper signed by the spy—that piece of paper must reach its destination. Yes, he must get back at once, before it grew light. He would leave Buck at the Church.

But where was Buck?

He had gone—and no one had seen him leave the crypt.

Lefebre decided to await Buck's return. There was nothing else for him to do.

Buck had crept out, unperceived, into the dark. He found the house where the Germans were putting up. The soldiers in the compound were lying about, asleep. He was passing around a low building when, from the house, came four men, guarding two, who were handcuffed. Buck flattened himself against the wall. The soldiers and their prisoner went no further than the outhouse. As Buck peered round an angle of the wall he saw one of the men open a door, and the prisoners were thrown in. Then one of the soldiers said:

"It will be daylight in three hours. You have that period to say your prayers. You will be shot as soon as the sun rises."

"You have more need for prayers than we," said one of the prisoners

Buck recognised the voice

A sentry was left to guard the prisoners, the others returned to the house

Buck argued with himself would it be wise to risk detection—to kill the sentry and release Palmer? or go back and tell Lefebvre? He decided to take no risks. The Church was not far off

"Have you found him?"

It was Joan. She had been standing near the door listening for footsteps, from the time it was discovered that Buck was missing

"He's a prisoner to be shot at sunrise," blurted out Buck

Joan suppressed a scream. The good Curé cast his eyes to the ceiling and offered up a prayer

Lefebvre tapped Buck on the shoulder

"Come, we must save him," he said

"Let me come, too," pleaded Joan

Lefebvre brushed her extended hand aside. He did not deign a reply. But as he walked to the door the Curé stopped him

"Wait, Sir," said he. "I'll send a message to the French lines—they are not far off. If no help comes in two hours then go out and help."

"How can help come? How send a message?"

"I've a pigeon."

"The Allies are a good fifteen miles from here—perhaps more."

"True—the roads are good and an armed motor."

"Hurry—send off the message."

The Curé hastily wrote instructions on a piece of paper

"Come with me," he said to Lefebvre

Both Lefebvre and Buck followed him, leaving Joan alone in the room

They passed out of the vestry door and walked towards the ruined belfry. Too intent in their business, they did not see the dark form of a man flattened against the wall of the vestry

The door was open. The man slipped into the room. It was dark—but he saw a dim light burning in a room not far distant. The light guided him. It was the crypt. He peeped in and chuckled. On a chair, her eyes closed as if asleep, sat Joan. The man silently approached the woman. In an instant he had seized and gagged her. She struggled, but he was powerful

"I've got you," laughed the man, lifting Joan in his arms. "An army of friends will not take you from me now."

He went back the way he had come. Outside the vestry he paused and looked in the direction of the belfry

There was a ladder by which the three men had climbed to the belfry. He wondered what the men were doing His country—that was Rosenberg's first thought, then

"Pah!" he exclaimed "They are only hiding"

He walked swiftly out of the compound and back to his own room in the house occupied by the Germans

The sentries let him pass without a word His men were too used to their Major's exploits to make any comments

Arrived at his room, Rosenberg removed the gag and forced Joan into a chair Then he stood in front of her and laughed triumphantly

Joan looked more beautiful than ever in her distress

For the first time in his life, Rosenberg felt something akin to love for a woman He stopped laughing and turned his head aside. The window was open

"Are you feeling cold?" he asked

Joan's cheeks flushed She noted the change in Rosenberg's way of addressing her, and her soul revolted against the thought that the man was attempting to make love to her

She sprang to her feet All fear had now vanished

"Drop that sympathetic tone," she said "If you are so mindful of my welfare, why did you not leave me at the Church?"

Rosenberg did not relish the repulse

"Because," he said, "I've always marked you out for possession. I tell you, frankly I never, till this night had any intention of making you an offer of marriage"

"And you pride yourself on being virtuous. However, I'll humour that pride Major Rosenberg, I'm sorry I cannot marry you," and she swept him a bow "Now let me pass"

Rosenberg burst out laughing

"You're clever," he said, "'Pon my soul you are Then if it's not marriage, it must be the other thing"

Joan shivered

"You dare not," she cried, and yet she knew the man would dare anything—there was no one to prevent him German officers were little gods in their own country, in conquered lands they were Almighty.

"You can help me to be courteous," he said "by complying with my request."

"I'll comply with nothing"

"Remember, you are English, and I can easily prove you a spy!"

"It will not be the first or the biggest lie you and your countrymen have told."

"You are bent on annoying me. Well, I'll want your definite answer, when I take you back presently to camp I'm busy just now. There's a countryman of yours waiting my orders for his execution."

Joan started. She knew who the man was. Palmer had come to save her life—could she not save his?

An idea. She would dissemble.

"Come Major," she said with a smile. "When I first knew you in Germany, I thought you an excellent fellow. You don't mean all you say, do you?"

"I do truly mean that I love you," he replied, in a softer voice. "Why will you not marry me?"

"I'm an Englishwoman. You Germans hate my people."

"When you marry me, you'll no longer be English."

"And if I consent, will you set free the countryman of mine—"

"Ha! Is that it?"

Although his language was somewhat ambiguous, Joan, from the fierce light in the man's eyes, read that the Major had grown jealous—he suspected that Palmer was her lover.

"No—that's not it."

Joan actually mimicked the intonation of his voice, but she smiled immediately afterwards.

Joan was playing a deep game. She meant to win. She could be as heroic as the Englishman who had risked his life to save hers. She detested the Major. Was he not the murderer of her cousin?—She had heard the story of that crime from Buck, therefore the value of her sacrifice was great.

Rosenberg's brow cleared.

"Then—"

Joan laughed.

"You have not told me what you suspect?" she said.

"But you have guessed it."

"But, being a woman, I have the privilege of—"

"Please don't waste time. You love that man."

"Never met him till a few hours ago."

"Then why do you plead for his life?"

"Because he is a countryman of mine."

"You'll marry me?"

"If you liberate that man."

Joan meant to keep her word—marry him; but was fully resolved never to live with him.

"I will," said the Major. "But what guarantee have I that you will keep your word?"

Joan flushed at the insult

"It is for me to ask you for a guarantee," she answered.

"Be it so—that guarantee I'll give, and on your part you must sign this—"

He sat down and wrote on a piece of paper

—"There, sign that"

But before Joan could take the piece of paper Rosenberg drew back his arm

"No—I'll take your word for it. You English people, whatever else you may do, keep your word

Joan could not resist the temptation to say

"I'm sorry I cannot pay your nation the same compliment."

The Major shrugged his shoulders. Joan had promised to marry him—When she was his wife, he would teach her manners

"I suppose you understand," he asked her, "that I'm running a great risk in liberating a prisoner. If I'm reported I'll be shot."

Joan hoped he would, but did not say so

"How are you going to manage it?" she asked

"Well, most of the men—not of my command I mean—are drunk. If they don't see me, all is well. My men are a picked lot"

"Of villains

"Thanks. Don't try my patience. You are in my power and I need not trouble to marry you

Joan did not want him to resume his savage mood. She must save Palmer

"I must admit you have treated me with great consideration," she said, "and I thank you"

The Major smiled. Joan, he thought, was already beginning to submit

"It is getting light," said he. "I must set about letting this Englishman go at once"

He was moving to the door, when a strange buzzing, throbbing noise outside arrested his footsteps

Rosenberg was too familiar with this kind of noise not to know whence it proceeded

But was it a friendly aeroplane?

That question was soon settled

A loud explosion.

He rushed out of the room. He was a soldier and not a lover now. His men—he must look after them

The first explosion had apparently done no damage. Rosenberg collected his men at an angle of the house. The aeroplane returned. It was flying at striking distance. Rosenberg's men

fired. This was exactly what the airman wanted. He did not know previously where, in the compound, the Germans were hiding. The first bomb was aimed to fall outside the compound.

The airman dropped two bombs in quick succession. The first hit the angle of the house near where the soldiers had collected. A loud report—a shower of stones as a part of the building toppled down burying and wounding several of the soldiers. The second bomb fell on the outhouse where were the prisoners, shattering the roof.

The wounded cried for help, while those two seriously injured, only groaned. Some of the unwounded were already making off for the country, when Rosenberg called them back.

But now was heard another sound.

"An armed motor car," cried a man. The German cavalry feared these motor cars. Rosenberg knew that the motor-car would be supplied with machine guns—that his little force would be annihilated.

"Ride on," he cried "across those ditches the motor cannot follow there."

Before he himself took to flight, he must secure Joan. He knew he had failed to liberate Palmer—but the fault was not his, therefore Joan must keep to her part of the contract.

But the door was blocked—the room looked wrecked. He called "Joan! Joan," but received no answer. He dragged away fallen masonry from the door, and just when he thought he had sufficiently cleared away all obstacles the machine gun of the motor-car spoke.

Rosenberg was not quite tired of life. To stay now, was certain death or captivity, besides, Joan might be dead.

He mounted his horse and rode away.

Buck knew where Palmer and the Gurkha had been imprisoned. Followed by Lefebvre, he had raced down the road as soon as the motor-car had passed. He was challenged, and his answering cry of "I'm an Irish Britisher" was received with a roar of laughter from the motor-car. When he and Lefebvre were able to enter the compound, he ran to the shattered outhouse, calling for help. Two British officers came to his assistance. Buck explained that an Englishman and a Gurkha, condemned to death, had been imprisoned in the ruined shed.

"Explanations afterwards," said the senior officer, "Just you shout to your friend—if he is alive, he will hear you."

Buck obeyed.

"Dick! Dick!" he cried, "Are you dead?"

Loud laughter and then—"can't mistake who's shouting," announced that Palmer was alive.

"Also the Gurkha?"

"Also the Gurkha—but we'll presently be able to say we are dead, if you don't hurry. A beam is coming down on us. No—don't touch that side—you are shifting the beam."

The wall that had not been damaged by the bomb, was attacked with a crowbar from the motor car. The wall was old, therefore no great exertion was required to make a gap sufficient for the passage of a man.

"Come out, Palmer," cried Buck.

And out Palmer and the Gurkha came. The latter saluted the officers. He was known to them. Questions and answers were quickly got over, and then Captain Fuller, the senior officer in charge of the motor, asked

"Who was it that sent a message to our Allies?"

"I did," answered Buck. "I mean I told the Curé of the Church yonder and he sent a pigeon."

"I must thank the Curé. The French sent off an aeroplane and then telephoned to us. Hullo! Did anyone hear?"

They all heard it this time—a call for help.

"It is a woman," said Buck. "I wonder what poor creature they have shut up in there," and he joined in the rush towards the house.

Having come direct from the belfry with Lefebvre, neither he nor Lefebvre had discovered that Joan was missing. Therefore their surprise was great when they found it was Joan who had called for help, and Joan laughed and cried alternately while she told her story. She was so pleased, she said, that Mr. Palmer was safe. She did not refer to the contract she had made with Rosenberg.

Then the Curé, after a fruitless search in his Church, came running to them. To him Joan had to relate her story, and while she was doing so, and Palmer, too, was giving his experiences, Lefebvre had a quiet talk with Captain Fuller.

"You are certain about your information?" asked Fuller.

"Absolutely."

"And the Germans will not know that their plot has been discovered?"

"The spy has been shot. I'll send off the pigeon as soon as I get back to camp. Rosenberg, the man I told you about, has escaped. I was anxious about him, but I do not find him among the dead and wounded here."

"Then you'll remember my instructions?"

"You may trust me."

The dead Germans were left for burial, the wounded were placed in the motor-car, which presently rared away on its return journey.

"And now it is time for us to be moving," said Lefebvre.

"We shall want a sort of conveyance for Miss Carew," said Palmer. But Joan refused to go with them. She said—"Come back, one of you, with the child."

"I'll come," said Buck, eagerly,

Joan smiled and bowed, and then looked at Palmer

"Won't you come?"

"When duty brings me this way," answered Palmer. "I'll, however, see that Mr. Buck takes the child to you."

"Thank you."

There was no enthusiasm in her voice. She turned and walked towards the Church.

* * * * *

The road from Dixmude to Langemark cuts the Bixshoote woods in two. The road first enters an open space bowl-like in shape, formed by two arms of the wood stretching to right and left about a hundred yards. The railway from Stoden to Pilken skirts the wood on the Allies' side, and from a point in this direction a force of Gurkhas and Punjabis, about sunset, advanced and entered the wood. The main portion of the force took up positions in the right horn of the wood. On the edge of the left, Indian cavalry were carefully concealed. The infantry had two machine guns with them.

The Tireurs had not yet left their caves, except Lefebvre, who was with the officer commanding the Imperial force.

Palmer was playing with La Poupee. He was fond of children, and La Poupee had taken to him. He had told the little one about Joan and had promised to send her to Joan the next day.

"And mummy and daddy?" queried the child.

Palmer decided to tell a lie. He would leave it to Joan to acquaint the child of her loss. Yet it was not altogether a lie, although the child was deceived.

"You'll find them some day," he said.

"And that bad man—he got mummy?"

Palmer muttered a curse. Then—

"No child he'll never trouble mummy again."

"It's glad. He beat mummy, make her cry."

Palmer clenched his fist and registered a vow to, as early as possible, effectually prevent Rosenberg harming other women.

"Are you ready?"

It was Lefebvre. He had returned.

The men were ready—all armed. Only Bruno—disappointed Bruno—was left behind to protect La Poupee.

The Tireurs, some twenty of them, all good shots, ranged

themselves along the concave side of the bowl, formed by the two arms of the wood.

They waited in silence. The moon was not bright, but beyond the shadow of the trees, it was possible to see objects approaching.

An hour—it seemed several hours—passed. Then Lefebvre returned.

"The Germans," he said, and took up a position close to Palmer, on the right. Buck was on the left.

"It is only when I shoot selected men," said Lefebvre, "that I can put a cross on the bowl of my pipe. To-night I've selected Rosenberg.

"So have I."

"No," said Lefebvre sternly. "He is mine. There they come."

At first the enemy could not be seen, but their voices were heard as, unsuspecting any danger and believing the British some miles off, they laughed and sang. Hundreds of them at this instant, full of life—in a few seconds would be lying dead. It was horrible—but it was war,—murder legalised.

The Germans were quite close now to the right horn of the forest. They could be seen—marching easily, even smoking.

The *Tireurs* saw tongues of fire spurt out of the woods, men fell in heaps at the first discharge; then the machine guns began to work.

It was a massacre.

The German officers tried to steady their men, but as a line formed, it was obliterated, cries and groans—men rushed from side to side seeking cover. Those who rushed to the left or centre were shot down by the *Tireurs* and dismounted cavalry. It was, however, only the head and a portion of the centre of the German column that had been struck; but soon the rear, pushing on over the dead, became the front line—and still the machine guns dealt death.

Flesh and blood could not stand it longer. The Germans broke and fled.

The fight had only lasted a few minutes.

As the Germans approached the left horn of the wood, there was a loud yell, and the Indian cavalry were among them with lance and sword. Through them and over them, then, rounding them, drove them back to receive more punishment from the machine guns.

In five minutes all was over. What was left of the Germans surrendered.

It was an hour later that Palmer found Lefebvre. Lefebvre was hunting among the dead.

"I have not found him," he told Palmer before any word had been spoken, and Palmer knew who Lefebvre referred to.

"He has probably escaped."

* "How? I saw him and fired. It is true there was a terrible crash from the guns at the same time, and plenty of smoke, and I could not tell if I had hit him, but at such close range, I never miss."

"He may have been carried away"

Lefebvre shook his head

"I don't think so. However, I can't put a cross on my pipe to-night."

(To be Continued.)

J. H. WILLMER

Lucknow:

THE MONTH.

THE main reason assigned to the monotony of the war in Europe during the last month was that the weather conditions were not favourable to military operations. The adequacy of this explanation will be tested when brighter weather returns. The Kaiser seems determined upon making another serious attempt to break the French line at Soissons and threaten Paris. General von Kluck met with a small success in checking the slow but steady French advance at this point, but the general situation in the western theatre of the war remained practically unchanged during the month. As the trenches are mined, the capture of a trench is sometimes followed by disaster to the victors. The artillery of the Allies is now said to be as good as that of the enemy, if not superior. Whether the copper famine in Germany has tended to arrest German operations to any material extent is not clear, but great importance is attached to the difficulty of obtaining that metal. No substantial progress was recorded in the eastern theatre of the war either, and the chief reason assigned is the severity of winter. The Germans have been engaged in experiments with air-ships and submarines, apparently as a preparation for a coming naval encounter. Perhaps if they do not feel equal to it, they will try "nibbling" at sea as General Joffre is said to be practising it on land. Besides the naval raid which they made on the north-east coast of England, they sunk the "Formidable" by means of a submarine. The Turks have been routed by Russians in two

places, but they have made progress in another direction and occupied Tabriz in Persian territory. Persia is not prepared to fight and evidently Russia is expected to come to her rescue. It appears that Turkey has abandoned the project of attacking Egypt, and her army is in a sad condition. The attempts made to preach a religious war appear to have failed, and can scarcely succeed as long as the Turkish armies are led by German Officers. It may, however, be long before Enver Pasha's powerful friends are shaken off

Neutral Powers. MUCH attention was attracted during the month by some of the neutral Powers, especially by the United States. A quarrel between two persons often conduces to the benefit of a third. While the trade of almost every country has suffered more or less by the present war, American and Scandinavian merchants

* can profit by supplying to the belligerents what they are prepared to pay a high price for. Copper is one such commodity and neutral ships appear to be adopting various dodges to smuggle this and other contraband articles. The trade returns of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark prove conclusively that these countries have been helping Germany, through commercial rather than political motives, and the trade interests concerned naturally dislike the reduction of profits. Friendly notes have been exchanged between the Governments of the United States and the United Kingdom, and their agreement on the essential principles of international dealing ought to facilitate an amicable settlement of the details. Perhaps war material of one kind or another is supplied by America to the Allies as well, but the German navy is unable to search the offending vessels—at any rate such would be the German story, though there is no reason why American ships should take a risk which the ships of the Allies are at present free to take. Anyhow a proposal has been made in the legislative assembly of the United States to prohibit the supply of war material to any belligerent. The object may be to enforce neutrality more effectively without undue interference by the British navy, but how the law will work in practice is a different question. Then again, America has a good opportunity now to purchase

ships from Germany, and though the primary object may be self-interest, the purchase will undoubtedly help Germany in a difficulty. The meeting of the Scandinavian monarchs has been followed by a declaration by the King of Sweden that the country must be prepared to defend its economic interests. There is no necessity at present to interpret the language as a threat to join in the war if other neutral Powers interfere. Italy and Rumania are both credited with an intention to join in the war as soon as weather and their military preparation permit, and who knows that other Powers will strictly maintain their neutrality? For those who believe in omens the earthquake is not a good augury for Italy, but statesmen and warriors are more rationalistic, and the physical disaster that has overtaken a few towns and villages would not affect the politics of the State.

THE Indian National Congress passed a resolution in the last week of December praying for the extension of H. E. Lord Hardinge's office for such time as may be necessary "for a proper settlement of the great and far-reaching issues affecting the future position of India as a component and equal part of the Empire." The reference is not to the bestowal of what is called "colonial self-government" on India, but to the rights of Indian emigrants in the Colonies. His Excellency's efforts to secure a satisfactory solution of the difficulty in Canada have not yet met with the same success as in the case of South Africa. The emigrants go to the two parts of the Empire in different circumstances, and perhaps the two Colonies attract different types of men. The resistance of Indians in South Africa to objectionable laws is passive. The accounts that have reached this country from Canada seem to show that the authorities there complain of more active resistance. The emigrants who returned to India by the Japanese ship "Komagata Maru" were many of them in a dangerous mood while they were persuaded to land in Calcutta; the attempt to convey them back to their homes in the Punjab was resisted by some of them and a few casualties occurred in the encounter with the police. A committee appointed to enquire into the circumstances of that incident submitted a report, which has been published with the Government of India's resolution thereon.

It appears from the report that with better tact on the part of some of the officers, either the responsibility for the occurrence would have been all on one side, or the mishap would not have attained such proportions. Anyhow no purpose would now be served by trying to fix the responsibility in a manner different from the judgment of the committee, and as no one is to be prosecuted or punished for any offence or indiscretion that might have been committed, the incident is closed. The rights of the emigrants, however, remain to be settled. As far as indentured labour is concerned the Congress recommends its abolition altogether. It is hoped that the services rendered by India and Indian soldiers to the Empire during the war will materially strengthen the Viceroy's hands in obtaining satisfactory concessions from the Colonies. As His Excellency mentioned in his Council last month, about two hundred thousand soldiers from India have gone or will go to five different theatres of the war. Nothing appears to have been said in the Congress about the cost of the expeditions. Something was said by the Indian members in the Imperial Legislative Council, and more will probably be said in future meetings in corroboration of the loyal sentiments of the people. The opinions of the Congress on the constitution and functions of the Secretary of State's Council, on the separation of executive from judicial offices, and other reforms, are well known. The National Social Conference was held under the distinguished presidency of H. H. the Yuvaraja of Mysore. He has travelled much in the East and in the West and a comparison of men and manners in the course of his travels added to his reading and independent reflection has convinced him of the necessity of altering many of those customs and institutions which hamper freedom and progress and are unsuited to modern conditions. The only new question discussed by the Conference was a Bill introduced into the Madras Legislative Council to legalise post-puberty marriages of women, the validity of which in the higher castes that do not practise them has been doubted. As might have been expected, the Bill has aroused some amount of opposition. The scheme of interfering, either really or nominally with general laws affecting society, as distinguished from legislation for special groups of men, is bound to be resisted. Nevertheless time on the side of reformers, and the appearance of the "Social Reform Advocate," a new journal of the stalwarts in Madras, is a welcome

sign of the times, which leaves no doubt about the progress of the hands on the dial

For some time to come every concession made to public opinion is likely to be attributed to the war and the loyalty of the people. Apart from the **Private Universities**, relation of cause and effect cordial relations between authorities and the people are always desirable, and especially so in times of stress and strain. A statue of Lord Ripon was unveiled by Lord Pentland in Madras in the Congress week. Better late than never. Lord Pentland also paid a visit to the Congress. Whether a Governor would have conferred such honour on that assembly but for the ordeal through which the Empire is passing is a matter for speculation. It seems certain that the precedent will be followed in future years by other rulers as well. The somewhat prolonged negotiations between the Education Member of the Government of India on the one hand and the promoters of the Hindu and Muslim universities on the other had given rise to a suspicion that the idea was not really favoured in official circles. From a letter addressed by Sir Harcourt Butler to the Maharaja of Durbhanga it appears that the prospects of a successful issue for the Hindu University scheme are now bright. The Secretary of State would appear to have agreed that the University may elect its own Chancellor, the Viceroy may be its Patron. The Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces will be *ex-officio* visitor and will exercise powers corresponding to those now exercised by the Government or the Chancellor in the other universities. Certain emergency powers will be vested in the Government of India. The removal of members of the staff, the compulsory appointment of external and independent examiners, and such other questions may continue to be discussed by some people, but the Government appears ready to make sufficient concessions to absolve the University from the reproach of being unnecessarily officialised. The experiment being new, the authorities proceed cautiously. But it appears on the whole that the project will materialise. Ever since the attention of the Muslims was diverted by the late Balkan war, we have not been hearing much of the Aligarh University scheme. Both schemes will no doubt be settled on essentially the same lines, and when one is accomplished, so will be the other.

THE war has brought in its train certain economic hardships and also certain temptations in other parts of the world. While neutral countries are tempted to profit at the expense of the belligerents, the economic pressure in Germany is said to be so great that one of the Kaiser's ministers has resigned. At a time when the barbarities of the German are causing so much distress and humiliation to innocent men, women and children in other lands we may detect some justice in the sufferings of his compatriots in his own country, due to a somewhat different cause. In India we are getting on in most respects as if no war was in progress. Our merchants however have their own temptation and our agriculture, trade and credit have been somewhat disturbed by the war. A vigilant Government tries to reduce these effects to a minimum and every precaution is adopted so that no economic disturbance may cause unrest anywhere. The price of wheat showed an upward tendency and a Viceroi's Ordinance gave power to all Governments to investigate the existence of stocks and to take over such as might be unreasonably withheld. No necessity was found to prohibit the export of wheat and flour altogether but it has been decided to restrict the exports to a definite quantity until the new crop begins to come in. The cotton situation also caused some anxiety and was much discussed in Bombay. As a result of consultation with experts and with the interests affected, the Government proposes to advise a general restriction of cotton cultivation next season so that the disposal of existing stocks may be facilitated. No special favour will be shown to the cotton trade the Government will be prepared by loans through the Presidency Banks to afford financial facilities to other trade interests which may be similarly affected.

ALL movements have their ups and downs and notwithstanding Mrs. Besant's phenomenal energy and popular literary activities, the Theosophical Society appears to be less influential now in the intellectual world than it once was. But in literary activity it is not surpassed by any other movement in India, if occultism, as it is called, is less attractive to-day than in the earlier days of the Society, it is

not the fault of the men and women who preach it to the world. We have before us three little books, one on *A Practical Course in Concentration*, another on *Varieties of Psychism*, and the third on *Buddhist Ceylon*—all the result of concentration of effort. The Society indirectly promotes study and activities of various kinds, unconnected with mysticism. Mr S. Kamath places before the student of social problems a readable and instructive analysis of the Census of India.

Babu Lal Sud, barrister-at-law, has published a small dictionary of English phrases, idioms, and colloquialisms. Much of the information contained in this book is found in other dictionaries, perhaps not of the same size, and the object of explaining the etymology of many a common word in a compilation of this nature is not clear, unless it be to add to the interest of the volume. It appears that the idea of making a collection of interesting colloquialisms occurred to the author when in England he heard many expressions which he had never heard in India. Some of these are probably affected in classes of society which are not represented in India. The book will therefore be even more useful to Englishmen going to England than to Indians here, who have seldom an opportunity to hear obscure and even obsolescent colloquialisms and slang words. Nevertheless the compilation is throughout interesting, and Mr Sud's industry deserves praise.

The *Literary Journal* is a cheap publication by the Young Men Literary Association in Madras. Truth and Beauty are said to be the quest of this association. A writer, who does not publish his name in full, maintains in the January number that real happiness in marriage is attained under the Eastern rather than the Western system. The data for comparison are not fully set forth, and the young men of India submit to the system imposed upon them by society, whether their happiness is real or unreal. The "*Indian Agricultural World*" brings together much useful information, and its contents deserve to be noted, not only by educated men, but by vernacular journals to be brought to the notice of the uneducated agriculturist. The addresses delivered at the various conferences in December constitute comparatively ephemeral literature. But some of the addresses, from the very nature of the subjects handled, possess more than passing interest. When these are collected now and then in a durable form, the Hon. Mr. Manmohandas Ramji's presidential

speech at the Industrial Conference will undoubtedly find a place in the compilation and will be read with as much instruction as any other utterance made before that gathering.

CORRESPONDENCE

SIR,—I have read the number of *EAST & WEST* you have sent me and though the pressure on my time forbids me to think of any general contribution to your pages, I cannot resist your demand for at least a word of greeting to your readers at this time. For this time for East and West is a wonder making epoch. I wish I could set before your readers the profuse changes in thought and attitude towards India that the war is making in the minds of the British and European peoples. Until a few years ago there seemed to be an insurmountable difference between any sort of Indian and any sort of European, there was the ignorance of remoteness, a readiness to believe strange and estranging things. It is always easier for the human mind to realize differences than similarities, and the India of ordinary English thought was a magic land, the land of people of another kind, inspired by dissimilar motives, about whom we are prepared to believe a thousand misleading legends of treachery, insincerity, weird superstitions. I will not go on into the catalogue of our errors, you will find them in an all too copious literature of third rate stories and shallow political books, and I remind you of them now only to point out how they stand between any wise and temperate dealings between the British people and the Indian peoples in our great conjoint task of Indian political and social development which will either be one of the most marvellous of human achievements or the most reasonable of human failures. But in the last few years there has been a great change here. We have seen more Indians here and we have come to know them better. I wonder if Indians understand just what it means for them, in the destruction of foolish prejudices, to have Prince Ranjitsinghji, the hero of our cricket fields, and Tagore promoted above all our poets. Here are a people, we say, who are, after all, like ourselves, who can play our game and talk our thoughts. This is no different species but a fellow humanity, a little more touched by the sun, a little more touched by the imagination, rather more finely made and gentler, but for the rest, ~~over again and to be met man to man~~ ~~over again and to be met man to man~~ If I come over to take part

in founding an Anglo-Indian Society or any thing of that sort I must do my utmost to make that its motto: "man to man." And now we have the supreme struggle against annoyance and aggression in Europe, which will mean, rest assured, not only the defeat of arrogance and aggression in Berlin, but near home also, and in this our supreme struggle India helps us, nobly, wisely, and—it seems to me—forgivingly. The freedom and equal fellowship of India is being won now in the trenches of Belgium.

Yours etc

H. C. WILKS

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THOMAS HARDY OUR GREATEST PROSE POET

THE assertion, generally credited, that the next award for literature under the Nobel endowment is to fall to Mr. Thomas Hardy, gives particular appropriateness to the attempt hereafter made to examine into and appraise the peculiar qualities of this great master's genius.

From the days when the novelist and romancer were something of rarities in the land, we have travelled far, but it may be questioned whether with the vast increase in the number of creative writers there has been any great increase in the roll-call of masters. Daniel Defoe, Swift, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Oliver Goldsmith in the eighteenth century, Maryat, Bulwer-Lytton, Scott, Lever, Edgar, Allen Poe, Dickens, Thackeray, Charles and Henry Kingsley, Blackmore, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot in the nineteenth, stand in no danger of becoming names only, so long as the English language endures. Coming to our own days it may not be so easy to select names destined to immortality, though outstanding writers among modern novelists may be cited in plenty, and many of these, if the overwarm praises of their admirers were to be taken seriously, would commit no sacrilege in snatching the bays from the brows of the laureates of the Georgian and early Victorian era.

But the one test which must be applied in discovering a master is the test of individuality. Has he outdistanced his predecessors and has he made imitation impossible? There is only one Shakespeare; only one Dickens, and there is only one Thomas Hardy. The test of a great master, resting, as he claims, to so rank must, on a number of subsidiary qualities, be

found in the last event in the possession of one dominant characteristic, one supreme endowment; he must be eminently original, or rather essentially individual. He must not only outdistance all those writers of his class, who may have prepared, so to speak, the way for him (for it is generally noticeable in the case of great painters and writers, and indeed in that of men of genius of all kinds that an immense amount of spade work harbingers their coming), but his work must possess that element of inevitableness, completeness and finished perfection which causes it to tower for all time above the work of those who follow in his footsteps, his imitators and emulators: the school in fact which every man of genius calls into being.

That our day and generation has produced a rich crop of imaginative writers goes without saying. The attempt to single out from the long list of brilliant novelists of to-day and yesterday those who have established a claim to pre-eminence is not an easy or a thankful task. But it is safe to bring forward from among those who have recently left us the names of Charles Reade, George MacDonald, Marion Crawford, "Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp) and R. L. Stevenson, and above all, not as the equal among equals but as an easy first, George Meredith. Among the living who shall be marshalled? J. M. Barrie, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Rider Haggard, William De Morgan, and again, standing a head and shoulders above all—Thomas Hardy.

Thomas Hardy and George Meredith writers dealing with themes so opposite and using literary vehicles for the carriage of their ideas of such widely dissimilar kinds are, in the humble opinion of the present deponent, the great, outstanding literary figures of our day and generation: the first so recently taken from us, the last happily still with us. In their many and obvious divergencies they have this one great quality in common. They both started out to look life, the great, cruel relentless facts of life, fairly and squarely in the face, to set these forth with absolute fairness and charity without malice and without extenuation, to devote their magnificent natural powers, their supreme equipment in those many talents, the servants of genius, which are necessary possessions to the inspired story-teller, to the task of weaving out of the figments of the brain, stories, which should be in fact in actual substance that is to say, pictures, reflections rather of life's drama; embodying illuminative

revelations of the tragi-comedy of man's passage through those mundane conditions which cramp or enlarge his soul ; which make or mar him, both in a material and in a spiritual sense.

Save in his first novel, or in the novel rather which generally passes for his first, Thomas Hardy never concerns himself in telling his story with any consideration as to the craving of the ordinary reader for what is called poetical justice : the frustration of vice, the triumph of virtue, the crude desire of the average consumer of novels to witness in the end, after long and painful buffetings with dark and adverse circumstance, the emergence of the hero and heroine into light ; in other words into the full possession and enjoyment of those things which the trend of the story has revealed to be the desire of their hearts. After having made some sort of half-hearted concession to this demand in *Under the Greenwood Tree*, about which something more will be said hereafter, Hardy seems to have set his teeth fixedly in the resolve to picture life as it really is, and not as story readers, that is to say men and women generally, would have it to be. Orlando in *As You Like It* meets the objection to his lover's name with the curt remark : " There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened " ; and we can imagine Hardy advancing the same justification for his methods as a novelist were he challenged as to the uncompromising ugliness, from the superficial point of view, of some of his pictures. In any case it is clear that in evolving his stories he has concerned himself solely with pleasing himself, satisfying his own artistic conscience, that is to say. In doing this he has done what every great artist must do ; it is the condition precedent to the creation of any great and lasting work. Naturally the result will be largely conditioned by the temperament of the artist. It is perfectly true that so far as the work of the world is concerned, its practical work be it understood, more has been accomplished by the optimist than by the pessimist. Sane and healthy optimism, not the optimism which foolishly ignores dangers and miseries, being constructive, accomplishes more than mere pessimism, which although not invariably destructive, since by pointing the finger of caution it often averts disaster, can only make for progress in a negative rather than in a positive sense. It may be asked, however, whether Hardy's view of life is not unduly sombre ; whether it is true to represent human affairs as invariably going crookedly.

with a strong tendency to end in tragedy. In considering the answer, it would be difficult, I think, for a fair and unprejudiced person to maintain, taking a broad and dispassionate view of the facts of existence, even if no attempt is made to probe beneath the surface of things as Hardy probes, that what can be seen on the surface is sufficient justification for everything Hardy has written. Why, however, dwell on the fact if fact it be? detractors will urge, it is surely better to pretend not to know that life is a comedy ending in tragedy, better to close one's eyes to patent truths for in ignoring them we escape, in some measure, their sting.

That, however, was not in Hardy's scheme. His ambition did not lie that way. The artist has the right of choice, he chooses types, environments and circumstances which best befit the design of his scheme, the theme he wishes to treat or the lesson he desires to enforce, though so far as Hardy is concerned it is obvious, and he has so declared, that his object is not didactic, he is not concerned with the teaching of any direct lesson, though he occasionally incidentally draws attention to certain abuses or hardships as in *Jude the Obscure* where we are, perhaps, asked to regard Jude's difficulties and disabilities in gratifying his academic ambitions as suggesting that the universities should be put on a more democratic basis. It is however by no means sure that Hardy had any intention to plead for "reforms" of more than questionable public utility, since he makes it abundantly plain that the germ of Jude's failure lay in his own nature and those circumstances which are sure to attend on such a nature, rather than in obstacles which 'low birth and iron fortune' constituted. We have already seen that Hardy has not troubled himself to please anybody but himself, he deals with what interests him and deals with it with consummate ability. And yet his critics and detractors persist in asking the foolish question why he has not dealt with something else, something presumably which interests and amuses them.

Truly, the objections urged against writers are often exceedingly comical. For instance it has been objected to Charles Dickens that he could not draw a gentleman, an extraordinary objection in itself by the way, having regard to his manifold qualities, and one having its origin, we may suspect, in the knowledge that Dickens could not prove himself to be of gentle

birth, though everything points to the fact that his blood was, in the main, gentle. It is true Charles Dickens did not care to draw that particular type of gentleman of the stereotyped, groomed and superfine brand, void of angularities and sucked of individuality, the tame cat of the drawing-room or the insipid exquisite of the Row. This type did not amuse him. But surely gentlemen of all sorts and conditions walk through his pages—so varied are they that whatever interpretation one chooses to give to the somewhat elastic and indefinite term, "gentleman," one or the other of the specimens he presents can be made to fit in with the definition. If the type taken be the polished cynic of the Chesterfield brand, the kind of gentleman represented by the French noblesse before the Revolution, we have Sir John Chester, and of the more rugged or country-bred type of the same period his enemy Haredale. Then there are the courtly if limited Sir Icyester Dedlock, and, for all his pomposity and narrow outlook, yet as representing one type of gentleman mercantile life evolves, Dombey. To these we may add Twemlow, Cousin Tenny, David Copperfield, Storkforth, Eugene Wrayburn, Dr. Strong, Lord Verissoft, the Chuzzlewits, Pickwick, Tulkinghorne and Nicholas Nickleby, all of whom would be received in any society, and none of whom did more ridiculous things than dear old Colonel Newcome, who is always held up as the type and exemplar of the genus, gentleman, while to my mind most of these Dickens' characters come nearer to the ideal of that loosely defined class than does Thackeray's Major Pendennis. The Brummagem in that beau ideal is revealed on our very first introduction to him as he sits at his breakfast, opening his letters leisurely and determining his answers to his numerous invitations on purely snobbish grounds; revelling, in an underbred way too, in that his fellow clubman, Glowry, seated opposite to him, is the silent and, as he hopes, envious witness of these evidences of his social pre-eminence.

George Meredith who, on certain broad grounds, was coupled with Thomas Hardy just now, as I shall presently on other grounds couple Charles Dickens, exercised his right of choice in choosing as his characters men and women "in the world," to use the common phrase. Persons of birth and culture fill his pages, though Rhoda Fleming offers the exception, and a yeoman are introduced most effectively as useful foils now and again.

Old Gammon, for instance, who had never been to London, but had "no opinion of it," and Andrew Hedger, in *Diana of the Crossways* who boasted he could "eat hog for a solid hour." Thomas Hardy, on the other hand, rarely enough departs from the lowly social plane he has chosen for his operation, peers and prelates and professional men, generally more or less déclassé specimens of their order, obtrude themselves occasionally, but his men and women are almost exclusively drawn from the lower or lower middle classes, peasants artisans and small tradesmen; he rarely enters the social edifice on a loftier storey than that occupied by the now almost extinct class of yeomanry, the class to which Daniel Defoe's grandfather belonged. That had he chosen he could have pitched his drama and his characters on to a higher social plane, without loss in truthfulness of description, (*vraisemblance*), is proved by his *Group of Noble Dames*, which is certainly by no means the least successful of his works, and by certain phases in several of his stories—*The Well-Beloved* for instance.

It is, however, in his marvellously faithful delineation of rural England, and especially of those southern countries, formerly comprising the kingdom of the West Saxons, or Wessex, that Hardy's foremost claim to rank as the premier novelist of the past half century lies. Assuredly Hardy's devotion to the country of his birth is not misplaced. Dorset, Wessex speaking generally, has actually all the wondrous charm, romantic and picturesque with which the novelist has invested it. He has seen and felt this charm, he has distilled its beauty in the crucible of his brain and brought it forth a clear crystal for all to see and admire. Nevertheless, his enthusiasm occasionally carries him away, and his description of certain actual places gives colour to the assertion that we take from nature just what we bring to it. Many of his descriptions of villages, heaths, the country-side generally, are truthful in the literal sense though, of course, Hardy's version of the truth is that of the poet and not that of the land surveyor. Oxford in *Jude the Obscure* is described literally and objectively, despite the fact the description is infused with intense personality. On the other hand, the picture of Dorchester is so essentially subjective, that anyone visiting the town—I speak of the town proper, not its surroundings, which are described with a much nearer approach to verisimilitude—after

reading Hardy's description, is certain, I think to be profoundly disappointed, for in sober truth the town itself, being practically modern, is quite commonplace as English towns go. But Hardy cannot properly be blamed for this. He is under no obligation to describe literally any place which may fire his imagination. He is at liberty, too, to make two places into one. It is no fault of his if curious folk persist in actualising his localities.

As a humorist, Hardy is no less great than as a humanist. His humour is simply inimitable; whole pages of his books bristle with dialogue which for freshness and directness, for absolute fidelity to fact, cannot be surpassed and perhaps cannot be equalled in English literature. The French masters of fiction may sometimes excel Hardy in subtlety and finesse; in their capacity to create actuality by suggestion rather than elaboration; but what is gained in sheer literary art, in general effort so to speak, is lost in practical completeness. For Hardy penetrates into the very heart of the Wessex kind; with startling fidelity to the facts, he makes his peasants and small town-folk absolutely living beings in his pages; they think and speak, they live and die just as they think and speak, live and die in actuality. That slight element of exaggeration which has been claimed not only as a permissible artistic indulgence, but as a necessary one, can scarcely be said to exist in Hardy's case, since his art so effectually conceals art that anyone who has made a careful study of the types depicted at first hand, and the present writer may justly lay claim to have done this, recognises living beings in all his characters: his village idiots so-called, who are often not idiots at all to those who care to penetrate the shell encrusting them; his shepherds, publicans, cowherds, thatchers, delvers, shearers, smugglers, ditchers; his tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, apothecaries, plough-boys and thieves. The value of this wonderful gallery of portraits lies not only in the fact that under the influence of cockney methods of so-called education, of the half-penny press, the socialistic lecturer, the gramophone, the picture palace and other self-styled elevating agencies of the day and generation, these primitive and highly individual types are being crushed rapidly out of existence, since the rubber Juggernaut of vaunted progress is reducing them to a flattened out humanity; but also in the fact that in taking men and women in the raw, so to speak, Hardy is able to present them

a series of characters possessing far more diversity, interest, and stimulus, than could possibly belong to a series taken from a higher social milieu, where the observance of convention and the tyranny of custom tend to obliterate the strange differences "twixt Tweddledum and Tweddledee." Hardy's novels thus preserve for us for all time vivid pictures of rapidly-vanishing types and with them many ancient customs and certain physical conformations which are suffering obliteration in these quickly moving times.

There is, again, another human quality in which pre-eminence may be claimed for Hardy's work. It is a stereotyped commonplace to say that no man really understands woman or can fathom the depths of woman's nature; that she is an enigma to him, an unravell'd sphinx, and that the more he imagines he has solved the riddle, the further he is away from its actual solution. The point cannot be laboured now though since the study of woman is the most profoundly interesting and exigent of all man's sublunary studies or enquiries for surely woman is the supreme problem of man, it is strange that his search after light in this direction should prove so evasive as to make his best efforts fruitless. It may be asserted that no woman would depart so unreservedly from the duty she owes to herself as to reveal those hidden secrets of character and springs of motive which baffle man's investigation. This may be the true explanation of the undoubted fact that so far as the mere man can judge no fictional or other work by a female writer appears to show such an inscoring knowledge of woman, such understanding of her strength and her weakness as Hardy's expositions reveal. Seriously, I doubt whether this will not be admitted by most candid women critics. The pages of women writers, with the exception of Jane Austen and with the possible exception of George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, may be searched in vain, I think, to find the equals as faithful studies of Hardy's women, or of Meredith's for the matter of that. Woman is as much to the fore in Hardy's novels as she was in the plays of Euripides, and his method of treatment has somewhat the same quality, for while he becomes her spokesman as to certain injustices and inequalities, he is no less frank in regard to her weaknesses. It must be borne in mind, however, that Hardy, so far as humanity is concerned—in dealing with man as well as woman—is no idealist; he is the sternest of realists: here is another point of

resemblance with Euripides, the first true realist among Greek dramatists.

Hardy reserves his idealism for the treatment of nature. He has been blamed severely for his uncompromising attitude toward humanity, but although it may be allowed that in *Jude the Obscure* he has pushed his methods too far, and made the result of his dissection resemble too much the aspect of a surgeon's lecture room, it cannot be denied that the opposite method of the unrealists, should the term be permitted, whereby human beings are represented as little less than archangels, has had its dangers and drawbacks, for it has introduced the note of discontent into many a home—the comparison set up between individuals as portrayed in the pages of such fictionists and the beings of every-day life has proved itself an unsettling and disruptive factor. Certainly Hardy does not deal with the higher types of humanity, male or female, though he gives us sublimities occasionally, Jocelyn in *The Well-Beloved* for instance. The heroic man or woman has no place in his pages if we except Gabriel Oak in *Lar from the Maddin Crowd*. Even the average good woman is almost absent in his novels. His characters appear to the greater disadvantage since he invariably places them in situations and surrounds them with circumstances, which while they foster the weak and bad elements of their nature, place them in such fierce contact with temptation that lacking as they invariably do, the safeguards of religion no means of escape is left open to them. His ambition has been to paint the faults of human beings, their very virtues the touch of artistry, what has been called divine discontent, which redeems them from the commonplace, contributes to their undoing.

To return to his women. It must be understood mainly that Hardy has no place in his scheme for the ideal heroine. Even Tess, as I have said, is scarcely an exception, he has very little place for the kind of women the average upper class man has to do with in the course of his life—women who have been carefully nurtured and have learned to bring their lives into accord with high and pure ideals and to suppress those wayward tendencies which human nature brings what it is, cannot be eliminated absolutely by religion and education, though they can be and are held thereby in subjection. Hardy deals with men and women in the bold rough way, and that he has more

often depicted woman in her weakness than in her strength has nothing to do with the main fact that he has given the lie to the hoary fallacy that man cannot understand woman's nature while no writer shows more sympathy for certain feminine weaknesses or is more ready to condone them than he. Parenthetically may be noted as an instance of this author's unseeing-eye an episode in *Under the Greenwood Tree*. It is an enigma to Fancy's lover why she, whose entire heart he believes himself to possess should have been so eager to heighten her personal charms to the utmost on an occasion not only when he perforce, would be absent, but certain of his former rivals would be in evidence. Many another male has been similarly bewildered but such males are without experience as Dick Dewey was. Thomas Hardy is not so situated. In any case of all novelists, Hardy makes his women flesh and blood and distinct revolt against earlier Victorian conventions in fiction.

In accomplishing the ruin of his puppets Hardy commonly makes the woman's vanity and the man's passion the principal factors in their downfall though he does not of course, adhere strictly to this procedure. The due weight is given to those subsidiary weaknesses and defaults which act as contributory factors in their downfall. That in the main Hardy's conception of the motive force of tragedy—domestic or personal tragedy that is to say—is the true one cannot I think be seriously disputed.

We now come to this novelists' mal and to my mind highest, claim to distinction. He has as we have seen, re-created so to speak, the kingdom of Wessex and peopled it with a live population, for no more real sentient people than the people of Hardy's novels are to be found in the pages of fiction. But he has done more than this. He has instilled the breath of life into the country side itself, he has extracted the very spirit from nature and has made us feel what he himself has felt the genius of the places he depicts, their spiritual significance, their indwelling beauty and mystery, majesty and pathos, dignity and grace. A great deal has been said and written about the modern spirit of nature-worship—modern so-called—for we can trace the genesis of this worship through the literature of ancient peoples and in our own literature it has grown throughout the centuries culminating in Wordsworth and Keats and above all in Shelley, Tennyson and Stevenson.

During the Victorian era this worship made healthy growth in the pages of fiction. Scott, as an actual describer of scenery was unapproachable—but that there was something of the catalogue about his descriptions cannot be denied. It was reserved for Dickens to extract from the material aspect of natural scenes the spirituality which belongs to them—or if one prefers to regard the mental process as subjective rather than objective, let it be said Dickens was the first prose writer to infuse spirituality into those scenes—the first to do so habitually that is to say. Dickens was actually the father of impressionism in landscape description in the literary sense the forerunner of Whistler the contemporary of Corot.*

It is remarkable how few even among Dickens' admirers, recognise in him the most consummate painter of poetic landscape in words English literature could boast before the advent of Thomas Hardy. Instances might be multiplied in substantiation of this claim but the description of the marshlands around Rochester in *Great Expectations* of London under the influence of fog and mist in *Bleak House* of Dombey's railway journey after the death of his son may be cited. Intense and intimate is the note Dickens strikes, but Thomas Hardy I think, probes deeper still. He projects the very soul of man, so to speak into man's environment and in the power to spiritualise—the word is used for want of a better—the semblance of things as seen around us, whether out in the open or under cover, he has no equal. This note is struck in *Under the Greenwood Tree* and grows more and more vivid and intense until *The Return of the Native* is reached. The opening scenes of *Under the Greenwood Tree* may be compared with the opening scenes of Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge*. Intense "snuggness," if the term may be used, characterises the descriptions of both writers. Dickens makes us see and know the old cronies assembled at the Maypole Inn and Hardy does as much by the choristers forgathered at the tranter's, and the townsfolk of Casterbridge grouped together at the "Three

* I must put on record here that it was my brother, C. Lion Little, a past and present member of the Dickens Fellowship who first grasped and set forth the claims of Dickens as above stated. Having devoted his life and genius to the perfection of the poetry of landscape and the drama of pastoral life, it was scarcely fitting that he should become the champion of Dickens' claims in this connection. In his lecture, "The Scenery of Dickens" he has triumphantly done so.

EAST & WEST

Mariners," individual men one and all. What could be more alive, too, than the description of the gallery of Mellstock Church, which "looked down and knew the habits of the nave to its remotest peculiarity and had an extensive stock of exclusive information about it, whilst the nave knew nothing of the gallery people, as gallery people, beyond their loud-sounding mummings and chest notes." The character-sketching in *Under the Greenwood Tree* is not far inferior to that in later volumes, but the landscape description has not yet acquired to the full the intensely spiritual note which subsequent volumes disclose, notably perhaps *I am from the Madding Crowd* and *The Return of the Native*. In the wealth of material to prove this assertion it is difficult to make selection, but to establish it a few quotations will suffice.

"The month of March arrived and the heath (Lgdon Heath, that is to say by which the author intends that wonderful stretch of moorland between Wycham and Dorchester) showed its first faint signs of awakening from winter trance. The awakening was almost feline in its stealthiness. The pool outside the bank by Eustacia's dwelling which seemed as dead and as solite as ever to an observer who moved and made noises in his observation would gradually disclose a state of great animation when silently watched awhile. A timid animal world had come to life for the season. Little tadpoles and efts began to bubble up through the water, and to race along beneath it, toads made noises like very young ducks, and advanced to the margin in twos and threes, overhead bumble bees flew hither and thither in the thickening light, their drone coming and going like the sound of a gong."

Again, describing Lgdon Heath at a later season when Clym Yeobright seeks relief in furze cutting from the gnawing pain within caused by the loss of his wife's love, his mother's estrangement and his own partial blindness —

"His daily life was of a curious microscopic sort, his whole world being limited to a circuit of a few feet from his person. His familiars were creeping and winged things, and they seemed to enrol him in their band. Bees hummed around his ears with an intimate air, and tugged at the heath and furze-flowers at his side in such numbers as to weigh them down to the sod. The strange amber-coloured butterflies which Egdon produced, and which were never seen elsewhere, quivered in the breath of his lips, alighted upon his bowed back and sported with the glittering point of his hook as

he flourished it up and down. Tribes of emerald-green grasshoppers leaped over his feet, falling awkwardly on their backs, heads or hips, like unskilful acrobats, as chance might rule ; or engaged themselves in noisy flirtations under the fern ponds with silent ones of homely hue. Huge flies, ignorant of ladders and wire-netting and quite in a savage state, buzzed about him without knowing that he was a man. In and out of the fern-brakes snakes glided in their most brilliant blue and yellow guise, it being the season immediately following the shedding of their old skins, when their colours were brightest. Litters of young rabbits came out from their forms to sun themselves upon hillocks, the hot beams blazing through the delicate tissue of each thin-fleshed ear, and firing it to blood-red transparency in which the veins could be seen."

What prose-writing could excel this ! There is hardly a writer who could equal it ; Richard Jeffries sometimes comes near to it, so at his best does Eden Phillpots. But Hardy compels you to see and feel the magic panorama of nature, constrains you to feel that it is good to be alive ; while in his dealings with the tragedy of man's earthly pilgrimage he forces one to the thought that it were better never to have been born.

Here is another picture of Egdon Heath, the heath so beloved of Hardy :—

"In the evening Clym set out on his journey. Although the heat of summer was yet intense the days had considerably shortened, and before he had advanced a mile on his way all the heath purples, browns and greens had merged in a uniform dress without airiness or gradation and broken only by touches of white where the little heaps of clean quartz sand showed the entrance to a rabbit-burrow, or where the white flints of a footpath lay like a thread over the slopes. In almost everyone of the isolated and stunted thorns, which grew here and there, a night-hawk revealed his presence by whirring like the clack of a mill as long as he could hold his breath, then stopping, flapping his wings, whirring round the bush, alighting, and after a silent interval of listening, beginning to whirr again. At each brushing of Clym's feet, white millar moths flew into the air just high enough to catch upon their dusty wings the mellowed light from the west, which now shone across the depressions and levels of the ground without falling thereon to light them up."

(To be Continued.)

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE

England.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

It may be, perhaps truly said that of all the great men of India of the last century no one deserves to be known so much and no one is known so little as Keshub Chunder Sen. He may be called the most dynamical personality of his century, and was one of the greatest leaders of men that India has seen in modern times. None could inspire such perfect confidence in the minds of all his followers and get them to do such things as they did in spite of persecutions. It is, indeed, a great pity that so few of our educated men take any trouble to know this wonderful man who lived in times so close to them and who was the first inspirer of some of the greatest movements that are working in these days for the regeneration of this noble land, and this is more to be regretted especially when there is such a beautiful and charming biography of him, written in English by the late Mr. Protap Chunder Moozomdar.

Keshub Chunder Sen was primarily and pre-eminently a religious teacher. All his instincts were religious, his feelings and passions were essentially religious and religion pervaded all that he did and said. From the day that he resigned his Government service, when very young to the last day of his life, he worked incessantly for the cause of religion which he had taken in hand. It was he who spread the cause of the Brahmo Samaj all over the country. Before he joined the Brahmo Samaj it was only a local affair of Calcutta. There were a few Samajes, perhaps hardly ten, all over Bengal before his time. On his joining it he took to preaching the new religion, and the Brahmo Samajes and the Prarthana Samajes multiplied into hundreds all over this vast continent. Numbers of young men joined Keshub and put into practice the new principles of social and religious reform which their leader held before them. It was so

in Gujarat, in the Deccan, in Punjab, and in Sind, in fact all over the country. The inspiration and the initiative came from Bengal, where many young men gave up their worldly avocations and devoted themselves wholly to the mission-world of the Brahmo Religion. The first all-India movement of any great importance was the one which was founded by Keshub under the name of Bharatvarshiya Brahmo Samaj. Its object was to bring the whole of India under one religious banner and thus to build a substantial great Indian nation. The best men of India, the choicest spirits, the first fruits of the various Universities of India gathered together under this banner, and the country was inundated by them with an activity that left no phase of life undeveloped. Educational, political, social and religious institutions arose everywhere. It was the dawn of a new era.

It is, indeed, very significant that tributes are being paid to him in these days from lands far off and from such thinkers as the Rev. J. T. Sunderland of America. It is, indeed, a great pity that the countrymen of Keshub Chunder Sen have not done him the justice he deserves. The late Prof. Max Müller, who knew India very intimately, said of him that he was the greatest son of India. The late Miss Cobbe, one of the greatest women of England in the last century, spoke of him as the most devout man that she had seen; nay, she even compared him to great religious teachers like Buddha and St. Patrick. Dr. Martineau, one of the greatest philosophers and preachers of modern times, spoke of him as a sort of second John, the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ. Even the most orthodox Christian divines and missionaries felt the force of Keshub's devout character and trusted his sincerity almost absolutely. When he went to England at the early age of thirty-two, he created a profound impression and captured the English nation with his marvellous eloquence. Even Queen Victoria honoured him with a personal interview, and it may truly be said, without any exaggeration, that few men from the East were so much honoured in England. Keshub's fame spread even to America, and the latest of the tributes paid to him by the Americans is the one which appeared some time back in one of the numbers of the *Modern Review*.

One of the greatest contributions of Keshub towards religious thought and life is the "ideal of the Harmony of Religions." Nowhere before was this harmony of religions recognized in the way

in which Keshub recognized it and raised it to the level of a religious doctrine of his church. The modern study of the science of Comparative Religion found an ardent devotee in the great and broad-minded Raja Ram Mohan Roy, who, with a wonderful catholicity of mind, read and studied the important religions of the world, chiefly Christianity, Mohamedanism and Hinduism; and rightly was he called by the liberal Muslims a "Moulvi," by the liberal Christians a "Christian Father," and by the Hindus of liberal views a great teacher like Shankaracharya. He saw that there was but one Truth common to all the religions of the world, but he believed that the various peoples should keep to their own individual religions, and that is why he founded the Brahmo Samaj on a purely Hindu basis. It may be said that his conception of the Unity of Religions was more or less philosophic, whereas with Keshub it was essentially religious. What was a theoretical idea became a religious and spiritual ideal, and this was distinctly a great advance upon the work of Raja Ram Mohan Roy. It was Keshub who proclaimed to the world that all the various religions of the world together constituted one Universal Religion, that they were all parts of one whole, and that in order to develop oneself spiritually one must be a disciple of all of them. The ideal man, according to Keshub's idea of him, was one who could say that he was equally a Hindu, Mohamedan, Christian and a Buddhist. Henceforward the days of separation in religion were over. In no church of the world is offered that honour and reverence to all the great men and Prophets of the world, irrespectively of caste, nationality or creed, that is given to them in the Church of the New Dispensation, whose first and foremost Apostle was Keshub. Not only high reverence is offered to these Saints, but even personal relationship is formed with these godly and god-like men. Religion has been given by Keshub a truly universal basis and henceforward the world will regard all the Prophets—Christ, Buddha, Moses, Nanak, Socrates, Zoroaster, Confucius and Krishna, as but members of one brotherhood. Till now the world regarded these as competitors who were each others' rivals in the business of preaching God's Word, now they form but one company, one family. The same is the case with regard to the various Scriptures of the world. Very early in life, before this ideal of the Harmony of Religions was fully attained, Keshub got a

Theistic text-book prepared for the use of the Bharatvarshiya Brahmo Samaj, in which were found religious texts from all the Scriptures of the world. Later on the ideal was attained that all the Scriptures were one Scripture, that they all together made one Book.

Again, it is only a specialty of Keshub's Church that there is an equal and a full reverence for these various Scriptures in the minds of the members of that Church. They study devoutly all of them, without the least prejudice for any of them and with a perfectly open mind, to receive the spiritual help that each has to offer. Moreover, under the influence of this great harmonizing impulse, quite a new literature has sprung up in Keshub's Church, in which are to be found classical works on Hinduism, Christianity, etc. Mr. Protap Chunder Moozomdar, who was entrusted by Keshub Chunder Sen with the work of studying the Christian religion, has produced in English a book called the *Oriental Christ*, a book which is appreciated by liberal Christians and has been translated into German. Mr. Govind Roy, a missionary of Keshub's Church, was given the task of studying Hinduism, and he has written, after years of hard labour, some Sanskrit works of great importance called *Samanyaya Gita* and *Vedant Samanyaya*. Another missionary of the same Church has translated a large number of works pertaining to the Moslem faith and the lives of Moslem saints and has thus enriched Bengali Literature. Another has composed some of the most beautiful hymns, mostly *extempore*, to suit the soul-stirring devotions and prayers of Keshub. The inspirer of all these manifold catholic activities was Keshub. Keshub himself was not a writer and there is very little that he has left in the shape of carefully written books. However, much of what he spoke has been reported and it fills volumes and volumes of printed matter. Some of it is in English, while much of it is in Bengali. Of his English works, his *Lectures in India*, some fourteen lectures delivered in the Town Hall of Calcutta, contains all his doctrines and they are indeed a marvel of inspired eloquence. Let any one but read these lectures carefully and he will find what sort of a man Keshub was, and he cannot but be intensely impressed and influenced by them. Indeed, Keshub was a great orator, one of the greatest India has produced, and he is at his best in these lectures delivered by him.

to thousands of people who literally hang on his lips. Of his Bengali works there are some thirteen volumes of Prayers and an equal number of Sermons, and it is in these *extempore* daily prayers that Keshub's inmost soul is laid bare to us. I have read some of these prayers, and have found them to be some of the most beautiful things that man has ever said. As his biographer has said: "they are the outpourings of his whole heart into the bosom of the Infinite." These are prayers offered by him in his daily devotions, from which Keshub drew generally all his inspiration. They have a bewitching beauty, a spontaneity and high spirituality rarely to be encountered in the religious literature of the nineteenth century. In them you find a wonderfully sincere man talking face to face with God in a manner that was free from all convention. Indeed, these matchless prayers deserve to be translated into the chief languages of the world.

Another ideal for which Keshub stood all his life, and which was intimately connected with his ideal of the Harmony of Religions, was the harmony of East and West. Essentially an Eastern, he spoke in his latter days more as a representative of the whole of Asia than of India, as can be seen from his last Town Hall lecture, given in his failing health, which was styled "Asia's message to Europe." His first lecture given in that place, some twenty years before he gave the last, was styled "Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia." He believed the task of uniting the two homes, Eastern and Western, of his Father, which have been disunited so long and between which there exists a sort of perpetual antagonism, to be a mission that he had from Heaven, and he always appealed to both Asiatics and Europeans generally, and Englishmen and Indians specially, to approach each other with love, respect and reverence. The Rev. Sunderland is quite right when he says: "Few men of Asiatic birth have been more appreciative of Europe or more ready to receive her rich contributions to civilization. But this did not make him ashamed of Asia, or forgetful of her great place in history, or neglectful of her claims upon him as her son." He again says: "I always admired his loyalty to his own land,—India,—his deep love for her, his profound faith in her future, intellectual, religious and political, and his firm conviction that at the sun of her greatness had in any sense set, it would rise again with not less than its ancient splendour." Indeed, Keshub was

intensely national, Indian, Hindu. That is why the saintly Paramhansa Ramkrishna looked upon him as a modern Janak. He had a vision, and he could see that in order to find Keshub's like one had to go to the ancient days of India when that great Philosopher-King, who has been universally looked upon as an Ideal Man by all the Hindus, ruled. It is indeed very strange that some people should think that Keshub's work was leading towards denationalization. Let those who charge Keshub with denationalization but look to the remarkable friendship that existed between these two, one a worshipper of idols, unlettered, without recognition or following (for be it remembered that it was Keshub who first made the Hindus conscious of the existence amidst them of the saintly Paramhansa Ramkrishna,) the other recognized by both the hemispheres as at least one of the greatest men of their times. Paramhansa came to Keshub one day, without even sufficient dress, and after a little talk Keshub saw into the genuine and saintly character of the man before him and became his friend ever afterwards. This could never have been so if Keshub was not most truly and intensely national. But in him the antagonism between the national and the foreign, the national and the universal, had entirely died out, and Keshub was primarily and essentially loyal to all that was good, i.e., of God, anywhere in the world, whether in Asia or Europe, and he prized all that was Indian and Hindu only so far as it was of God. His nation, his home, his element, these were primarily the True, the Good and the Beautiful—God, Jesus Christ, Chaitanya, Buddha, etc. In fact, he was one of those who do not belong so much to this province or that country, but who belong to the world, who think in continents and hemispheres, who enlarge the mental horizon of whole nations so that there remain no nations but one mankind. Perhaps no other man in modern times has shown that large, continental consciousness that Keshub showed. He had an Asiatic consciousness, such as is growing now-a-days into the minds of all liberal-minded Mohamedans and Hindus. In the realm of religion, Asia has always stood for faith, inspiration and vision, whereas the West has stood more for the systematic and scientific side of religion and life. Keshub, indeed, had an esteem for the contribution of the latter towards the religious development of humanity, but the leading ideas of his life and religion being what Asia has contributed towards the civilization of the world, he

could not but believe firmly that Asia was his mother-land, even more than India, and hence he was most sincerely loyal to both.

Another side of Keshub's character was his activity as a social reformer. There is not the least doubt that he was the greatest and the foremost social reformer of India. Before he joined the Brahmo Samaj, it was purely a society where the members met for the purpose of worshipping God in an unidolatrous form. The priests who offered the worship were Brahmins, and most of the members had no idea of carrying the principles of the Samaj into their home-life. They stuck to the idolatrous ceremonies when marriages or shraddhs were to be performed. Although they believed in the brotherhood of man, they were very far from putting into practice this principle. They kept caste for all practical purposes, and in matters of social reform there was a vast divergence between belief and practice. It was Keshub who put life into the body of the Brahmo Samaj, which was then only a local institution, as could be seen from its name which was "Calcutta Brahmo Samaj." After Keshub joined, Maharshi Devendranath Tagore departed from the former practice of allowing the use of the Samaj altar only to a Brahmin. Keshub was the first non-Brahmin to preach from the Brahmo Samaj pulpit. Again, it was through him that the first inter-marriages took place in the Samaj. So great was his eagerness to put into practice the principles that he professed, that ultimately the older party, headed by Maharshi, had to throw him and his younger enthusiastic friends out, first from the pulpit and then from the Samaj. It was then that the All-India Brahmo Samaj was founded, and all over the country there passed a wave of enthusiasm for religious and social reform. Even the Arya Samaj came much later on the field. Swami Dayanand, who was a great admirer of Keshub Chunder Sen, must have learnt many a lesson, consciously and unconsciously, from the great work that had been already done and was being done when the Arya Samaj was founded. Caste has been one of the greatest of India's banes; and no other indigenous movement has done so much to destroy this evil of caste as the Brahmo Samaj, and all the credit of removing caste in the Brahmo Samaj belongs primarily to Keshub Chunder Sen. He gave to India a wonderful moral energy which has been the means of removing all the evils of the

old order and establishing a new social order. It was always a cherished desire with him to found a perfect society on a new and reformed basis and for this purpose there was established an Ashram called Bharat Ashram, in which many families lived together for the purpose of mutual aid in spiritual progress. Later on he and most of the missionaries of the Brahmo Samaj had their houses close to each other so that they might be all one community religiously and socially. Keshub was the creator of the Brahmo community which has been one of the greatest achievements of moral and spiritual power in modern India. While most of the other social reformers have tried to remove this evil and that to reform in this direction and in that, in a patch-work fashion Keshub stood for wholesale reform of man religiously and if he really reformed that way, he was sure to reform socially. His social reform was entirely dependent on religion and that is exactly why he succeeded in creating a new community. He never went for social reform as such, it appealed to him only so far as it coincided with his religion. He was very cautious in introducing reforms and tried to tread where others run rashly and he was opposed to the wholesale importation of Western customs, manners and institutions although none there was who admired the West in those things in which it deserves to be. He disliked late marriages although none could be more against early marriage. He was against widow-remarriage in those cases where the widows were advanced in years. He was against indiscriminate intermingling of males and females in imitation of Europeans and he preferred a different sort of education for females from that which is meant for the males. In order to get an insight into Keshub's ideas of social reform and religious life one cannot do better than look into his book called *Nava Samhita* written in his last days, a book which has been already translated into many of the Indian vernaculars.

These are but a few phases of the marvellous and many-sided character of this great son of India whom the Indians are coming to know by and by. He was one of those men who may be called "a hero" in the true sense of the term, a hero like Luther or Mahomet. The Rev. Sunderland might well call him a true prophet after the type of the Old Testament prophets. He might well say that no more impressive and inspiring religious

personality appeared in the second half of the nineteenth century.

M C PAREKH.

Karachi

THE DAWN

The Night has gone but no sleep is the well,
 The dust stirs not though now a piter an
 Sweeps round the mosque within the citadel
 Whence startled silence flees the call to prayer
 Sonorous loud unyielding as a fate,
 It challenges the Dawn with lofty themes
 And sings that God is merciful and great
 To latticed windows where men dream their dreams
 Proclaims that prayer holier than sleep
 The poor and pitiful kneel by the way
 The way of toil the labourer must keep
 But death means Paradise and so they pray,
 Sightless the Muezzin who faces East
 Bathed in its golden light the prayer has ceased
 And as the tinted Morn with rosy smile
 Shone on the summit of the minaret,
 I turned and saw that ruin by the Nile
 Of Hadrians it has some arches yet
 Near this sad spot tended by Moslem hands,
 Soldiers and statesmen, wives and children too,
 Sleep peacefully though in an alien land -
 For here the Empire's work they had to do
 Whose monuments bear words of brave intent,
 O'er which the blood-red leaves fall one by one,
 Crimson hibiscus, roses innocent
 Pass lightly with the shadows and the sun.
 But *they* lie still, where none may praise, or feast,
 Till Christ, their Sun, has risen in the East.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE

THE ONE WHO CAME BACK

“W E have now said the President made out the whole message without fear of mistake and have only to communicate it to all of the Brotherhood.

He looked around the assembly of *Vedantists* men and women in conventional costume—none of the eccentricities that might have been expected of them yet with something unmodern in the full look of the eyes in the tight fold of the lips. There was a look of awe on almost every countenance, men and women alike. Vedantists come to hear this long-waited-for answer from the Higher Forces.

The President the oldest of all with the youngest eyes, held his paper before him but spoke sometimes in stead of reading.

For time longer than one can say these most advanced among us have sought in the trance life an answer to the Great Question. Now it has come broken and interrupted at first, but at last becoming distinct so that we have no doubts as to the genuineness of the message. Something is taken from what may be called its literary value because of the crude earth-phrases into which the message is necessarily put and our ignorance of the other world symbolism that could make it absolutely clear. Yet this is the gist of it’ said the President, and unto two of us, advanced a little if only a little, beyond earth’s other sons and daughters, some ray of celestial intelligence may be given to appreciate it.

“The souls imprisoned in this plane call for help and seem to receive none. They realize with sadness sometimes with bitterness, that the dead cannot return to console us with the absolute knowledge of life to come. That has been the world’s opinion for long. Friends,” the President’s voice grew clear and firm, “our friends Beyond now tell us the truth. There is no gulf

fixed between the living and the dead; every soul when it quits this earth is given the chance of returning to earth yes and even with a new vitality that will repair the machine body if injured. Every soul is given this chance and urged to accept it, but so splendid is even that one taste of pure spirituality, that however much the earth may need that soul that soul chooses to go forward. Bemoaning its own selfishness it yet hurries on for so splendid is the Hereafter that by contrast the finest existence on earth is like a darkness more than that an abomination.

A murmur went round the room

"We of course are familiar with that fact but We have heard of those who seem then body beneath them have felt for it a loathing but just how deep that loathing for the flesh is, no one as yet in the flesh can ever realize. There is nothing on the earth plane with which to compare that Divine Reluctance. One's dislike of re-entering the dim and close room which seemed neither dim nor close when we were there before may shadow very faintly the feeling of the freed spirit when it sees over its shoulder, as it were, the horror from which it has escaped. One realizes it more easily maybe when one learns that of all the millions that have quitted this earth heroes, lovers, priests, parents not one has ever accepted the right to return not one of the thousands of noble soul that knowing this secret have vowed to return, have ever, when it came to the point kept that earth made resolution. Not to comfort the betrayed to convince the atheist nor to help the sufferer world has this great sacrifice ever yet been consummated.

He paused and looked around. There was the bent brow of a man here and there on women faces faint smiles. Then he proceeded: "Now you know the pride this world feels when a man gives up his life for his brother. For ages the Great Beings of the other World waited till the first man should yield up his life for his friend. There was joy when the hitherto brute world took this great step in moral evolution. Now another stage is waited for the stage when the freed soul will voluntarily not quit the earth, but return to it, return as it were to perdition—so by contrast that earthly life will seem to it

"That this second stage is nearly come, the great Forces are now convinced. In other parts of this earth some have trained themselves for the great effort, but so far there has been no success.

"Yet the other World waits. It waits, as years ago it waited for man, when still long of arm, to do a kindness to his fellow-man. It waits as it long waited for its martyrs of religion and love and humanity who hurled themselves to death for the advantage of others. So it waits for the new hero who will fling himself back to life to do good to others."

"Do you know what the result of such heroism would be? As the new martyr returned to voluntary life, a wave of harmony and peace would pervade the atmosphere. You would see it in the faces of passers by in the street, old foes would be reconciled, they knew not why. As the minutes and then the hours passed, the effect would be increased. It would be as a channel of grace between the other world and ours. All industrious dispute might cease. A war be averted, much, possibly, might occur."

He paused again. Eyes bright with truth met his. There were slight movements, but there was a solemn stillness. Then when he looked down upon them and asked who among those, the Advanced, felt still more advanced than their brother Vedantists as to come forward for this great ordeal.

For a full minute there was silence, then a slight rustle as a woman stepped forward.

By her dress she was a workwoman, by speech and manner she belonged, however, to a higher type. She was about thirty-five, not beautiful, but with the sweetness of motherhood illumining her face.

"Your revelation has given me great peace, President," she said simply, "as some of you know. I have a child, deformed, not lovable, and it has been my grief that I must leave her to those that may treat her harshly, for I know, in a matter-of-fact tone, 'that working hard as I do there must come a break-down.' But now I know that I may *come back*!" she smiled, "all is changed. I have no great ideals like many of you—no religious force. My love for my child is my religion, but since mothers have accepted hell itself to save a child, surely it is a mother's love that will enable the first martyr of the other World to take this awful step backward."

"Remember, the spirit-world will draw you then as this world draws the coarsest of mankind now. Do you realize that?"

"I do, but can you realize the power of a mother's love?"
And there was a murmur of approval among the mothers present.

Almost before she had concluded, there was a forward movement among the men, and a very different claimant stepped out. This was a middle-aged, black-bearded man whose vividly bright eyes and strong features suggested the apostle, though not necessarily the apostle of religion. There was something magnetic and intensely forceful in his robust personality, while yet there was a suggestion that but for the strong enthusiasm that dominated him, this man might have found the things of earth too powerful for him—might have yielded entirely to a strain of coarseness within him. But there was no yielding now, as the vibrant voice rang out.

"I ask for this test, not because I am as well fitted for it as others, but because in my case also death is likely soon to occur. Three doctors have sounded me and declare that I shall die suddenly any minute within the next two years.

"I hope some of us," he smiled around, "may chance to be present that they may see for themselves, if it occurs, the Return. For I will do my best to return. I have no special friendships here, no personal love, but I have tried to work for Humanity; I think only of Humanity which suffers and bleeds for the very necessities of life—surely I will return," he said, "surely I cannot help returning."

The President bowed gravely. "We accept you, Brother Lismore."

There was a longer silence now, as if the offer of this social reformer gave occasion for thought. Eyes were bent downward, and it was a full half minute before some perceived that another claimant had come forward.

Yet for awhile he stood silent, as if afraid to speak. He was a small man, clad in black, with the gentle face, round, not haggard, that goes with the spiritual type far oftener than the haggardness and thinness which is usually associated with the ascetic. He tried to speak several times, and at last brought the words out.

"I have no expectation of a sudden death, so it may be long before I am put to the test; but I should like to be of those preparing for the ordeal. I was and am a priest of a great faith! Feeling as I do for the spiritual sufferings of the world, will I not return to prove to them the existence of that immortality which they doubt? Strengthened by spiritual exercises while in the body, surely my soul will prove heroic enough—"

"Remember," said the President gently, "your very spirituality will make this Return hard for you."

"Yes," he sighed and smiled, "it will seem strange to realize that the angels and saints guiding me to bliss are really temptations—that if I consent to enter Heaven I miss the greater Heaven of the Supreme Oblation. But surely Religion will aid me! Surely it will be given to a priest to do this thing," and then his voice sinking to a murmur he stepped back.

There were some half a dozen others that came forward to prepare for the ordeal, but interest concentrated on these three; partly because of two of them the proof might soon be given, and because the third had the interest of priesthood and a profound humility. Weeks then months passed, however, and there was nothing. The three came to the meetings and were known of course by their names, then wills by other means for the great test, but nothing happened. Then of a sudden the moment came. The mother wrote a little letter, he was dying, she could not live beyond the day. Would the President come? He appeared, he found the priest there, Brother Eismont, the Vedanta doctor and many women. The woman herself was at her last gasp but he remembered. Her hand stayed to the misshapen hold beside her, she looked at the little circle. "I am returning, I am returning," she said. Her head fell back; the eyes stared, the jaw slightly relaxed.

They waited.

The wind blew the curtain so that it shadow seemed to make a movement on the face but there was no movement. The child roused to intelligence flung itself on the dead breast, yet still there was silence. The sweet, faint smile never altered. All day some of them waited, and on the following, till what was left was hidden from sight. At the next meeting certain of the Vedanta women were absent! They would never come again; they did not believe in the ordeal! Since she so loving, so unselfish, and so well disciplined for the ordeal had not returned, it was because Return was impossible.

But the faith of the others did not waver. It concentrated itself on these two men, especially on the Social Reformer.

But it was from Father Mallory that the next message came. He was in the accident ward of a hospital, not expected to live. He had been attending a sick person in a slum where

a fire broke out, and in endeavouring to save his helpless companion he had sustained fatal injuries. Three of his Vedanta companions were permitted to be with him as he tossed from side to side. But consciousness was still with him. "I will try. Yes, I remember." He murmured to his saints, not to help him to quit life easily, but to have the will to return to it. "If I must see the glory, show me but a little of it. Make it easy for me to turn my back on it. Help—" His voice grew faint, then ceased. The ward doctor stepped forward and made an examination; dead,—he made reply to a question,—and more tensely than before the Vedantists waited. They had not believed much in the woman; her tie to earth seemed more physical than psychical, but surely religion would show its power; the divine desire to break down the barriers of agnosticism would sway that freed spirit in the other world and send it back for a time to the soiled chains of earth life. The social reformer gazed half anxiously, half enviously, as one who fears the success of a rival, at the serene face.

And then for a moment he was certain the eye-lid quivered, a tremor of life overspread the face, the look of serenity seemed hesitating as if about to vanish. He looked around to see if others had noted this, but saw that he alone had perceived or seemed to perceive the change. When he looked at the dead face again, all was still.

If the freed soul had made one brave attempt to keep its compact, it had shuddered away again before that attempt was consummated.

Sadly the three rejoined four of their comrades outside, and all adjourned to the home of one of them, a young printer, now out of work. It was a poor district; a sour-faced beggar asked alms in vain of scowling passers by; children in doorways cowered from the cold wind, and in the lodging-house itself they heard the raucous-voiced landlady upbraiding some one for inability to pay his rent. The young man led them into the room,—the President, the Vedanta Doctor, "always with me," as the Social Reformer smilingly said, "for someone must verify the death if the Return is also to be proved." With them the others—they were to hold an informal meeting to consider the claims of new applicants for the Test.

One spoke frankly: "I have doubts," he said, "two have failed. The world is not ready yet for this Supreme Achievement.

Let us keep to the old spiritual exercises, meditation, abstinence from luxuries, the care of the sick—"

"Neyer!" cried the Reformer starting up, "keep on. My turn will come. My—" Suddenly his head jerked forward, his arms fell limply on the table before him. He collapsed; there was a stertorous sigh; then silence.

"It has come," said the Doctor solemnly. "Aneurism—it is a wonder he stood out so long. But I will make sure—that this is death."

A wave of expectation went through the room. There was again a hush as he added a few minutes later "There is no doubt that death has supervened."

They waited, still in the careless attitude that had been theirs when the tragedy had occurred, but their faces were rigid, intent, their eyes bent on that still white face now lying back on the couch. Would he return? Would he return or fail them as the others had failed them? Somehow they had hoped much from this man, with his daring, his courage for life, his absolute humanism, and they did not look in vain. As they gazed they saw the eyelid quiver, the lips tremble. It was no vision:the dead man opened his eyes, sat up, arose, and walked to them. "Well," he said, "I have come back."

His voice was toneless; his eyes, as he looked at them, were hard and cold. The old joviality and camaraderie were gone; he gave the impression of a man who finds himself in loathsome surroundings, of which, however, from motives of courtesy he must not show his abhorrence.

They looked at him. He was the same—yet not the same.

"Was it hard?" asked someone. "Hard! I try—not to show it." He breathed rapidly; his cheek grew flushed. "I am in a noisome pit. It is horrible. I see and feel what you cannot see or feel. It is strange you cannot. He moved around; they remembered afterwards that he kept away from three of them who were least advanced among them, suspected indeed of the grossness of the outside world. "How long have I been back?" he asked at last. There was distress in his face like that of a drunk who feels his breath going. "Three minutes," said the Doctor consulting his watch.

"Only three—only three!"

"You are doing good already," said the President. "Do you feel no difference brethren?"

In spite of their compassion for Brother Lismore, they were conscious of a wave of exaltation and sublime happiness, each in his own soul. The President stood by the window, he pointed to the scene outside. Several persons stood near the beggar-man who smiled as a purse was opened, a woman had come out of a frouzy baker's shop and was feeding the children. At the same moment a carriage with two ladies in it drove slowly along the street. The President with a word or two left the room. In a few minutes he returned. "It is as I thought" he said, elated, "a few minutes ago they were urging their coachman to get through this dreadful part of the town. Then it came upon 'em that they must help someone at once: they told me laughin' they can't understand it themselves. It will spread, it will spread, even greater things will happen. Take courage, brother."

But the man's face was an agony.

"You will get used to it, this earth life."

"Used to it!" He laughed harshly while they gazed at him in awe, the terror of earth was upon him even as the terror of the other world afflicts those who live entirely in this. The pressure of the whole material plane upon him was a misery. Yet he held to his humanitarianism still.

"I'll manage, I'll go through with it. Sound me, Doctor, and see how long I have to live."

The Doctor had his instrument with him. He was a Vedantist, but he was a scientist too, and there was a new look of faith on his face as he cried, "It is true, true! The aneurism's gone. He may live forty years."

"Forty years!" cried the man who had returned, "forty years of this!" The dread that he had suppressed flamed out in his face, "All that time! I must live all that time in this pit!" His frame shuddered, his arms flew outward, he fell forward.

The Doctor knelt beside him, but the President turned to the window. The ladies were hastily returning to their carriage; he saw one of them knock aside the dirty hand of one of the children; the other mites cowered again in the doorway; the beggar, sour-faced as before, held out a hopeless hand to the passers-by. From within the lodging house was heard the raucous voice of the landlady.

The resident knew the Doctor's verdict before he said:
"Dead!"

"It was the shock of hearing that his heart was sound
broke his heart."

"He died through fearing that he would not die
another. The others gazed at the still form, while a coldness
sadness stole over their hearts that had beat with the
spiritual happiness.

"At least eternity is proved," said one, "and you
that his heart had become sound. The world would say—"

"A mistake in diagnosis," the Doctor shrugged his shoulders.
But the influence he was having—those changed faces
own happiness—"

"Fancy—pure imagination!"

"He may—come back again." The thought was in
minds, as they gazed at the still form.

But this time the soul of Brother Lismore did not return.

C. M. McADA

New Zealand.

PERSONALITY

POSSIBLY there is no subject on which the East and the West are more widely divided than in their views on the nature of Personality. Not only do their views on the *nature* of Personality differ radically, but also their views as to its importance. On the one hand the emphasis laid on it is very great, on the other there is practically no emphasis at all, it is regarded as a negligible quantity. The statement applies not only to the personality of God, but likewise to the personality of man.

The higher the range of philosophy in India the more is the very idea of personality eliminated from the conception of the being of God, and the endeavour made to carry man beyond what is considered as its narrowing tendency.

In the West there have been wide diversities as to the essential elements of personality. Under the pressure of Hegelianism (and possibly, in some measure, through contact with the East), there is, in many quarters, a marked disposition to seek light on the nature of personality by a study of the *relationships* which exist between man and man, and between man and God, rather than by a study of individuality, which was not uncommonly identified with personality. It is now felt by very many that personality is not mainly constituted by the walls which separate each man's being from every other man's being, nor by that supposed barrier which separates man in all the breadth of his nature from the being of God, rather is there, through personality, a nexus which is the result of and a basis for, a vital fellowship with God, and with humanity as a whole. According to this broader conception of personality the distinction between the East and the West becomes largely the distinction between identity and relationship.

What is it that really constitutes a man's personality? There is clearly something of the nature of egoism in it. It means from the standpoint of each man something which distinguishes him from the non-ego; and from the standpoint of others that which is recognised in him as an ego other than themselves. But this by no means exhausts the discriminative process. A discrimination is also posited in the non-ego. It is felt that in the wide reaches of the province of the non-ego while there is very much that is not of the nature of ego at all, there is also a vast tract to which the nature of ego rightly attaches itself. The subject recognises within itself both subject and object, and in that which is not itself not only object but also subject. It is felt that, in many respects, there is a more intimate relationship existing between the ego of the subject, and that in the non-ego outside itself which is of the nature of ego, than the relationship which may be regarded as existing between what may be called the ego of the subject and that in the subject itself which is of the nature of object. The range of personality has been extended beyond the ego of the subject, and there is borne in the conviction that in all other egos there is something which is not individual egoism, peculiar to each individual ego, but an egoism possessing a character and nature, which, if not fully constituting identity between all egos, yet involves a peculiarly intimate relationship, and suggests something of the nature of an underlying basis of identity, at some point or other.

It is fully allowed that all this is very vague, but we are on difficult ground where vagueness is both wise and necessary.

In the West the widely prevalent effort to reach unity in diversity is not confined to the realm of the physical but stretches out towards the domain of the metaphysical. There is no more hopeful sign of the times than the strongly manifested desire to find a basis of unity in so many spheres of life. While actual separations are only too tragically evident there is a deeply felt weariness with the present state of affairs and a yearning to bridge over the great chasms which divide society and to reach union. Not, perhaps the union which approximates to identity, but the union of which harmony is a characteristic feature, a union in which there shall be found a measure of identity, but place also for well nigh infinite variety.

Here, again, we see a different standpoint in the East and in

the West. The East has striven for identity, represented by a very thorough-going Monism. In the West men only *talk* of Monism, and if they use the name and tinker at the production of a theory of identity they are by no means anxious to become possessors of the article itself.

It is getting more widely recognised in the West that strength of personality does not necessarily involve the greatest intensity of individuality, but may, and should, emphasize the close relationship which exists with all in whom also personality is present. Personality has, in the past, been too often indiscriminated from individuality. Probably in the minds of most, this element of individuality enters very largely into the concept of personality. By many those are regarded as possessing the greatest measure of personality who have the most marked individuality. It may be long before any clear conception of personality is thoroughly formulated, but the feeling grows that that element which makes for a genuine unity suggestive of identity is not less important, but far more so, in any attempt to understand personality, than those elements which involve separateness. The "solidarity of humanity" is not a catch phrase but a reality, partly recognized theoretically, operative in experience far more effectually than we often note, and pregnant also with large issues for the future. On the reality of its existence and the acceptance of its implications rest, in large measure, the possibility of improved social relationship in any given country and the realization of the brotherhood of man.

It may be that many will be prepared to modify their views with reference to the personality of man who will not be ready to revise their position as to the personality of God. Yet, are there not grounds for the writer's belief that there is a distinct tendency among many Indian Vedantists to favourably consider the adoption of a conception of God in which something of the nature of personality can find a place? In the West there are indications that many thinkers are disposed to so broaden their views of the personality of God as to make that personality a far "bigger" thing than it was in some of the earlier theology. One need not be afraid of the "non-natural magnified man" dab of mud which has been so often pelted at Christian theology. Perhaps the word "non-natural" is only too true sometimes, for there have prevailed in certain quarters, from time to time,

crude conceptions of God which we should be sorry to see revived. But the "magnified man" part of the phrase need not move us to anger. "Bigness" is of various kinds. Saul, the son of Kish "was from his shoulders and upward higher than any of the people," but Saul of Tarsus was a "bigger" man than Saul the son of Kish. "God is great." As for the "man"—well, in thinking of that which is highest and noblest and best it is difficult to find language and to reach thoughts of God which have not been begotten in our experiences of that which belongs to the realm of humanity. That God should be conceived of as a man,—not merely an average man, but the very highest among men whom we have known,—is certainly quite unsatisfactory, but how can we formulate thoughts of God, or give expression to those thoughts in language, in terms which have nothing in common with that which is human? If humanity fails as a basis for our thoughts of the divine, where can such a basis be found? The inevitable answer is,—"Nowhere." Moreover, in the "Absolute" which some would have us substitute for God, there is no "contents." In the place of any attempted definition we have to try and content ourselves with "neti, neti," and a string of negatives is arrayed as an apology for the absence of any positive attributes of God.

Many have shrunk from speaking of God as personal because they thought it would belittle Him. On such grounds the personal pronoun "Him" has been given up by some, and for it substituted the title "It." To some of us who are very simple-minded this substitution of "It" for "Him" fails to enhance the dignity of God. As a matter of fact we have no higher category than that of personality, and simply to say that God must be placed in a category by Himself, a category which is beyond the range of all that is known or knowable, can hardly conduce to our progress in the knowledge of the Most High.

It is surely not unreasonable to conclude that as human personality may be inclusive as well as exclusive, uniting us with others, while at the same time falling short of an identity with them which should exclude difference; so personality may take a still higher range and stand for something in common between God and man, while by no means indicating an identity which makes the term, *divine* personality merely another way of expressing *human* personality.

The significance of Jesus Christ, who is spoken of as human and divine, is very wide. One very important contribution of Christology is the light which it may throw upon this relationship of human and divine personality. If, on the one hand, it be urged that Christ's human personality was unique, it is no less true that one of the most striking features of that uniqueness is the fact that Christ was essentially "The Son of Man," having a personality which reached beyond Himself and united Him with men of all ages and of every race. "Christ in us" and "We in Christ" are not mystical utterances devoid of meaning, but are indicative of an endeavour to express a truth which may, it is true, defy full definition or explanation, but stands for a great reality. Likewise we may say that though the Incarnation involves a "Kenosis," "an emptying out," which leaves wide reaches of the personality of God unexpressed, yet in it the divine personality is manifested, and that in a way which breaks down the absolute exclusiveness of the divine personality, and shews that there is something in common between the human and divine, between God and man.

The significance of Jesus Christ is very wide, it is far from exhausted as yet. He may be found to throw a fuller light on the doctrine of personality than has yet been reached either in the West or in the East.

EDWIN GREAVES.

Calcutta.

A FEW SKETCHES BY THE WANDERING MUSE.

1 — THE CHILD AND HIS BIRTHDAY

THE year returns its merry round to breathe again the fragrance of his crystal face that mirrors forth his hopes and thoughts. They sleep within awaiting the gentle call of his parents kind. The child reflects the history of the race, and every step and sound contains a page. Filial love needs the hand of science that bids us learn the child's each move and sign. We sing merrily on this occasion and singing mark his hisping words, consoling thoughts expressed in halves and surds. We sing and glean the joy that fills his mind and heaves his heart with raptures all his own. We bless the child to sail on the river of time and anon a feast of budding flowers on its waves dost thou find and fruits of every kind strewn on its mossy banks.

2 — THE RELIGION OF MYSTERY

Thou art indeed a doctor that drugs the soul with pills of mystery superfine. Blasts of feverish air from the Astral poles and Monads fire heat the helpless brain. A siren, in truth, are you that promises to balm the anxious minds with the spirit of Karma and universal peace and thus you slowly lull discontent to sleep that otherwise would rise and fall on the crests of strife and struggle and scheme for ever to find a self-made joy. Oh mystery! Thou shalt walk in the rear of science and sure are those in all thy dreams where science is also sure, and you shall not cast your grim shadows before the earnest scholar and the statesman wise who pore over nature's lore and glean the light of truth by aid of the telescope and the test-tube.

3.—THE OOTACAMUND HILLS.

That man is only man and not the "superman" no where so tall as on the tops of the blue hills of the Nilgiris. You look here and a splendour great greets the hedge-rose; the other side on the Snowdon peak the Governor has his abode. If I were a bird I would round and round about until I were lost in its mazes, and roll on lawns green and beds of down. The mere sight of your pine trees

and scented *eucalyptus* fills me with power sweet and I spurn to air the fog born of the cruel sun. Each step on high opens out a world of beauty and you discern a life-like movement in the yonder hills and their green clothed tops

4.--THE RIVER

Are you a goddess fair in bridal gait with nature and beauty on the sides as thy bridesmaids? You linger long amidst snow-crowned hills who feast you in caves and bowers green. There, the birds in lovely tunes invite your graceful flow. The mute and the penitent feel a thrill of wondrous pleasure. On the mountain heads a crown of icy white the woven clouds do weave. Marching thence in ethereal flights the silken bands of clouds find you again in cultured climes shedding art, beauty and gold to those that welcome your march.

5 MOONLIGHT.

It is the third silver moon that from the clouds a pendant hangs in sombre hells, amid the palms. They stand wrapped in silent thought, and bow their crests to gentle winds that in yarns of silk bind my soul on this side of the dale. All around is asleep, only from yonder road the driver tunes his love and the moaning winds make a mingled music and hit my spirits to sphere of sweet oblivion.

Doth it not look strange that I should muse this way on the charm of the dale and the moon, when hearts of throngs that toil with fear are filled and doubts and pains of Being desire an eternal swoon? Is it not a breath of madness still to muse this way, when anxious fame feels a feverish dismay and quick beatings of the heart, when nations stand confused between the few that lead and the many that smart?

No, there is a beauty in the life of the unit man or the races of men, and pain and pleasure blend in colours that charm. The bard sings the song of life and peace and hence stills the anguish that swarms the palace dome and the savage wigwam. From his magic voice he wafts a spirit of harmony in life's vast desert. Sing then O bard, the art and beauty that each wave of evolution pours at our feet.

6 THE MIND.

*

Like the silver dust in sunbeam's light, eluding the grasp of playful delight, and like the butterfly in spectrum hues fooling the wary steps of the wily chaser, you play, mind, the truant boy. Like million flies at bright light dart, so thy creation forms start and wake my soul. Thy power is so great that our sole doubt is, "is thy house a mere hive of million cells?" Thy winged fancy spreads to me a net of silken hopes, and through its holes flings many a sure hook that firmly makes me thy victim.

7.—SUNSET.

A touch of burnished gold I glean on yonder trees and clouds. Whose might it be, to be told? Methinks, the sailing clouds do pause and love their blazing shrouds. Mighty racer over endless skies! What canopy do you weave, and paint it with wondrous dye. To stir aside or wink we grieve. May I rise on wings, sail to ethereal climes and build palatial domes, and gild them with crimson foams, woven gold and silver blinds.

8. A FORGOTTEN SISTER

Four summers have come and gone since we espied thy farewell look, which like the blue of flickering light with stifled sorrow vied; and like the retreating moon bedimmed with the dews of dawn, gave just a parting glance. Envy in thee a mute reproof doth find and base revenge a hardened front. Thou art a tender plant misplaced, by hands that repent. Brothers' love is flouted with grief and parents' hearts wear out with pangs as blossoms blown by gusts of icy winds.

9.—THE FLUTE.

Play on thy lightest toes, oh muse, thy dance, and trip on the speaking stops thy skillful pranks. Woo thy airy mate caged in the magic reed by soft and gentle kiss. Oh flute, beloved of our Lord Krishna, speak out the thoughts thy tiny form doth hold. Is it joy or harmony divine?

10. - THE POET.

Fly not from the mob untaught and say I sing of wisdom high that is strange to them. Soar not in regions high and spirit airs and harp on the fancy's dreams of the hill and the dale. Pack not thyself in haunts reclusé and pride that secret pleasures you alone do find. Sing not the world is misery unmixt and gall not the heart that feign would warm in worlds of mirth. Attune yourself, oh bard, to discern the charms that lie in every work and sport and walk of life. Let your task be to still by song the pain that lies behind the lives of throngs.

11.—A NEW ADDITION TO THE MEN-OF-WAR.

Thy name is "Thunderer," oh armoured giant. Thou shalt not steam anger on sister states; pity the wanderer of path forgotten, and shield the struggling in virtue begotten. Thy name is Pallor indeed to blind envy; and Avarice calls thee a monster fiend, bidden by thy masters, to presage unthought-of fall to all the nations great and small. Drink deep the calm of the mighty deep and let the East's rippling wave of gentle spirit sweep. Goodbye! Latest "Dreadought."

march forth and bring good tidings that nations by God ordained fulfil
their task in peace.

PARTHASARATHY AIYENGAR

Madras.

WAI-GURU.

The Dawn in Him reposes,
His Look is a Rain of Roses,
The Maker of the Stars,
The God of Christ and Moses.

The Mountain, Moon and Night,
His Look is a Rain of Light,
The Planets all of Heaven
Are kindled by His Sight.

PURAN SINGH.

ENGLISH CLASSICS

(Continued from our last Number)

CHAPTER IX

THE VOICES OF THE DAWN

Surrey, Wyatt Langland Chaucer More Malory,
Mandeville

IMPORTANT as was the organisation of English literature by the precepts of Sidney the practice of Spenser, and the sudden diffusion of the translated Bibles there was no violent departure such as took place on the other side of the channel, more than once, about the same time. With the French, alike in letters and in politics, there has often been remarked an impatience of old customs coupled with a readiness to follow new leaders to the very end of their conclusions, the *Pléiade* against Marot, Ronsard against the *Pléiade* Malherbe when he cries—"cancel all Ronsard", to burn as they themselves say—all that they were wont to adore. According to the witty word of Lowell, they too frequently spell evolution with an R.

The English, on the other hand, with a less nimble intelligence, have been content to let the present grow out of the past, and to call for no more change, from time to time, than what is needed to meet external alterations. Sidney and Spenser did no more than this. they adapted prose and verse to new needs arising out of a new condition of society, and in so doing they made use of materials, and even of methods, already to their hands. George Gascoigne, born in the same year as Sackville, died just before Sidney began to formulate his criticism; and it might be difficult to say in which period his work naturally falls, were it necessary for us to do so. Since, however, Gascoigne's work is too slight and formless to be considered classical, we need

not concern ourselves with him farther than to note him as an intelligent experimenter in *metre* ; above all as the first English writer of original blank verse, afterwards so highly developed by Marlowe and Shakspeare. His lines, indeed, leave much to be desired in point of musical effect and skilful variety ; but he is lucid and bold, and bears towards Milton the same sort of relation that the painters of his age bear to Rembrens or Vandyke.

Naïf, natural, sincere, but deficient in constructive skill ; such is the verdict that seems just in such cases of experimental boldness ; few indeed of such artists produce works that please posterity ; yet who knows what gifts and efforts must have been needed to make them what they were ? And here we find one or two precious artists who redeem the crudeness of such primitive attempts. Thus in the year 1557 appeared a little collection of poems which showed a high level of taste, both among writers and readers ; it was entitled : *Tottell's Miscellany* ; and it contained poems by two young patricians who may be regarded as in some sort forerunners of Sidney.*

The first of these was the luckless Henry Howard, better known by his courtesy title of " Earl of Surrey." The date and place of his birth are unknown, as indeed is also the case with most of the events of his life. He is, however, known to have made many enemies ; among them his own mother, and likewise his sister, the widow of his friend, the Duke of Richmond, illegitimate son to King Henry VIII. ; he had also the ill-fortune or imprudence to offend the Seymours, the rising family of the new nobility. The capricious monarch was easily persuaded to include Surrey in the suspicion with which he regarded the Duke of Norfolk, Surrey's father. Believing that these noblemen were intending to give trouble after his death when the succession to the crown was sure to be contested -- Henry determined to get rid of them both. Surrey was charged with treason, brought to trial as a commener, and put to death, on the verdict of a jury, in January 1547, leaving the poems afterwards collected by his friends and published, along with others, in the volumes above mentioned ; and also leaving some further work, including translations of parts of Virgil's *Aeneid* in good blank verse.

* This book was reprinted in 1870 : Surrey's works have been also twice republished in modern times.

Surrey seems to have been an ill-conducted and unamiable young man, whose misfortunes have perhaps procured him more than his due share of the sympathy of posterity. Not only was he unable to conciliate his mother and sister, he was apparently an unfaithful husband; his love-poetry being addressed to a lady other than his wife. But it is of delicate and often musical character; and he deserves—in the words of an excellent critic—"the praise not only of being the first who introduced the Sonnet into our language, but of having made that difficult form of composition the obedient interpreter of a poet's feelings." His quatrains on the death of his friend and brother-poet Wyatt breathe a higher spirit still.

The writer thus commemorated, Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-42), was associated with Surrey in Tottell's collection and in other respects also. He was a Kentish Knight, somewhat older than his friend. Surrey in his memorial verses celebrates the beauty of his friend's person and the active wisdom of his mind; and it would seem likely that Wyatt was in truth as superior a man to Surrey as he was evidently an inferior writer. Wyatt was much employed in diplomacy, and died suddenly on a journey. If he had lived longer he might have kept his noble friend from ruin. The critic already cited is one whose accuracy and taste make him an indisputable authority, and he places Wyatt high amongst English authors, as one of the "Dioscuri of our Dawn."

"To Wyatt and Surrey," writes Mr. Collins, "our debt is great. They introduced and naturalised the Sonnet.....in Wyatt we have our first classical satirist; of our lyric poetry he is one of the founders.....They gave the death-blow to that rudeness, that prolixity, that diffuseness, that pedantry, which had deformed.....the poetry of medievalism.....they fixed the permanent standard of our versification."

Wyatt did not use blank verse, like Surrey and Gascoigne; nor was he nearly so expert in other metres or such a master of expression. But he wrote some lyrical poetry of much sincerity and charm, of which specimens may be seen in Mr. Ward's collection, as also in Campbell's *British Poets*, and other chrestomathies. Campbell—who spells the name "Wyat,"—is of opinion that

the poet had a secret passion for Anne Boleyn, afterwards Queen-Consort and mother of the future Queen Elizabeth : and some of his love-verses indicative of an unhappy attachment would fit into this theory. The poet, however, lived and served his King and country several years after the decapitation of that ill-fated lady. The little ode "And wilt thou leave me thus"—is very graceful and pathetic, though Mr. Ward was not able to find room for it in his collection. The Satires are in five-foot measure, with rhyme deftly interwoven.

The greatest prose-work of the later Dawn—perhaps we might call it Day-break,—is the Anglican *Book of Common Prayer*, put together by Cranmer on the foundation of the old breviaries and missals with a Psalter, as already stated, which Coverdale's Bible supplied. As the ritual of a denomination which, while claiming to be the national Church, has never been universal, or "Catholic," among the whole English-speaking race, the *Prayer Book* has been far less influential on the language than the *Authorised Version of the Bible*. It was always rejected by the Scots, and scarcely less by those representatives of the Lollards who are themselves still largely represented by the Dissenters in England. Still, many Nonconformists have used prayers extracted from the book, which is also in extensive use, with certain modifications, in the United States and British colonies, as also in the Protestant Church of Ireland and in the small Episcopal community of North Britain. The peculiarity of the *Prayer Book* is that, while making use of the Latinised locutions that were being brought into use by the scholarship of the Renaissance, and especially by translations from the *Latin Vulgate*,* it usually accompanies such words by an Anglo-Saxon equivalent. *E.g.*, "acknowledge and confess," "dissemble nor cloke (cloak)," "goodness and mercy," "assemble and meet together," "requisite and necessary;" are instances taken out of the very first paragraph.† The date of the *Prayer Book*, which underwent revision on doctrinal grounds, is from 1548 to 1552. About the same time appeared a *System of Logic* by Thomas Wilson, Dean of Durham, who deserves notice

* A version of the Scriptures made by St. Jerome, which gradually supplanted all others; and which, in spite of its adoption by the Romanists, was much used by the earlier translators of the Bible into English.

† It may be said that "necessary" was as much a word of Latin origin as "requisite"; but it was already naturalised and the other was not.

as the earliest English critic. He was the forerunner of a series of purists to whom the language has been indebted for warnings on the subject raised by the Latinising tendency of which the *Prayer Book* gave indication. Wilson was alarmed for the integrity of the tongue used by Englishmen. "these fine English clerks," he wrote, "will say that they speak their mother-tongue if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the King's English.. The unlearned or foolish fastidious that smells but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their day) will so Latin their tongues that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk and think surely, they speak by some revelation."

The passage is not cited as a good sample of the prose of the time to which however it does no discredit, but rather as showing the movement that was going on and how it was viewed by a contemporary scholar. Doubtless such obstinate sarcasm was but the conflict of the bosom and the Atlantic; new needs will have new expressions, but it was well of Dean Wilson, as it is well for us still, to watch over the purity of our literary organ and guard it from unnecessary and unconfidential neologisms.* There is a Saxon pedantry as well as there is a Latin exaggeration, one would neither wish to see Samuel Johnson and Sir John Browne followed blindly, nor yet the English Grammarian who, desiring to introduce the learner to the degrees of comparison, prefers to tell him that "there be three pitches of suchness." Perhaps when inclined to smile at Grammar's double locutions, we may pause to ask how he could have done better to provide for the introduction and naturalisation of the new-comers, to our vocabulary.

Another famous prose-writer was Hugh Latimer, the sturdy yeoman-bishop who died so cheerfully in the flames at Oxford. Latimer's sermons are full of racy English, and extracts from them are still accessible in books of Extracts. His language is simple and less scholarly than that of his metropolitan and fellow-martyr, Archbishop Cranmer. Thus in a passage of twenty-five lines, no more than a dozen Latin words have been counted. Latimer was born in 1490 and the year of his martyrdom was 1555.

* Such, for example, as "lengthy" when we have "long" already. Many writers have of late discarded the word "pecuniary" and use "monetary" in its place, which is a word of quite different significance. "Commence" is too often used when "begin" would serve every purpose.

Roger Ascham (1515-68) and George Cavendish (d. 1562) are scarcely Classics, but may be mentioned as writers of not unskillful prose. More famous is Lord Berners (circ. 1469-1552) whose excellent translation of Froissart's chronicle has been reprinted so lately as 1895.

By far the most important prose-writer, however, of the earlier Tudor time is Sir Thomas More (1478-1535), a man versed in many paths of life and famous in them all. More was originally a page in the household of Archbishop (Cardinal) Morton (1420-1500), who is said to have foretold the boy's future distinction. On attaining man's estate More became an Oxonian and a barrister who, for a brief while, won the favour of the wilful Henry VIII, and was the first layman to hold the Great Seal. More became Lord High Chancellor of England in 1529; and one has to admit with regret that, in the opposition to the breach with Rome, which was then just beginning, he sometimes used his power, as we have seen in the memorable case of Tyndale on the side of persecution. Ere long he had to drink of his own cup; for when the capricious monarch, in defiance of the Pope, determined to proclaim himself Supreme Head of the Church, More utterly refused acquiescence and was beheaded, after a week's trial, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

In the intervals of his busy life More found time to do some very important literary work. Some of it was in Latin, which has gained him a place in Continental history as "Morus." But it is, necessarily, with his English works that we are here particularly concerned; and these chiefly interest us in their historical aspect, the parts devoted to religious controversy having sunk to the deepest depths of Lethe. *The History of Edward V and his brother, and of Richard III* is another matter, and perhaps better worth our attention than any prose-work of the period. Hallam, not given to exaggeration, characterises this book as "the first English prose-work free from vulgarity and pedantry," and such a character from such a man deserves the title "epoch-making."* It was published in 1513; and although, as we shall see Hallam's praise may be a little hasty, it takes a prominent place among the early "histories" as contrasted with mere chronicles.

* The distinguished critic would seem to have forgotten such prose-writers as Malin and Wykiff.

More's great monument is the political romance called *Utopia* often reproduced in modern times; but the fact of his having written in Latin prevents us from regarding it as an English Classic, though it was rendered into our language in the next generation. But More had then been dead many years.

One reason that makes us defer to the entire acceptance of Hallam's sentence is that there was a historical work of the time quite free from both vulgarism and pedantry of which we cannot be sure that it was not written as early as More's, as it certainly had the honour of being consulted and followed by Shakspeare. This was Hall's *Union of the Houses of York and Lancaster*, etc.

Edward Hall was a Londoner of whose life little is known but that he was born before More, and is believed to have died at a great age in 1547. His history was published by Richard Grafton some ten years later; and is the work of a well-educated man, in which acts of state and scenes of pomp are set forth with due dignity. In many parts of Shakspeare's plays Hall's actual words are reproduced. The best edition is that by the late Sir Henry Ellis of the British Museum.⁴ These are the principal writers whom the Renaissance produced in England, if we may judge by our usual criterion of favour with posterity. And, before going any farther back, it will be desirable to give a few facts regarding an epoch which, though it was less influential in England than in some southern lands, did act as a kind of new departure even in our far-off island.

The fifteenth century had been in England a period of ignoble barbarism. Here and there had appeared a man conscious of something better than gross sensuality, political intrigue, battle and murder, but even these men had been influenced by their age for evil, while they wholly failed to influence their age for good. Such was the case with "the good Duke Humphrey" (d. 1457), John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester (d. 1470), the kingmaker Warwick, and Richard of Gloucester, all able but singularly sanguinary and unscrupulous men. Learning, art, and virtue, all languished; with one exception—to be named presently—there were no good writers either in verse or prose; the noblest heads fell on the scaffold; the fields of England were fattened with countless

corpses of her bravest and noblest sons; the dead at Towton alone were computed to number over 28,000, and 85 princes of the blood perished during the period.

In the last battle of the War of the Roses there was a prisoner taken, whose case forms the exception mentioned above; and for that reason merits a glance here, though he may not, strictly speaking, be called a Classic.

Sir John Fortescue (birth and death undated) was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, who became Sergeant-at-Law in 1441 and in the following year was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A staunch adherent of the Red Rose, he was taken to the Continent by Queen Margaret in 1463 and for some time acted as tutor to the ill-starred Prince, her son, in his exile there. In that capacity Fortescue wrote a book, which has been often praised and cited, in which he endeavoured to prepare his royal pupil for the possible future. It was entitled *The Governance of England*; and it undertook to show, by comparison with other European States, the advantages of a limited Monarchy. So high a conception in such an age may well amaze us; and the execution was no less remarkable. The last reprint of this work was at the University Press, Oxford, 1886. Fortescue returned with the Queen in 1471, and was captured on the field of Tewkesbury. He then made his submission to the Yorkist King, and is believed to have lived on in peace till the revival of the Lancastrian cause in 1485, and even a little longer.* He and Cardinal Morton are the two instances of longevity in that terrible century. Fortescue, however, is an exceptional man; generally the English of his time were uncommonly abandoned to crime, and almost without illumination. The light broke at last, and it came from the East. The fall of Constantinople in 1453 had caused a great exodus of Greek scholars, actual Greeks to whom the tongue of Plato was a living language, seeking refuge in Italy and paying for Italian hospitality by priceless gifts. Never in the world's history has been such a mental regeneration as what ensued; at first indeed it took the form of a revolt that was directed equally against light and darkness, an eager scrutiny and criticism of every received opinion and every existing institution. The movement was hardly

* Besides the book mentioned in the text, Fortescue also wrote a Latin treatise on the Laws of England.

domesticated in England until the arrival of the Dutch professor Desiderius Erasmus who landed there, on the invitation of Lord Montjoy, in 1498. Even then his stay was short, nor was it till eight years later that in a second visit he began his friendship with More. Whatever was excessive in the Renaissance movement was by this time beginning to die out, and it was natural to that wise and genial Englishman to entertain none but its better element. More is not only the first of the English Humanists but the most justly famous.*

The Renaissance movement was greatly advanced in England by the use of the printing-press which, until it was supplemented long after by the steam engine, remained the most marvellous addition that civilised man had ever made to his natural advantages and powers. The first great English printer was William Caxton (1422-91), who was not only that but—such was the death of 'copy' in that happy time—was oftentimes also his own author.

Of all the works printed at Caxton's press at Westminster, none have proved so permanently popular as the *Mort d'Arthur* which is frequently reproduced in modern times and has given inspiration to some of our greatest recent poets. Of the author himself there is nothing known beyond the meagre statements in the publisher's preliminary address. From this it seems that Malory was a knight, his Christian name being Thomas, that he got his material from French sources, and that he wrote the romance in 1470.

The first edition appeared in 1485, in the form of a black-letter folio, and it is far from being a mere translation, the French materials being digested into a whole which Sir W. Scott pronounced indisputably the best prose romance the English language can boast of. Mr. Andrew Lang contributed an instructive essay on Malory's prose style in 1891, to which all who desire further information may be confidently referred.

Another press was set up in Fleet Street, London, by Caxton's foreman, De Worde, a Belgian. Here was printed a book of only one degree less interest for us than *Mort d'Arthur*. This was the

* A monograph on Erasmus by the late Prof. Froude was published after the author's death; 1894.

† The word "civilised" has to be used because undoubtedly Man's chief invention was the *fire-drill*, until the introduction of which no civilisation was possible.

famous *Travels of Sir John Mandeville*, actually believed by such an authority as Halliwell-Phillipps to be the work of an English physician and written in 1336; but now generally admitted to be little more than a literary hoax or mystification. The real fact is that the printed English version cannot be traced higher than the year 1499, when it issued from De Worde's press, although the style and spelling would appear to indicate a manuscript originally composed a little earlier than Malory's romance—say about the end of the reign of Henry V. The existence of the Knight of St. Albans and of an English original by him is more than doubtful. Nevertheless, it is made good to the belief of many by the undoubted fact that a tomb once stood in an Abbey at Liège, bearing an epitaph in which he was styled "Dominus Johannes de Mandeville," otherwise called 'ad barbam,' and said to have been a Knight of England and Doctor of Medicine, who died 17th November, A.D. 1371. In the words about the beard has been believed to lie the key to the enigma.

The original work is now generally supposed to have been written in Latin, about the year 1370, and some French copies are said to bear a dedication to King Edward III of England, which is a confirmatory evidence. But in its *printed form* the earliest Latin edition bears date "Lyons, 1480," and the name of the writer appears to have been Jehan de Bourgogne, called "à la barbe." Putting these facts together the bearded Mandeville of the Liège Abbey seems tolerably well accounted for.* But the English version attributed to the apocryphal English Knight and M.D. has so long held the field as the first work of English prose that it seemed desirable that a word about it should be said here. The "Travels" are what Bishop Latimer might have called a mangle-mangle, founded, to some slight extent, upon the actual experience of Jehan with the beard in Palestine, but mostly compiled, without acknowledgment, from the works of Odoric, Carpini and others, and in every respect a gigantic fraud. The style, nevertheless, of De Worde's Mandeville is a good specimen of early English prose, and the book has been often reprinted.†

* See an article on Mandeville in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Vol. 15.) by the late Sir H. Yule and Mr. E. B. Nicholson. Also one by the present writer in the *Westminster Review*, 1896.

† A handsome edition of the "Travels" was republished by Messrs. Constable & Co. of Westminster, at the end of 1895, in which however the above view is not admitted, and only mentioned as an absurdity.

We have now taken a rapid survey of the best English books of the Renaissance, and all that is left to do is to take note of a few—a very few—works produced by those marvellous men who, bursting through all the hindrances of medievalism, anticipated better times with precocious genius. In England, for obvious reasons, the age of the Roses could not but be a barren time. Before Malory and Iortescue there cannot be said to have been any organised prose during the first three quarters of the fifteenth century. Nor was the case of poetry much better. Lydgate (1370-1440) and Occleve (1365-1450?) having no right to be called Classics by the utmost stretch of courtesy. The best work, indeed, of that time came from Scotland in that old form of Northern English which afterwards grew into the well-known dialect of Robert Burns. Among these Scottish writers were some poets of considerable merit whose works are still included in popular collections.

Such were William Dunbar supposed to have been born about the middle of the century. Robert Henryson about a quarter of a century later,* and King James the first of Scotland a Prince full of all the culture of his age and deserving of a happier lot than that which fell to him. Born in 1394, James came into the hands of the English when only eleven years of age and was detained no less than eighteen years during which he became proficient in all knightly accomplishments and in all the known forms of learning. Mr Campbell says that he fought under Henry V in France. The stanzas in which he describes his chamber in the round tower at Windsor and his first sight of the lady whom he eventually made his Queen are familiar to all students of English verse. The passage occurs in a poem called *The King's Quene*, of which an edition appeared in 1884, under the able editorship of Prof Skeat. James married the lady—Joan Beaufort—in 1424, and being permitted to return to Scotland was crowned King of that country in the same year. But he was too good for the place and time, his efforts to establish order offended his nobles and he was murdered at Perth in February 1437. His poems can hardly rank as Classics, yet they merit a passing glance as helping to bridge the gulf between Chaucer and Sackville.

* See an able and acute criticism in Mr. Ward's *English Poets by Mr. W. E. Henley*.

There are only three names left on our list but they are great ones :—

William of Langland, the author of the *Vision of Piers the Ploughman*, was born in Shropshire, 1332, and bred for the clerical profession ; but he never took priest's orders, having married young. He began when about thirty to write a satire on the vices of his contemporaries which gradually grew into the book of which the abridged title is here given, for a full account of which we cannot do better than refer to the article by Prof. Skeat in Mr. Ward's Poets (Vol. I.) Though not a professed Lollard, the author shows a disgust of the clerical abuses prevalent in the 14th century ; the agricultural distress which finally provoked the risings of the reign of Richard II is boldly described and lamented and the whole is held together by the bond that is spiritual rather than literary. Nevertheless, there is evidence that the author must have had a sense of artistic responsibility ; in middle life he went to live in London where he revised and in fact rewrote his poem, and a third revision was made about 1393. The whole of the three texts has been edited by Prof. Skeat (1867-84).

The conception and form of this much-laboured work are alike original, so far as can be now learnt. The subject is as various as life itself : landscape, street, the sorrows of the labourer, the consolations of the Church. There is no rhyme, and the metre is so uncouth as to defy classification. Campbell thought it mainly *anapaestic*, Skeat says it is rather dactylic : the practice throughout is alliterative—which adds to the obscurity of the style. Words of French origin are freely used ; the author is generally abreast of his time, as when he mentions "guns," then quite a novelty in European war. Thus we may fairly cite William as a complete prototype of the English literary man ; nurtured as a scholar, yet full of sympathy for the poor ; seeking his bread in London, yet never forgetting the scenery and incidents of rural life ; original and industrious ; working less for the pleasure of a thoughtless world than for the satisfaction of his own ideals. But such a scheme has necessarily involved inequality and even tediousness ; the *Vision* can scarcely be called a general favourite, although most interesting to earnest students. It has also been an abundant source of inspiration to

successive poets, and its influence has been traced in Lydgate, Gascoigne, Drayton, Spenser and Milton

A yet more intellectual writer of that primitive period has been Geoffrey Chaucer (1320-1400) a name only second to that of Shakspeare on the roll of England's literary glories. The exact date of the poet's birth is unknown, he was the son of a London wine-merchant and bred in the household of the Duke of Clarence whom he accompanied to the war in France, this must have been during the last invasion of France in 1359, when the poet was perhaps a little over twenty years of age. He was taken prisoner by the French but liberated soon after, the King contributing largely to his ransom. He then returned to England, ultimately entering the household of King Edward III. In 1372 he visited Italy on a diplomatic mission and after his return, obtained the Controllershship of the Customs in London, he became a member of the House of Commons for the shire of Kent in 1386 and died in 1400. He appears to have been engaged in literary work during nearly thirty years of this laborious life, producing the *Book of the Duchess* about 1369, while the *Canterbury Tales* are believed to have occupied his latest years. The *Book of the Duchess* is a sort of elegy on the death of Blanche of Castile the first wife of John of Gaunt by whom the poet was patronised. His next most remarkable work was *Troilus and Criseide* afterwards the favorite poem of Sir Philip Sidney. The poet's climax is seen in the *House of Fame*, the *Legend of Good Women* and the best of the *Canterbury Tales*, but the journey to Italy left permanent traces of finished workmanship upon what he did in his later years. Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch all supplied both matter and manner for these poems, and it was reserved to the days of Milton, nearly three centuries later for such direct artistic intercourse with Italy to be renewed by an English author. About 1384, Chaucer, having become personally distinguished and prosperous, undertook the great work of his life, the *Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrimage*. The moment was propitious for a great literary undertaking, the Black Death had ceased its ravages, the peasant's revolt had been suppressed, a conservative reaction held the country quiet, Wycliff had ceased to disturb men's minds by active controversy and was dying in his parsonage. It was fortunate that at such a period of comparative calm Chaucer

should have been in the maturity of his development. As Mr. Gardiner has pointed out, the hour and the man had met in the happiest accord. The *Tales*, indeed, belonged in many instances to an earlier period; but what gives them unity and specially connects them with the time is the famous and inimitable Prologue. The idea, perhaps borrowed from the plan of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, is that a score or so of persons have met at an inn in the Borough in order to ride together to Canterbury to visit and worship at the shrine of Becket, murdered in that Cathedral some two centuries before, and since then canonised as Saint Thomas. All the middle classes of England as then existing are represented; and since the way was long, they agree to beguile the time by relating stories for the common amusement. This machinery may be allowed to be somewhat clumsy and artificial without diminishing our relish for the social and personal descriptions involved and our admiration for the sly humour and genial sympathy displayed in the execution. As in other cases we shall find judiciously selected extracts in *Campbell* and *Ward*; and the criticism which has been prefixed to his extracts by the editor of the last-named collection is highly instructive. It would indeed be almost impossible to over-estimate Mr. Ward's service to students in thus calling general attention to the merits of Chaucer; who was not only the father of modern English literature but the inventor of the modern English language.* For it is absurd to give the name of "English" to earlier works which cannot be understood but by the same amount of attention and research which are required by the readers of a dead language. As to the fault sometimes imputed to Chaucer of the excessive use of French locutions, we have to remark, in the first place, that he does not use them so much as the plebian satirist of *Piers Plowman's Vision*. And, further, that since a sort of French—what the poet himself called "Stratford-at-Bow" French—was the current speech of Parliament and Court, the remarkable thing is the quantity of Gallicisms that Chaucer, a frequenter of both, excluded rather than the quantity which he retained.

Chaucer's action upon his successors has been unique: Lydgate, King James, Dunbar, openly professed themselves his

* A recent criticism has established that it was the influence of Chaucer which caused what is known as the "East Midland" dialect to become the classical form of literary English.

disciples; Spenser calls him the well of English undefiled, Dryden and Wordsworth paraphrased his *Tales*, Tennyson imitates and praises him, as "the morning-star of song"

"Dan Chaucer the first wible whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still

Not to dwell on other signs of vitality Chaucer's *Tales* have been lately included in Mr. Stead's *Penny Poet*.

Adopting Spenser's metaphysical description of Chaucer as suitable to the analogy employed at the commencement of this undertaking one can regard the author of the *Canterbury Tales* as the original fountain of the English language and literature, the ultimate well head in the wilderness of mediæval barbarism. Nevertheless by the side of Chaucer we must place John Wycliffe (about 1325-84) born perhaps fifteen years before the poet—while his death at Lutterworth has been mentioned as exactly contemporaneous with the completion of Chaucer's great work—in which indeed he is sometimes thought to be alluded at. The character most lovingly described in the immortal *Prologue* is the parish priest

'He wot d' after no pomp or reverence
No made himself speccid as none.
The love of Christ and his Apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himself

The first authentic record of this venerable scholar is as master of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1360 when he was probably not less than thirty-six years of age. Befriended by John of Gaunt whose zeal for a translated Bible has been already noted, he became known as an earnest and undaunted preacher, and in 1374 was presented to the rectory of Lutterworth where he continued his reforming labours. Four years later Wycliffe began a series of tracts provoked by the scandal then discrediting the practice and—as he considered the doctrines of the Western Church. What the practice was we can conjecture from the good-humoured sarcasm of Chaucer. Moreover the English Prelates were no longer patriotic and popular men, like Langton and Grossetête, but fine gentlemen belonging to noble families, or in any case sympathising with the landlord class.

Abroad there was animated competition for the headship of Christendom, and the Rector of Lutterworth who had long been losing his owe of a single Pope was not likely to return to a former allegiance when he saw the Holy See contested between Urban VI and Clement VII. He went deep in the study of the Scriptures where he believed that he found a pure system the propagation of which would be the cure of all such disorders and he accordingly commissioned a company of itinerant missionaries to proclaim his opinions. The work was discountenanced by the Parliament, though strongly supported for a time at least by the Duke of Lancaster who was even reported to have spoken strongly on the subject in the course of a debate in the House of Lords. To deprive the people of an English Bible would, said the Prince, "make them the dregs of Europe." All nations but they had the Word of God which is the law of our faith each in their own language.

Wycliffe escaped direct persecution doubtless by reason of the Duke's countenance or protection and died in his parsonage in 1384. We have already seen a few lines of his translation which is very remarkable both as an appeal to Englishmen in their own tongue and as the foundation of the subsequent independence of our national character. So successful were the measures taken by the Government of those days to impede the diffusion of Wycliffe's version, that copies however multiplied soon became rare and costly. In the reign of Henry V, less than half a century after the work had been completed, a manuscript Bible fetched a price fully equivalent to £40 of modern money. Notwithstanding all this, however, it proved eventually that a seed had been sown which retained complete vitality, though it did not germinate for a period of almost two hundred years in the full morning time of the Renaissance.

Premature as Wycliffe's religious movement may seem to have been, he shares with Chaucer the honour of being the founder of our own prose. These are the first of that dynasty nobly spoken of by Byron as "Those dead but sceptred Sovereigns who rule our spirits from their urns."

(To be Concluded)

H. G. KEENE.

England

And Time's old besom clears the way,
And humps us back to roadside clay.
To 'scape unpleasant accident
Into a darksome barn he went,
And there secure from light and harm
Sate cosy in a corner warm,
Intent 'neath night's dark canopy
To fly back to his bany in tree
Old tree with branches bent and bent
Thy many years inhabitant
Thou ne'er again shall look on me
For fate hath other things in store
Hath marked this very bird of all and every,
To point a moral or adorn a story
The barn belonged to a wealthy farmer
Yclept Hukumchand Hukurnamer
And Rama was his servant trusty
Obeyed, and never asked his wasty
The barn lie open at break of day
For fuel, grain, etcetera,
Scarcely passed the threshold where he stood
As petrified, or block of wood
For there within the corner saw he
A pair of eyes glow red, and fiery,
He tumbled backward, and pell-mell
Ran to his master, and did tell,
How a tremendous, unknown monster
Lay sprawling in the barn there,
Lay coiled up in the corner, and
Resembled nought on sea or land,
Had two great rolling orbs of fire,
Which here and there he twisted dire,
And hissed with dismal sound, and hollow,
Would anyone at one gulp swallow
With no more fuss, or ceremony,
Than boa constrictor would a coney.
"Go," said his master, "you're a dolt,
A ninny, nifty, numskull, colt,
Clodhopper, clodpate, jobbernoll,
Calf, mooncalf, buzzard, gowk, clodpoll,

- Lout, loon, lown, looby, lackbrain, oaf,
 Dunderhead, jolterhead, haiwakoof,
 Goose, goose-cap, thickskull, shallow-brain, stock,
 Addlehead, loggerhead, beetlehead, block,
 A nincompoop, and hoddy-doddy,
 This many a year I think I know thee,
 A tiny little mouse, or black ant,
 You'll bravely chase in th' field, I warrant
 But when you see a hen that's dead you'll
 First look round for a mighty cudgel,
 And then begin your operation,
 So tender are you of your skin.
 But I must go myself, and see
 What unknown monster this may be"
 So saying, he marched on before,
 And bravely to the barn-house door,
 And, craning out his neck and chin,
 He stood, and had a peep within,
 But when he with his own eyes saw
 The darksome mass with beak and claw,
 The monster extraordinary,
 The glowing orbs, red, large, and fiery,—
 With two great swinging jumps he shot
 Out of the barn, with terror not
 Less than his servant Rama's, and
 His neighbours, this and on that hand,
 Entreated and implored with tears,
 • To arm with brickbats, hatchets, spears,
 And, with one murderous onslaught, rid the
 Barnhouse of this monster bloody,
 Misshapen, formless, miscreate,
 • Sprung from the devil and his mate,
 Dark, stygian, vile, iniquitous,
 And frightful, awful, villainous,
 Spitting out fire from jaws tremendous,
 Rampant, in act to turn and rend us,
 Dangerous, unknown, furious, fell,
 Which, if it broke loose, who could tell
 What havoc it might perpetrate,
 And all the village devastate.

They all came running helter-skelter
 The village soon was in a welter,
 The temple bell rang out a tocsin,
 To call the people, and all folks in,
 The tom-toms beat, the gosam n n n n
 Blew dismal on his sacred conch,
 The Patel sat down in his chowdy
 Girt in authority, and dhobi
 The Jaghas, Kotwals, Kamdar Mahars,
 Begars, pensioned Jemadars,
 All stood around him, and he gave
 His orders clear, and quick and grave
 To each he gave a kadbi stock,
 With raven feather wedged in fork,
 Which meant that they must run, and still run
 Device which to this day means 'fouman,
 And had the same effect and force,
 As once old Scotland's fiery cross,
 As red slip, used in secretariate,
 Means urgent, quick, or else immediate
 No stop, no stay, away they flew
 To points of compass thirty-two,
 And ordered all to arm, and come
 To where they heard the beat of drum.
 For those were days when all things went
 Simply— as if by accident
 No red tape made, like bonds, or halter,
 Authority to limp, and falter,
 And no one questioned this, or that,
 And each did all from his own bat,
 And life was sweet as sugarcandy,
 No codes, no roads, no Jamabandi,
 No 'for approval,' 'shall,' or 'must,'
 No geometric Bandobast,
 No written laws did vex the forum,
 All was 'in gremio magistrorum.'
 They caught up hatchets, crowbars, shovels,
 Pickaxes, pitchforks, ploughshares, trowels,
 Old matchlocks, flintlocks, blunderbusses,
 Whose kick's more vicious than a mule's is,

Spears, hoes, scythes, sticks, stones, staves, and bamboos
 And all the implements of farm use
 Great swinging litters, and tumbrils,
 And cutters used to chop up trees
 And swords, and darts, that had been
 Unused since days of Jubileum
 The Mamlatdar from near Libman town
 Hearing the post-horn himself came down
 And with him came the Burkundazi
 His belted men, and even the Kazi
 They marched in phalanx formidable
 Resolved to slay or maim or drive
 Before the bun they took their station
 And halted for a consultation
 There was Rami, Pundit, Sitaramin
 Ganpati, Madho, Laxmin, Jumsing,
 Bahamsing, Lokmin, Goma, Soma,
 Triloknath, Ramnath, Rundath, Doma
 And Vasudev, and Venkatesum
 And Katchekaleyan, Kristomun
 And Muttappa, and Ghellappa
 And Sidappa, and Yellappa,
 Gavadappa, Gummallappa,
 Gurupithappa, Narsingappa
 Srasappa, Kuruvetappa,
 Penatambi, Sidlingappa
 Venkata, Anangamanjun,
 Arumajam, Varadachari,
 Kaliyanarayangiroo,
 And old Srirargacharlavaru
 Piloo, Tiloo, Prattipatti,
 Lingoo, Jingoo, Chuckerbutty,
 And Venkatanarasayya,
 And Venkatanarasammah,
 Purshotam, Venkatarangyan,
 Nirodam, Venkatasubbarayan,
 Balwant, Jaiwant, Sabbapatti,
 Daywant, Bykant, Vedapmatti,—
 And many more, to fame unknown,
 Names worthy to be graved in stone.

As' twas no play, but real fight here,
The barn they set to reconnoitre ;
And every side was placed a guard on,
A strong impenetrable cordon.
And now from out the ranks there stepped
A valiant man with arms equipped,
He stepped in bravely, bolt-upright,
But ran out breathless with afright,
And speechless, he no word could utter.
So horrid was the sight he saw there.
A second girt him for the contest,
But likewise came off scared, and non-plussed.
Scarce better fared the next who came--
Just peeped in, and gave up the game.
Now everything was at a stand,
They looked on this, and th' other hand,
For it was sure some dreadful monster,
That turned their lives into water.
At last there came a mighty man,
And swore upon the great Koran,
He'd shave his beard, leave hair unkempt,
Or perish in the dire attempt.
For he in many a war had fought,
Could show the cuts, and scars he'd got,
Had stood the shock of spears, and swords,
In skirmish with Pindari hordes,
Hed fought in battles, near and far,
Against the horsemen of Berar.
His turban round his chin he wound,
And tighter drew his kummerband ;
He screwed his eyes up, and his face,
And courage to the sticking place,
And, armed with dagger, armed with talwar,
Marched stiff and straight, within the barn-door.
Meantime the owl had left his corner,
Flew here and there, then sat upon a
Cross-beam, and from that high station
Looked down, as safe from molestation.
A bamboo ladder soon was set up,
On which the valiant man did get up.

All praised his pluck, all grieved to see
Him place his life in jeopardy.
He climbed up bravely, rung by rung ;
The crazy ladder creaked, and swung ;
The poor owl's heart went pit-a-pat ;
He crouched down on the cross-beam flat,
With noise and tumult desperate grown,
Flapped frantic, and looked horrid down,
And turned his eyeballs dismal round,
And snapped his beak with vicious sound,
Swelled out his neck, and curved his wings --
His feathered head piece rose in rings
And hissed, and hooted in a tone
Would terrorise a heart of stone.
"Strike home" -- "Strike home" -- they cried with on
Voice -- "Strike home" -- "and the thing is done."
The other breathless, and agape,
Stood trembling there from toe to nape.
"If you were standing up here," said he,
"You would not," 'strike home,' cry so glibly.
He took one step, and then another,
And then began to quake, and shudder :
Not Demogorgon, not Medusa
Such horror struck in those who saw her ;
His head swam round, his legs did shiver
Sharp twinges shot through heart and liver,
A mist before his eyes did gather,
And speechless he came down the ladder.
"It's all up with us now," they said,
And knew not where to turn for aid,
"The horrid monster, fell, and bloody,
Who dare now tackle it? -- Nobody --
Has only with its poisonous breath
Wounded our strongest man to death ;
'Tis folly, in such circumstance,
To stake more lives upon a chance."
The Patel was in thoughtful mood ;
His satellites around him stood.
He now called a council of war, he
Now sent away for pan supari,

Tobacco, and some dozen chillem,
And ordered all to sit, and fill'em.—
As Frederick phantasied on flute,
Fore doing things of great repute,
As great Napoleon, on a camp chair,
Just after Wagram's bloody affair,
Sat tired down, and had a nap, and
Slept soundly, as if nothing happened,
Or at camp table in the field,
At a council of war that he held,
Slept soundly after bloody Eylau.
As if on featherbed and pillow,
His generals, with three-cornered hats on,
Stood round in silent admiration,
And whispers passed amidst their number,
As loth to wake him from his slumber;
For he had, without fiddle-taddle,
Been eighteen hours in the saddle,
And, flogging, as his wont, both arms
Snatched respite brief from war's alarms—
The Patel sat—in deep unrest—
His arms placed cross-wise on his breast.
Long pondered they the matter o'er,
Long smoked they chillems by the score,
Long did they chew, and chew the cud,
Long did they chew the beetle-nut.
At length the Patel, rose and said,
“ I've got a thought within my head ;
The matter now in such a mess is,
What will come o' 't beyond all guess is ;
There's only one way out of it,
And that one way is sure to hit ;
We'll stop the door, and all the vents,
And fire the barn with its contents,
And thus, with no more fuss and bother,
Be rid o' th' monster altogether.
But every man must first make good
The price of barn, and grain, and wood,
By contribution fair, and straight,
In light of income and estate.

THE OWL, OR A MOVING ACCIDENT

Quick, let us all now liberal fork out,
By opening each of us his purse out."
They all assented to this speech,
They all admired his wisdom's reach.
No sooner was it said, than done ,
The warriors rose up, one by one ,
Four torches they applied upon
The four sides of the dreadful barn ,
And then withdrew to safer distance,
To wait results, and save all mischance
With smoke, and flame, and smashes, crashes,
The barn was soon reduced to ashes,
And in 't—thou most unhappy towl—
Perished this sad mischanceful owl
And who this story does not credit,
Let him go there himself, and hear it.

B. G. STEINHOFI

Nagpuri.

A CAUSERIE ON BROWNING

WITH many readers, even now the name of Robert Browning is a by-word for obscurity and unintelligibility, and having got this impression of him from others they are deterred from the study of his works. He is no doubt more difficult than many other poets, and requires very careful reading to be understood. Moreover a considerable acquaintance with literature is necessary to be in a position to follow all his allusions, for he draws upon the whole world of knowledge. Browning despises nothing so much as mere prettiness; his poems are often uncouth, but in all of them there is deep thought. He dives into the depths of human nature and makes us see common occurrences in new lights. He is a supreme psychologist. He has an almost unique faculty of putting a case from every possible point of view; and there is no doubt he would have made a first-rate lawyer. If in a law suit both parties could have engaged Browning as an advocate, he would have been quite capable of doing ample justice to both his clients and of afterwards summing up as judge. This he actually does in his longest work, *The Ring and the Book*, in which he treats of a remarkable murder case, that was actually tried in Rome over two hundred years ago, and in which he gets up briefs for the lawyers on each side, and looks at the case from every possible point of view.

Browning is remarkable for the ease with which he discusses difficult questions in a brilliant conversational, and yet poetical style. In his dramatic monologues we feel that he is writing exactly as the finest gentlemen would talk if they could. Good examples of this may be found in his *Clive* and in his *Bishop Blougram's Apology*.

If it be asked: "What in brief is the chief moral lesson to be learned from Browning?" we may answer that it is this: Live

your life, and fulfil what, in life, you take to be your mission or task. Do what you really think is the thing you have to do, even if, for doing it, the generality of people would condemn you. Do not be a mere critic of other men's actions. Be a man, live a man's life.

Indeed, we may gather from Browning's poems, that if the fulfilment of our life and the accomplishment of our destiny leads us to breaches of the moral law (in any case as conventionally conceived) or even to actual crime, it is better so than that we should frustrate ourselves, or that we should allow ourselves to become mere will-less organisms, drifting at the mercy of external circumstances or ruled by stronger wills than our own. Like Ibsen, Browning protests strongly against halfness. Do everything thoroughly he would tell us, do even crime thoroughly, if be a criminal you must. A criminal may at any rate be a man—which a being without will-power can never be.

Anticipating objections to this view, he says

"Oh, a crime will do

As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue golden through and through

Sufficient to vindicate itself,

And prove its worth at a moment's view

Let a man contend to the uttermost

For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

All Browning's sympathies are with those who act, rather than with those who merely dream. In many of his poems we find the glorification of manly feats and acts of courage, as for instance in *An Incident of the French Camp*, *Pheidippides*, *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, and most of all in *Clive*. This last is a splendid study of the soul of a man, whose one most salient characteristic was undaunted courage. We are made to realise that the fear of death was absolutely unknown to him, and that the only dread he was capable of entertaining was that of the loss of his honour—"Lord Clive's fear unique."

Martin Relp, on the other hand, is a study of cowardice, bringing vividly before us the terrible gnawing feeling which wears away a man's heart when he realises that he has behaved like a coward. He carries

"A worm inside which bores at the brain for food."

How he longs to escape from himself. How he strives to persuade himself that his old self is dead, and that he is now a man of courage.

"Get you behind the man that I am, you man that I used to be."

He welcomes physical pain as a relief from his terrible mental anguish. In *Instans Tyrannus* we have the story of a coward, who is pursued to the death by a tyrant, turning upon his oppressor and terrifying him by an unwonted display of courage. As the poet tells the story, the hunted man

"Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed."

Browning looked forward with confidence to another life in which the mistakes and failures of this life of ours will be rectified. The lesson of eternal hope is enforced upon us in a beautiful poem, entitled *Apparent Failure*. The poet had paid a visit to the Morgue, the dead-house in Paris, where the bodies of those who have drowned themselves in the Seine are laid out for identification. One poor boy, who lay there dead, had perished through overweening ambition. He had broken his heart because he could not be Bonaparte, and, hating the obscurity in which he found himself compelled to pass his life, had thrown himself into the river in despair. Another corpse was that of an old man, a Socialist, who had committed suicide despairing of the accomplishment of his social ideals. The third was a man of the world, who wishing for wealth in order that he might lead a life of sensual indulgence, had gambled recklessly and lost all his money. For him then, as he thought, nothing remained but the river.

Browning's final reflection on all this is that, after all, probably these men had started their lives well, although they came to such a miserable end. The boy had been full of generous ambition, the Socialist had dreamed of social reforms, and even the man of the world had perhaps been a good fellow with just a little too much inclination for pleasure. The circle is not yet complete. What began well and is now so ill may yet again, in the future, be well.

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;
That after Last returns the First"

Though a wide compass round be fetched ,
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst "

But although Browning was optimistic, holding that the errors committed in this earthly life may be remedied in a life to come, he yet considered it a terrible thing for a man to die without having at least striven earnestly to accomplish his life-task. The souls of such he calls "frustrate ghosts" and writes —

"The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the unguilt loim

The poet has much sympathy, however, for the man whose aspirations are too vast for fulfilment the man who takes all eternity into his ken, and who is confident of ultimate success beyond the tomb, even though his life seems to be a failure in this world. In *A Grammarian's Funeral* the two types of men are well contrasted—the one, easily satisfied who aims at something small, clear, and definite which he can reasonably hope to accomplish in the course of his present life, and who dies after comfortably fulfilling his aim, and the other who builds for all time, who never seems to think of death but pursues vast plans and projects, for the execution of which several generations perhaps would be required

'He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
Found or earth's failure

'Wilt thou trust death or not?' He answered 'Yes.'
Hence with life's pale lure'

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it,
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it "

Browning's optimism, exuberant as it was, was absolutely dependent upon his belief in the immortality of the soul. One would have supposed that as human lives go his life was a tolerably happy one, yet he writes —

"I must say—or choke in silence—howsoever came my fate,
Sorrow did and joy did nowise—life well weighed—
preponderate."

Thus Robert Browning had a clear and definite, yet broad and tolerant faith. In this he was distinguished from most other poets of the Victorian age. In Tennyson and in Matthew Arnold, for instance, not to mention others, we find a note of sadness, of doubt and hesitation, as though the foundations of religion were being shaken by the great discoveries of the nineteenth century. But in Browning we discern a faith that never faltered ; a belief in man, in goodness, in love, and in God.

WALTER J. BAYLIS.

England.

THE INDIAN HOUSE.

(Continued from our last number)

III THE WIVES

I

Have you seen a young girl who you would be surprised to hear, is married actually married and about to become a mother? That was the case with Savitri the daughter of a rich landlord, daughter-in-law of a richer landlord. She was a good and a beautiful girl, very kind and unassuming. She had many friends. She had no enemies. She was missed by her friends, especially ever since she went away to her husband's house eight months ago. She had come to her mother's house because she was, as they say, in the family way.

"She is only fourteen years old and—" said one village woman.

"Do not speak like that. May God bless the child and let her safely go through the pains. Young child, she is very delicate," said another.

"She has wealth, both in her husband's house and in her own," said a third, "and what does she care if she had more than twenty children? Let her be a mother to a child every year. She can afford to maintain them all."

"So young—so charming—so exceedingly kind, and simple, a child still, may God bless her!"

II

"That girl is not married—look at her height!"

Sundari was going to school, she heard it, but she passed it by. She had heard them say similar things of her. What does she care? She only felt sorry. It was all "so shameful" for the little thing—she was only thirteen years old—to hear people pity

her, but it was her fate. Her parents were poor. They could not afford to pay one thousand or two thousand rupees for a husband. And so she still remained unmarried. She attended school regularly, had a good English education and was remarkable for her beauty and attainments, yet, she had to hear these taunts. She was not rich, she feared to bathe in the temple tank. The old women always spoke about her. "If they cannot marry their daughter, surely, they can kill her. It is better to kill a girl than keep her without marrying her." That was the inevitable comment. She never went to the temple, but she was always at home or in school. She prayed to God, every day, with great devotion and earnestness, that He may bless her father, her mother and sisters to whom she was passionately attached.

"Savitri is about to be a mother; Sundari is still unmarried. Yet both of them are of the same age."

That was the talk in the village. Savitri had the peculiar blessing of God. Sundari had His curse.

III.

"Is she improving?"

"Has the doctor come?"

"How her own mother-in-law is attached to her? How much her husband is attached to her? Will she not survive?"

The whole village was ablaze. Savitri had been seriously ill during her child-birth. There were some complications. The local midwife gave it up. The doctor had to be sent for from twenty miles away, and they had yoked the best bull and the best carriage to bring him.

Her relatives had all assembled. Her husband was sitting by her, and one of her arms lay limp upon his lap. Her mother stood by, eyes red with tears and heart full of pain. The mother-in-law was genuinely sorry, a thing unheard of, as a rule.

"Is there no God in heaven?" cried she in all her passion. "How much I loved my daughter-in-law. Why did not my own daughter die?"

The doctor came and all rose to receive him. He felt the pulse. Every eye was on turned on him.

The doctor put his instruments into his pocket and took the bag in hand.

"Doctor, will she live?" asked many voices.

"She has been dead these last ten minutes," was the answer. "The child is dead in her womb."

IV.

"It pains me much Sundari, to give you to one who does not know English, who is a priest, who is but a beggar in society. You deserve a prince. Oh, that I ever were born, that my children should suffer thus! Sundari, I am prepared to suffer. I shall not marry you. Study on. Rise high in the estimation of the world. Make a name and you will make a great and a good name—and princes will seek your hand. I shall be a martyr. I shall cease to be a Brahmin. I shall cease to go to the temple tank. I can bear all, but not that my daughter should be sacrificed for the sake of custom and usage. No—no—no—!" and he took his little daughter in his arms and burst into tears. "My child, my darling, the pride, the apple of my eye, and is such a fate to be yours? Not if I live."

"Comfort thyself, father," said Sundari, "you know you are raving. It cannot be. You must give me away in marriage to whomsoever that is willing to have me. Martyr, did you say? You cannot afford to be one. You are a poor man. Your master will give you up. Mother is old and is orthodox. She will not like it. The world is not prepared for it. I should be martyr, not you, and I am prepared. Be he a fool, a mad man, I shall love him and live for him, for hath not God ordained it so? We must yield to fate."

"What is to become of all thy learning, of thy love of books, of thy great fondness for reading?"

"Think not of that. To you, being your daughter, I appear so valuable. There are many girls who are cleverer than I and have been worse than myself. No, father do not look on me—look at my mother, my sister and my brother, look at the world."

V.

"May I enter, Ruk?"

"Oh, by all means Chand."

Chand entered. Chand was the pet name with which the wife called her husband, Ramachandra. The husband called his wife Rukmani, "Ruk." They were an affectionate couple, had both a smattering of education and were advanced "Social Reformers."

as the ordinary people called them, and as they also sometimes believed. They were almost of the same age. They went together in an open carriage—did not the Europeans go thus? When they walked, they walked, hand-in-hand—where is the harm? Cannot love be free and should lovers fear the world? When Chand and Ruk thought that the gaze of the public was too much upon them, they did not mind it at first, but afterwards, it was too much. They both put on the European dress. They both loved each other, and liked thus to go about. Chand took to a little smoking and later on to a little "Whiskey and Soda" by way of "medicine." He cropped his hair, and shaved himself, and was every inch an advanced "Reformer." Where was the harm? He liked it, his wife liked it, and that was enough.

Chand and Ruk often laughed at the world. "Ignorant world! They do not know how to live. Why should they do what their forefathers did?"

Ruk felt sorry for her friends who were all working in the kitchen. She was particularly sorry for Sundari. Sundari was cooking every day. Dear me, Ruk never knew to make a fire or boil an egg. She knew how to read a newspaper, how to drive a horse, how to play tennis. "Cooking is for cooks, not females," she said.

Ruk and Chand had so far advanced in western manners, that they always called each other by name, and asked permission before each entered the other's room, and each kept a separate room. "Is that not what the Europeans do?"

VI.

Pale, dejected, lean, the shadow of herself, the skeleton within her and nothing else, Sundari was often seen at the tank or the temple as much the object of sympathy now, as she was the object of derision for not being married before. It was known that she had often to go on one meal a day. Her mother-in-law was a very cruel woman, who often took delight in persecuting her. Once, while Sundari was reading, she said "Reading and writing, indeed! You senseless fool, get out. Draw a hundred pots of water and pour it all on the plants and trees." Sundari obeyed. Great heart, she submitted to fate. Did she complain to her husband? Did she feel that the priest who begged from door to door, brought the rice given by others, brought the annas paid for

prattling mantras, was not a fit husband for her? No. She loved him, she was all obedience to him and to all who were his relatives. Ever since her mother-in-law abused her she never touched a book. She only prayed long and well whenever she had leisure.

She bore a child. It was born before time, and was still-born. She had another child. It died. She had a third—it also died. Her husband was only as old as she was and both were fifteen. Her husband was sickly. She had only one request now and then to make to her husband.

‘Pray learn the meaning of mantras and repeat them with earnestness. Bless all whom you come in contact with. Do not be guided by the money you get. Do not ask for money at all. Let us starve, but be sincere and a God-fearing priest.’

That was what Sundari requested her husband. But her husband feared his mother, and it pained Sundari very much to hear one day her husband actually refusing to go to do services to a dead man because the money question was not settled.

‘My husband, why do you not go? What a high function is yours, greater than the greatest judges or administrator’s. Why do you degrade it? Go be useful to all. Come and let us live in poverty, in simplicity, in fear of God. But do not degrade yourself. Your profession is the highest. Do not make it low. I tell this even at the risk of incurring your displeasure, mother,’ she said, as she found that her mother-in-law had come up.

Sundari’s presence, her influence, her conduct and character had all created a good influence in the house. Her mother-in-law agreed to her reasoning.

Sundari made a happy home, and she had a child at last that lived.

“She is a goddess,” said all who saw her.

“Do you lack the attention of a mother?” go to Sundari,” was what all the villagers used to say.

R •CHELLAMAI

Madras.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT

THE time was full summer and throughout the long sunny days every sea-side resort was humming over with hordes of happy families revelling in the wide free spaces of shore and sea.

Out of the soft blue of the sky shone the golden sun with a kind of jovial benevolence as though he too enjoyed the riot of fun and freedom which went on beneath his stimulating influence. Like a gay-hearted old godfather he peeped roguishly beneath dainty sun-bonnets, or kissed chubby arms and legs till they reddened and rounded to the proportion of health as human bodies will under the magnetic touch of love.

Spreading over one curving stretch of shore in the heart of beautiful Wales a crowd such as this laughed and splashed and made merry. Whole families linked hand in hand from bathing tents to sea bubbling with the joy of life as unself-conscious as street Arabs.

Grey old men and women beamed and bobbed waist deep in the warm waves as neophytes might baptising frail and faling bodies in the 'fountain of perpetual health'. Small children chuckled and danced in pure glee on discovering a wonderful world wherein grown-ups forgot almost to save don't. Truly it seemed an enchanted land.

But, as so often happens in the very midst of this happy land, there dwelt a lonely Princess. She was not a wicked Princess. She did not grudge one moment's happiness to others but she did wish—oh, so desperately—that there had been someone out of all the throng who could spare time to play with her.

Playing alone is an unsatisfactory game, and the Princess had a merry heart, and longed for merriment and frolic. So she sat there on the old grey breakwater, watching the happy folk splashing and swimming and diving into the green waters of the old, old sea, or gazing out dreamily across the distant mist-clad mountains, and ~~that~~ that one may be just a wee bit sad, even in so beautiful a world ~~this~~.

No one would have suspected what she was feeling; for the Princess was brave and unselfish, and would not cloud the happiness of others by looking dismal herself when in the midst of a gay company. Those who passed merely saw a pleasant-looking woman resting quietly, absorbed in a deep train of thought.

But there was one there who saw more deeply into her thoughts and knew the loneliness in the soul of the Princess. And his warm heart went out in love and sympathy, understanding dimly perhaps yet truly, how great was her need for a mere glance or a tender touch in token of at least *one* heart's understanding. He knew, from bitter experience, how the temporary indifference of friends may make one's whole outlook a sheer emptiness and terror; how even one's dearest ones have their moments of forgetfulness, and that such moments are apt to leave behind them perpetual little stings of uncertainty for future remembrance.

Feeling thus, and longing to help and comfort her, he hovered shyly near; determined to do something, yet too shy and embarrassed to quite decide upon any course of action. If she could only become conscious of his presence, something might give him his chance. But that seemed quite unlikely.

As his observant eye rested for a moment on that dainty, delicate little hand, a sudden thought set him vibrating with a mixture of ecstasy and shyness. There lay his chance, clearly; but dare he venture so bold an exploit?

Even for so gallant a knight, it needed more than all the courage he had never yet found failing him at need. Surely nothing should be too difficult nor daring if it bring comfort to the sad heart of a woman—and so sweet a woman as this! One whose care for others was so widely known; whose tender heart had proved itself a very haven of refuge and help to those in need—as even he, a comparative stranger, well knew.

That she should be sitting thus lonely and wistful, with none to note her gentle heart's sadness, was more than his ardent soul could see and pass indifferently by. Yet how could he, a passing stranger, approach this lady—even with the purest of motives—without appearing to thrust himself unseemly upon her privacy?

It was a difficult problem for so young and impulsive a knight.

The golden moments were flying, and every one bringing the inevitable interruption nearer; and with it the loss of his chance for service. And what knight worthy of the name would risk bringing his honour into so near neighbourhood to disgrace?

He must do something, and that quickly. He looked round. None seemed to see the working out of this way-side tragedy save himself.

He thought again of his plan, and shivered with mingled thrills of emotion.

He looked at the Princess, whose face was turned away towards the distant, purple mountains. He looked at that delicately sun-browned hand, lying idle, yet firmly closed upon a jutting post of the old, grey breakwater.

Again his glance travelled to the profile of her cheek, which was just within his range of vision. As he looked, the merest shadow of a quiver disturbed its rose-leaf smoothness, and there was that faint tightening of the muscles which may presage the earliest stage of tears, or a brave effort to suppress their rising. That was more than enough to settle the matter.

Nothing seemed henceforth to matter but how best to convey the message of his overflowing heart to her lonely spirit—that one, at least knew and understood.

Throwing doubt to the winds, and approaching her with that perfect manner which knows no false step nor startling movement, he bent his head; and, tightly as a butterfly saluting a flower, laid one swift, warm kiss upon that rose-leaf hand!

Starting from her reverie, the Princess turned, and with a thrill of understanding and gratitude, flashed her dewy eyes upon him, and with a deep sigh of happiness, gathered the bold knight into her trembling arms, covering his shapely head with the tenderest caresses.

"Ah, doggie!" she whispered, "how *did* you know? How could you see right down into my foolish heart? Do you, too, need a faithful comrade with whom to share the joy and beauty of this magic Summer-world? Is the glory of it all too much even for your great heart to carry quite alone?"

Soon a faint, shrill piping set the terrier struggling from the arms of the Princess, to answer the call of his lawful owner. But his going left her sad heart less desolate than before.

His sympathy had given her assurance that at least one "understood." And who would not face even a period of loneliness for so great a gain?

And for him? Who knows? Some glad spring of joy and memory, surely!

Even for a dog, one sympathetic look into the heart of a woman, must, of necessity, win some great and lasting reward.

JASPER SMITH.

England.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE.
A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.
(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER V

JOAN.

PALMER was up early—at 6 a.m. It was dark and bitterly cold. He was up early because the Tirours were moving out of the Forest that day and he had to send La Poupée to Joan.

The Tirours were leaving at 10 a.m., and Letchie had given Buck till that hour to return from Sancy. Palmer wanted to see La Poupée off comfortably—wrapped warmly.

Buck was still asleep. Palmer woke him, then went to the snuggest corner of the cave where La Poupée was lying.

"Get up, child," he said, sitting on the floor and gently shaking her.

"Mummy," muttered La Poupée.

She had been dreaming of her mother. The night previous she had sobbed herself to sleep in old Bruno's arms.

"You are going to Joan," said Palmer.

La Poupée sat up. The fire in the cave threw its light on the child's features.

Palmer saw a smile.

"Me ready," she said, "you take me?"

"Mr. Buck will take you."

But La Poupée threw her arms round Palmer's neck—"No—you take me. Me love you. Dad and Mummy there?"

"You're going to Joan," was Palmer's evasive reply.

"Me want Mummy."

A lump rose in Palmer's throat, and he cursed the Kaiser.

And this was only one instance of the terrible suffering caused by this unrighteous war to innocent children. How many little ones like this child were separated by death from their parents. How many

little ones, thought Palmer, had been, and were being, left to starve and die, suffering bitter hunger and cold.

"Me want Mummy."

The child pulled at Palmer's arm. But he heard not her voice, felt not the pull on his arm—his soul was consumed with the thought of the terrible sufferings inflicted on innocent children. The Kaiser had called God his partner. When the books were being balanced, the Kaiser would have to answer for his misdeeds. Palmer hoped his punishment would equal the measure of the misery he had inflicted. What would he say when questioned about the massacres? He would lie, no doubt; but he would be shown proofs: corpses of children, terror on their faces, clinging to their dead mutilated mothers. He would be shown women—ay, young girls—stripped, tortured, outraged by his brutal soldiers and hanging from trees. Was that all? No, he would be shown his brutal soldiers hacking, disembowelling the victims of their wanton sport.

"Me want Mummy."

La Poupée shook Palmer violently and screamed. She was beginning to get frightened at his silence.

Palmer woke with a start. "I'll take you to Mummy," he answered the child. He only realised the nature of his promise after he had spoken. "I mean," he said hastily, "Buck will take you."

"And Buck is ready," said that individual coming up at that moment.

"That's right, James. You must keep her warm. I've covered her in my blanket. You can bring it back with you."

"Good Lord! How is the child to walk in that?"

"Walk? You'll have to carry her."

"Nonsense. The distance is not great. Lord! She would ruffle my clothes and—"

"I didn't think of that, I'll carry her."

"You— you are not coming?"

"Yes—I'll accompany you. If you like, you needn't come."

But Buck wanted to go to see Joan, that was why he had volunteered to take La Poupée. "Palmer's an artful dodger," thought he; "I didn't quite see the trap he had prepared about carrying the child."

He thought that Palmer was also anxious to see Joan.

"Don't you trouble, old man," he said persuasively. "Now that I think of it, the child is over young to walk so far."

"She is. However, I've made up my mind to go."

And they went together, Palmer carrying the child and Buck, in his light-hearted fashion, singing and laughing and keeping up a flow of small talk.

Sancy was still asleep when they arrived, but to Palmer's knock the Cure opened the wicket and admitted the Incurs. He was glad to see them. Was Joan still with him? She was, she would be in the Church presently for in ten minutes Mass would be said. They must wait till after Mass. No, Joan was not a Catholic. Roman Catholic that is, but she attended mass all the same, and thus the Cure was asked and gave information as he made things ready for the celebration of Mass.

Palmer and Buck, the former still carrying La Poupée in his arms, entered the body of the Church. The interior was in ruins, even the Altar had not been spared by the vandals, but the Cure had done what he could to make the house of God a fit place for His worship.

The Incurs sat on a rude bench at the end of the Church remote from the Altar.

The bell now broke the silence and presently men, women and children crept in and found seats in the dark Church. Only the Altar was lighted with candles.

Then Joan came. The Incurs were in her accustomed seat, but there was room for her. She did not recognize the Incurs, nor they her. It was too dark to distinguish faces.

But by the time Mass had been sung the unbad men and Palmer, who was kneeling next to Joan, found their. At the same moment Joan looked his way. Their eyes met. A brilliant flush crept under the woman's skin.

'I've been told he,' whispered Palmer, pointing to La Poupée, 'cosily' asleep on the cushion.

Joan said La Poupée had died and then bent devotionally her head as the Cure, with uplifted head, pronounced the Blessing.

The congregation quitted the Church hurriedly and when all were gone Joan turned to Palmer and said:

"Come to my quarters."

She shook hands with Buck and then walked out of the Church followed by the others.

"I thought you lived in the Church," Buck remarked.

'Only when there is danger about,' Joan told him. "Then we bring the wounded I am tending into the vaults."

"The quick and the dead," muttered Jack.

"Just so, but the quick have seen too many dead to be afraid. At present my patients are housed in the village. I'm in the caretaker's cottage, the poor man, rests in the village cemetery—killed during the bombardment."

They had arrived at the cottage in question and with a graceful bow Joan invited the Incurs to enter.

La Poupée awoke as Palmer was placing her on a couch, and catching sight of Joan she broke away and rushed to her with a joyful cry of "Auntie!" and then when she had been kissed, which operation Buck watched with greedy eyes, La Poupée asked, looking around her

"Where's Mummy?"

Palmer turned and went out, as he could not bear to witness the scene that followed.

When he returned La Poupée was playing with a doll, and Joan, traces of the smile still on her cheeks, was murmuring "Auntie!" She had seen the look on Palmer's face as he turned away, and he had told her that she had been comely in her first years, and his worth.

"Don't refer to that," said Palmer, "and Buck! Let us be happy while we can."

He had come up and whispered to Joan, and then to Palmer.

"I can guess what you're going to say," said Palmer, although, as usual, your speech could have been interpreted in any way. But how do you want me not to refer to it?"

He smiled at her, but he did not say anything.

"Confound it!" he said, "I don't know what's the wrong thing."

"I suppose you're right," said Joan, still smiling.

"I know more about it than you do," said Palmer.

Joan heard the remark and turned a whiter shade in the act of making a reply.

"I've only a few minutes to say."

"After that, I'll be silent," said Joan, firmly.

"Don't look at the clock," Mr. Palmer said, "Joan is to be handed him a cup of tea." Mr. Bullock had told him that you need not start till nine or a little after, and it is not quite eight yet.

He was only making up, there was plenty of time to do justice to his tea. Laughed Buck. "Dick! I'm a lieutenant, Palmer—is always hungry."

"And what a very dear friend," said Joan, with a peculiar smile.

"Captain."

Joan stirred her tea.

"Empty titles," she said, and then growing serious and looking at Palmer, asked

"Why don't you join the Regulars?"

"For one thing, they won't have me. For another, I'm quite content with my lot."

Joan heaved a gentle sigh.

"Why the devil has she not tried to persuade me?" asked James of himself, and then—

"Miss Carew, would you advise me to give up my commission and become a Private?"

"Certainly. At the most yours is an empty commission."

"No pay; true. But I must be worth something for Lefebvre to single me out for a captaincy. Now, Palmer was a Lieutenant in a Volunteer Corps, and yet—"

"I thought I'd find you here."

It was the Curé who had entered and interrupted Buck.

"Don't move," said the Curé. "I saw you in the Church—good eyes, eh?"

"We didn't mean it to be good-bye, when we left you at the vestry a little while ago. We intended calling on you before leaving," Buck told him; yet the Curé had not been referred to either by him or Palmer. "It is, however, just as well you are here, for we need not hurry over our tea."

"But that's just what I'm come to tell you to do."

Palmer detected danger. He rose from his seat at once.

"Are the Germans here?" he asked.

"Not yet. One of my scouts has just come in, travelled all night. He says that several German Army Corps are camped about twenty miles to the north-east of us: at least they were last night. He has no doubt they are moving on Ypres."

"This is important," said Palmer, and Joan noted that although Buck was the superior officer, Palmer invariably took the initiative in all military matters.

"It is; my man says so."

"Some of the corps will possibly pass through here," remarked Palmer, looking at Joan.

"You're right for once, Dick," exclaimed Buck. "Miss Carew must go along with us."

"I think so, too."

"I can't leave my patients," said Joan. "I must remain—besides, there are no troops for the Germans to fight with in the village."

"How about Rosenberg?"

"There is the crypt. My patients will, of course, be taken there."

"May I take the child back?"

Joan's eyes fell, she considered the question a minute.

"She will be quite safe in the Crypt," she at length replied, and then hastily—"Why not remain here, yourself? Mr. Buck will convey the news about the Germans to Lefebvre."

"Mr. Buck will remain."

"Of course I will," and James executed a war dance.

"Have you finished? Thanks. If you find," said Palmer, "that there is likely to be danger, bring Miss Carew to our Shelter."

"Who is in command now?" asked Joan with a little scornful laugh. "Captain Buck, why don't *you* issue orders?"

"By Gad! Palmer, you are usurping authority. Listen attentively to my instructions: I'll stay on here—"

"You're issuing instructions to yourself," said Joan, unable to suppress a smile.

Palmer walked up to La Poupée.

"Be a good girl," he said, "and listen to all your auntie tells you. By the way, what's her name?"

"Mary," answered Joan.

"A pretty name. However, we'll still call her La Poupée. You'll be good, little one?"

"It's good, you come back soon. No get shotted and deaded like Mummy and Daddy cause Auntie and me will cry."

As Palmer walked hurriedly out of the room, he turned to have another look at La Poupée. The scene had changed: Joan's face was buried in La Poupée's dress, and was crying.

"Curious woman; too head-strong," said Palmer to Buck who had joined him outside. "you can see she is afraid of the Germans, and yet she is determined to remain to attend the wounded."

"It is damned funny," remarked Buck, not knowing what to say.

"Damned plucky, you mean," corrected Palmer.

Palmer had delayed longer at Sancy than he had intended, therefore he hurried to get to camp before the hour stipulated had expired. He was not in a happy frame of mind. Was Joan safe at the village? That question troubled him. He was sorry also to part from La Poupée.

"She's damned plucky," he muttered more than once. "Joan is a fine woman. Jim, I think, is in love with her—at any rate he thinks he is. For her sake I hope he is quite certain this time."

The fact was Buck had been in love scores of times in India and in England, and on each occasion tremendously smitten, and broken-hearted when the girl had been appropriated by someone else; and as merry as ever a few hours later.

Palmer was hurrying home, his thoughts alternately making him smile and feel sad, when—

He heard a noise behind him. He turned quickly.

A German lancer was charging down on him.

Palmer was unarmed. He and Buck had purposely gone unarmed, adopting the rôle of peaceful peasants.

Palmer held up his hands, but the German continued to advance.

It was evident the man was not going to parley, but was intent on murder.

Palmer gave himself up as lost.

"I'm unarmed!" he cried.

"Das macht nichts aus," came the reply. "you are dead—" Bang!

It was the German who rolled over dead. Palmer turned to his right, and a thin cloud of smoke came curling from a bush. Then a figure stood up behind that bush.

It was a woman and she was laughing.

"A good shot, eh?" she said, as she came forward.

"You saved my life."

"Well, it was a toss up whether I should shoot you as you came along. I've so often seen Germans in all kinds of disguises; and you were making towards that wood," pointing with her revolver. "Not till I saw the German charging you, was I certain you were not a spy."

"Then you know about that wood?"

Palmer's question was guarded. The woman smiled.

"That wood has been standing for a long time; at any rate, before I was born."

"Then why were you suspicious about my making thither?"

She looked earnestly into Palmer's eyes before replying.

"Do you know Lefebvre?" she asked.

That settled the matter.

"You are one of us," said Palmer.

"Long before you, for I've never heard of you."

"Nor I, of you."

"Because I've been in Antwerp. But come, let us search the soldier. We shall have plenty of time for explanations later."

Palmer noticed, as he stooped over the wounded trooper, that the man's lips were moving.

"He is alive," he cried.

"He'll die, sure enough," returned the woman, who had mistaken Palmer's cry to mean that they had better end the man's misery. "I'm a good shot with my revolver. Help me search for papers."

Her callousness surprised and hurt Palmer. Curiously the thought struck him that Joan would have answered his cry differently. He stooped over the man. Then gently turned him over, interrupting as he did so, the woman's search.

"In the spine," said Palmer pointing to the wound.

"I told you he must die."

Palmer turned the man over on to his back again. He saw the

lips move and heard the sound of some words. He placed his ear close to the man's mouth.

"My--poor--wife. My--darling--children."

Those were the words, in German, Palmer heard. Then a sigh--and the man was dead.

"He was not so bad after all," he spoke aloud his conviction. The woman heard him and laughed.

"He tried to kill you," she said.

"This is war, ay, an exceptional war. I've found papers, they look like despatches. Come, let us be going."

"After we bury--"

"Bury? His countrymen will do that; they are coming, rolling on like the waves of the sea."

"You've seen them?"

"I have."

They went on, Palmer was silent; the dying words of the man recurred to him at every step he took. How many men had left behind them wives, children; how many sons aged mothers. The crime of the Kaiser was awful. Nothing like it had been committed before.

"You have not said a word for five minutes," said the woman. "My name is Ninette."

"How long have you been in the Trenches?" -Palmer was not sure if Ninette had already told him.

"Since Lefebre formed his little band. I'm related to Bruno. At least that is what he tells people. He found me; rescued me when I was a child; that's what he one day told me. How is it you joined the Trenches?"

Palmer told her.

"You're too chicken-hearted. But I like you. How handsome you must look in your proper clothes. Even now--"

"Please don't discuss my appearance. James Buck, whom I just told you about, is handsome, if you like."

"That's impossible; I like you."

"Who's that coming from the wood?"

Palmer was glad of an excuse to break off the conversation.

"Lefebre."

"Hurry!" shouted Lefebre. "You're late. Is that you, Ninette?"

"No other, Monsieur. See what I've got?"

And when Lefebre opened the packet, a look of alarm spread over his face.

"Did you see any Germans -I mean coming this way?"

"Yes, this way, and many towards Ypres. What's the report say?"

And Lefebre told them.

"The German Emperor writes to the Commandant of his forces that he was sending him 12,000 of the Prussian Guards to smash the British at Ypres. First other regiments were to try; when beaten back, the Guards were to destroy the already shaken British ranks."

"And if the British are taken by surprise," said Palmer, "then—"

"A man must be despatched to the British General; he must be warned," was Lefebre's decision.

"I'll go," volunteered Palmer.

"I expected as much. Yes; you'll go—but not just yet. I'll send out a few spies first."

"And I'll go, too," said Ninette.

"No," said Palmer. "It is easier for one man to get through."

"Yes, if he were brave not chicken-hearted," sneered Ninette, as she hurried after Lefebre who was already on his way to countermand his orders for the day.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE OF YPRES.

The British around Ypres had been attacked for several weeks since the 19th of October. In fact, Ypres had become the focus of repeated violent attacks, the Germans trying their best, and failing, to pierce the Allies' line and advance to Calais. The Kaiser wanted Calais. He had set his heart on capturing it—on Paris and Warsaw. The German Generals had orders to take Calais, and they were doing their best, and were much annoyed that the British troops refused to be beaten.

There was hard fighting around villages, chateaus and woods. Each piece of ground gained by either side was, at nightfall, strengthened. Trenches were dug, and, behind these, a six foot ditch for infantry reserves. Inside the ditch, further excavations were made for the men to eat and sleep in. Other ditches at right angles connected these trenches, to carry food and ammunition to the men in the firing line and also to bring away the wounded.

At times portions of the line of trenches were violently bombarded; then for a day, perhaps two days, that particular section was unmolested, except for sniping.

It frequently happened that during a charge men got separated from their regiments and found their way to trenches occupied by other units.

After a brilliant charge, one evening, in which Indian troops participated, some Pathans, Gurkhas, and Sikhs, when returning, missed their way and found themselves near the trenches occupied by British troops. The Indians were welcomed by the Tommies, and were led away to the ditches, or "restaurants" as the soldiers called them, for a rest.

"You fought splendidly," said Private Brown to a Sikh soldier. Brown was mightily pleased to think that he had the advantage over his fellow-soldiers in being able to converse with the Indians in their own language.

The Indian soldiers—there were two of them, a Sikh and a Pathan, in this particular dug-out, the others being entertained in various other "restaurants"—did not smile, and the Sikh, Narain Singh, replied:

"It has been our wish to prove to our English brothers that we would not disgrace them; that we were worthy of fighting side by side with them; that we are *men* like themselves."

"What does he say?" asked Private Jones, the other Britisher present.

Brown told him.

"Right you are, Sonny; shake hands" and Jones held his own out to the Sikh, and then the Pathan.

They shook hands all round.

"What about grub?" suggested Brown.

"We have some *chapatties*, thanks, in our haversacks," replied the Sikh.

"Right! O! munch away. Ha! shrapnel—on our right."

"Rotten shooting," laughed Jones.

It was a 3 inch shell. It burst with a resounding crash, followed by an incredibly more deafening explosion. The last was a 6 incher smashing the old walls of what was once a cottage.

"People said shell fire would frighten us," and Sher Khan, the Pathan, laughed.

"The Germans said so, Sonny. By the way, did you get any leaflets dropped from an aeroplane? They were meant for you?"

"No; none."

"We did; by mistake. Where on earth—Jones, you were reading it before we kicked off against the Germans."

"So I was. I heard the Colonel call—'Mark your men,' as I finished reading. Here it is—in my tobacco pouch."

"What does the German say?" asked Narain Singh.

"Oh—the Kaiser wants to know what you're fighting for. He asks you," continued Brown, slowly translating the sentences, "if

the English have given you all they promised to ; do you prefer being slaves to free men ? The English, says the Kaiser, purposely manufactured this war for the sake of plunder ; they are killing women and children as they killed your women and children in the old days ; your word against an Englishman's does not stand good ; you get no justice in the courts ; your earnings are taken from you in heavy taxes ; and a lot more of the same sort of rot," said Brown turning over a leaf of the pamphlet. " Ha ! here is the cream ; the German Emperor asks you to desert—to go over to his victorious army and fight side by side with them for ' Kultur ' and liberty."

The Indian soldiers listened attentively, but indignation was clearly visible on their faces.

" India," exclaimed Narain Singh, " is not oppressed. She is a part, and not a small part, of a great Empire ; therefore Indians are not slaves, but subjects, as are the English, the Scots and the Irish. If India were menaced by a foreign foe, English soldiers would come to our assistance. As it is, England is menaced, and we have come to fight for the Empire. We may not have got all we want—England does not say we'll not get what we are entitled to, only that we are not ripe for reform. A mistaken idea, but England is honest in her belief. This war will prove that we can be trusted. Oh, that I could tell the German Emperor this to his face."

Narain Singh excitedly shook his fist in the air.

Sher Khan sat savagely pulling at his moustache. Jones had been watching him and envying that moustache. When Narain had finished speaking, Sher Khan, in a quiet voice, asked for the pamphlet. He opened the breach of his rifle, pushed the thin pamphlet into the muzzle, loaded his rifle and stood up.

" I'm going to answer the Germans," he said as he walked majestically out of the dug out. The others followed him. Sher Khan walked into the trench and when he saw a flash in the distance, deliberately took aim in that direction and fired.

" I hope a German has got that in his stomach," he said, with a laugh, as he returned with the others to the dug out.

It was growing dusk now, and along the curve of the battle field a fog was spreading a thick grey shroud ; from the sodden earth arose a mist, damp and acrid, with the fumes of powder. The men in the trenches shivered. The banging of the guns had ceased ; the time had been when night and day the bombardment on either side had continued ; the fog, though bringing chills, was a blessing in disguise, for when it arose the artillery men knew they would have some rest.

But the infantry kept things going. By the light of the moon

over the low-lying mist, the British and Germans kept up a fusillade.

During the morning of the afternoon on which some Indian soldiers had become separated from their units, aeroplanes had reported a considerable concentration of Germans in front of the British trenches occupied by the regiment to which Jones and Brown belonged.

The soldiers, when they got back to the dug out after Sher Khan had sent his answer to the Kaiser, found a Sergeant waiting for them.

"Fall in silently fifty paces to the rear," he said.

Brown and Jones seized their rifles with glee. They were going to have a shy at "Aunt Sally"—thus they expressed it.

"We're coming, too," said Naram.

"I want to find out if the German has any answer to give me to my challenge," laughed the Pathan.

"Don't question him," advised Brown. "Poke him in the ribs and, Sonny, pay no attention to white flags—they shoot you treacherous like."

And when the men fell in, three hundred were picked.

"The Indians," mused the Colonel when the officer-in-charge of the raid questioned him if they might accompany him: "Yes, you'll find them useful."

It was a long march, and silence all the way. Eventually the raiders got to the rear of the enemy, behind a thin line of trees. Not a word was uttered and such orders as were issued seemed to pass down the long line as a whisper of the wind in the trees. Such an order came to Subadar Sher Khan. Silently he went to where Captain Smallfort was lying full length on the grass.

"You're the senior officer."

"But all the Indians are not of my regiment," said Sher Khan. "There are half a dozen Gurkhas, three Pathans."

"Take the Gurkhas and Pathans and silence the men in the rear of the German lines."

Sher Khan saluted and crawled back, stopping at intervals whenever he came up with any Gurkhas and Pathans and gave them instructions.

"I'm coming, too," said Narain Singh.

"No—I was only told to take Gurkhas and Pathans."

"But you were not expressly ordered not to take me."

"I've told you my instructions," and to avoid further argument, Sher Khan crept away in the gloom. He was soon joined by the other men and they wriggled on their stomachs towards the enemy. A whisper had reached the Tommies that the Indians were going out and

with craning necks they watched as far as they could, the gliding movements of the Indians.

The phantom forms soon dwindled into the mist, and there followed an anxious ten minutes.

The Indians got nearer the sentries in the rear of the German lines. The enemy had only arrived that morning and had not made elaborate dug-outs for the men not in the front line, so all were in the trenches, except a few sentries in advance and sentries in rear of the line.

"We ought to separate now," said a voice in Sher Khan's ear.

"You! Narain Singh?"

"Ay, ay, brother, don't be angry, you yourself would not have missed such fun as this."

"Orders are orders," snapped Sher Khan. "I'll report you in the morning."

"But you'll not send me back."

"No."

"Good. Now let us separate, each one mark his man."

I was going to issue such orders," said Sher Khan, and he did.

The German look-out men were on the alert, but they had never encountered such stalkers like the Gorkha and Pathan. In a few minutes all was over without noise. The only man who found any difficulty was Narain Singh. As he was about to take, he tripped over some wire and fell. The sentry drove his bayonet hard into Narain's back as he released his rifle was about to fire a warning shot, when Sher Khan, who had disposed of Narain and was quite near, cut the sentry across the head.

Then he stooped over Narain.

"No use reporting me now," whispered the dying soldier.

"By Allah! I shall have to—*even now*—but Allah be my judge, if you had been in my place and I in yours, I would have done as you have."

"I believe you. Now I've me and hurry back, no use carrying a dead body for I am."

A rush of blood choked him.

Sher Khan went one man back to tell the waiting Britishers that the sentries had been disposed of and that his men stretched themselves on the ground and waited.

In a few minutes the main body of raiders came up silently; and as silently were joined by Sher Khan's men, and all advanced to the trenches. A few feet from the trenches the raiders uttered a wild yell, and firing and hacking and stabbing followed. Some 600 yards away were other British trenches, and the men there threw fire balls in the

air and by their light were able to see the desperate fight—a mass of struggling men, the gleam of steel and the rise and fall of rifle butts. The Germans had been taken by surprise; the slaughter was terrible and did not cease till the Germans, those still alive, fled.

Then the raiders returned briskly, but silently, to their own trenches.

"I have to report Narain Singh," said Sher Khan. "He disobeyed orders in joining the surprise party."

The Colonel coughed.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Dead, Huzoor."

The Colonel looked out across the plain where the struggle had taken place. He could see nothing but he pictured to himself the scene that had been enacted where the disobedient soldier lay. He turned to Sher Khan.

"I'll see that his family gets his medal," he said. "You may go."

Sher Khan almost shouted in his joy. He had done his duty, and although Narain had disobeyed orders, Sher Khan could understand how impossible it was for the brave Sikh to have kept out of the fight.

"And the Germans say," he mused as he returned to the dug out, "that Englishmen do not understand bravery in others."

The rest of the night passed quietly.

The next morning, the big guns, as soon as the mist had cleared, fought duels along the line; but nothing else of importance occurred, and the men thought they were going to have a spell of rest. From 3rd November to 10th November there had been constant infantry attacks.

But the British Tommy had not grasped the meaning of the enemy's silence, even as the German had underrated the powers of endurance of Tommy Atkins. The Germans had pounded the British lines and had made vigorous local infantry attacks to weaken resistance and prepare the way for a great offensive. By November 11th the enemy considered they had succeeded in demoralising the British.

But the morning wore on. The enemy was waiting. The British were soon to know for what.

About 2 p.m. a sentry escorted a man, in peasant's clothes, to the General who commanded the First Army Corps. The man had swum across the icy waters of the canal and escaped a hail of bullets.

"Your name?" asked the General, who was seated with some officers behind a haystack.

"Richard Palmer."

"Ha! An Englishman. What are you doing in those clothes? Been a prisoner and escaped?"

"No, Sir, I'm a Franc Tireur."

The General looked displeased.

"Your place is the army," he said presently. "Had I not been told by the sentry that you swam the canal under a hail of bullets, I would have thought you were afraid to meet the enemy, and prefer shooting individuals when you see a chance of doing so with safety to yourself."

Palmer coloured.

"The Franc Tireurs—at least those to whom I belong—are not of that sort," he said somewhat indignantly.

"Well, I've no time to discuss the various kinds of Tireurs. All I can say is if you really wanted to fight for your country, there is the army where—"

"We're wasting time," interrupted Palmer. "I could give you very good reasons why I'm not in the army."

"And I hope," cried the General, "you have good reasons for wanting to see me."

"I have—read this."

Palmer's manner was abrupt. If the General was annoyed with the answers he had received, so was Palmer with the General's cross-questioning.

But Palmer noticed, as the General read the Kaiser's orders about his Guards, his face brightened.

"Good news," he told his officers. "The famous Guards are being sent to smash us this evening."

"There will be slaughter—on both sides," said an officer.

"Our men, British and Indian, will be pleased to exchange bayonet thrusts with the famous Guards," said the General. "And you, Sir, I apologise if I have offended you. But why on earth are you not in the British Army? Didn't like the long training, eh?"

"I've been in the volunteers—an officer—so have some knowledge of military matters. No, it was not dislike to training, but bad teeth."

There was a laugh. Presently the General said: "I'll speak to General French about you. For the present, keep with my staff, but for God's sake change those clothes and get into khaki. Have you any further news? Seen anything of the Guards?"

"Yes, sir, I sighted them close to Zonnebeke. Another of our men—I mean a Tireur, brought a report that the German Emperor is not far off—he is going to inspire his Guards with courage."

Palmer was conducted by an officer to a dug-out where he was given a suit of khaki, and armed with revolver and sword.

"You'll like some refreshments," said the officer and was going out of the dug-out when a soldier appeared.

"Here's a woman wanting the Funk Terror," he said to the officer. The officer roared with laughter.

"What kind of corps is that, Brown?" he asked.

"Don't know Sir—but that's what the woman says."

"Somebody wanting you; I'll send her in and you can entertain her while I find you some refreshment," and the officer, still smiling, left the trench.

And presently Brown ushered in Ninette.

Palmer at once jumped to the conclusion that Ninette had been sent by Lefebvre with more important news.

"What is it?" was his eager question. "Lefebvre sent you?"

Before replying, Ninette coolly opened a cigarette box lying in one corner of the dug-out, and lit a cigarette.

"I told you I would come with you," she said, as she stretched herself on the ground. "It was no easy matter getting here. I came over a pontoon some way down. The Germans are busy—"

"What good will you do here?"

"That's ungallant of you. I've come to look after you."

"I can look after myself."

Ninette laughed.

"This is no place for chicken-hearted people and?—"

But the angry look on Palmer's face checked her.

"I didn't mean that," she cried, springing to her feet and coming close to Palmer. "The fact is—I love you."

Her face was now crimson, her bosom heaved with emotion.

"This is no time for love-making," said Palmer. "You can't stay here."

"You say that because you love another."

"You are mistaken."

"Ha! I know. That woman at Nancy."

Her cheeks were pale now and her lips twitched.

"I hardly know her."

"Now you are lying. Where was the necessity for two men to take the child to Nancy? You see, I've heard all about it."

"I'm not bound to answer you that question, nevertheless, I'll tell you—Mr. Buck had objections to carrying the child."

Ninette laughed.

"His objection was just what you wanted. However, I'm not one to cringe for any man's love," she spoke savagely. "I prefer taking their blood."

She moved out of the dug-out.

Palmer called to her

"Where are you going? It is dangerous—"

She turned on him with an angry scowl

"Where I'm going and what I do is no concern of yours."

She went a few paces and turned again

"You'll soon hear of what I do," she shouted to him, and laughed hoarsely

The day passed. Evening set in, and the General and his staff began to think that Palmer's story of the advance of the Germans was not quite correct. There was nothing in the Kaiser's orders to say when the attack was to be made.

Close on 6 p.m. the General and other officers went to the temporary mess-house in Ypres to dine.

Palmer was too disappointed to feel hungry. He was annoyed that the staff had come to discredit his story.

He got the loan of a motor car and went out along the road to Zonnebeke. He drove cautiously, and near the village, hid the motor in a bush, and scouted on foot. Presently he heard the rumble of wheels and the tread of horses, then black masses of men coming towards Zonnebeke.

* He motored back to Ypres at top speed.

The staff were at dinner. The General immediately issued orders, and in an incredibly short space of time the troops marched out and held the plain of Zonnebeke. The British gun opened fire.

There was no reply.

"Where is that man, Palmer?" questioned the General.

Some of the officers began to think that Palmer was a spy. He was brought to the General.

"What about your information? If you have led us into a trap—"

"I'm an Englishman," retorted Palmer haughtily. "I told you the truth when I said the Germans were massing on the plain—horse, foot and artillery."

The General said to a Staff officer: "Send a wireless to Ypres and order aeroplanes to leave Ypres and direct their search lights on the plain."

In a few minutes the aeroplanes were busy and revealed the enemy 200 yards south of Zonnebeke. The Germans were advancing on the British lines. The enemy, by some means, had been informed of the Allies' movements and while the latter expected them from the north, they were preparing to attack by the south, thus hoping to cause confusion in the British line.

"We are in for it hot," said Colonel Grey of the "No Surrender" regiment.

"Somebody," said the General to the staff, "has communicated our movement to the enemy, but it is not that man Palmer."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Ha! I didn't know you were here. I'll make ample apology afterwards. What's that?" as an aeroplane directed its search-light on the enemy's advance guard.

A few hundred yards from the British line were the Prussian Guards.

Staff officers rode away instantly with orders to various parts of the British lines. The British troops presently were seen to make a right-about-turn, and the little force of small arms and big guns. Flames shot up from trench mortars and the crumbling walls of ruined houses. The flight of German shells forming—men falling—shells burst too near the British, but the men fired steadily.

Colonel Grey rode hard.

"Why can't we get at them?" he asked an officer standing near.

"No orders from our General."

"Fire low!"

The men were immediately ordered to result.

"Now they come," he said to the Prussian Guard that was coming in one dense mass.

"Plug them with bullets."

They were being plugged. Men fell in waves. Whole lines disappeared, to be renewed from the men coming up behind. It was magnificent.

It was butchery.

The Guards halted. Surely they were not going to retreat?

They had no thought of retreating. Orders had ordered their ranks opened, men stepping over their slain comrades easily and with no hurry. The opening ranks disclosed machine-guns.

"We're getting hell," said a soldier. At short range the machine-guns did dreadful havoc in the British lines.

"What on earth are we waiting for?" growled Colonel Grey. "Not one of us will require chotchkahn in the morning if—"

"The General has ordered a charge."

It was Palmer who conveyed the message.

"That's better." The Colonel sprang to the head of the "No Surrenders," and drawing his sword cried: "Now lads—for England's honour."

The men were eager to get at the enemy.

"Kick off!" shouted the wit of the regiment, "and mark your men."

The men answered: "Mark your man." That was their battle cry as they advanced.

Palmer sprang from his horse and went with the regiment—in front, with the Colonel. If Ninette could have seen him she would never again have called him chicken-hearted.

Colonel Grey scowled at Palmer.

"Look here—what the Dickens! You get in front of me, I'll shoot you."

Palmer took care not to get ahead of the fighting Colonel.

The British wave struck the German wall; there was no receding, no breaking back of the way to turn again.

Thrust and stab. Hand to hand fighting of a most desperate nature—savage you might call it.

"Now for a goal," cried the wit.

He lunged. The Prussian ward off the blow. Quick as lightning the wit brought the butt of his rifle to the front, and bashed in the Prussian's jaw. "Goal!" cried the wit, as he went on.

"The Germans are giving," cried the Colonel.

It was more an encouragement to his men to use more pressure. The fight went on as furiously as ever.

Palmer had cut his way through the first line of the Guards. He paused an instant to take breath. The mass had dissolved into one whirling melee of struggling groups. The combatants were splashed with blood—their own and of the men they had slain. Some men faced each other—too weary to strike—taking breath.

Colonel Grey, not far from where Palmer stood, was hotly engaged with three or four Germans. Palmer sprang to his succour—and on to the bayonet of a German. It was his left arm. As the German recovered his bayonet, his blue eyes looked savagely into Palmer's. Once more he was preparing to lunge; but Palmer's revolver was up—he fired. The blue eyes closed for ever.

That he was able to use his revolver satisfied Palmer that his wound was but slight.

"You!" exclaimed the Colonel when he saw who had come to his rescue. "I saw you—go—in front!"

The last word was in a high key. The Colonel had driven his sword into one of his opponents. The point stuck. He was about the mercy of a giant Prussian, when Palmer used his revolver again. The wounded Prussian fell on the Colonel and knocked him over. Palmer was left to fight two men.

"Just move your legs—divide—quickly," said the Colonel as he sprawled on the ground. 'Thanks.'

There was a report and one of Palmer's attackers fell.

At that instant the German General sounded the retreat. The Prussians had had enough of fighting. The British General had watched for this moment. He let loose the remainder of the infantry, and the rout was complete.

It was near midnight before the troops returned to Ypres.

The General, as he passed down the lines, praised the conduct of the "No-Surrenders."

Colonel Grey went up to him.

"Who was that man you sent to me, Sir?"

"What man? Oh, I remember. I think I can. Where is he?"

"Gone to get his wound dressed. He saved my life. He is a pretty fighter."

"Send him to me after the Doctor has done with him," and the General rode on.

In the trenches the men were discussing the fight.

"What I say is," said Brown, "that that Junk Terror is the grandest fighter I've ever known," the Colonel. "Well, we can sleep now. The Germans have had a belly full for one night."

Brown was mistaken. In a few hours, before morning broke, at another point in their line, would be fought the bloodiest battle yet fought at Ypres.

(To be Continued)

J. H. WILLMER,

Lucknow

THE MONTH.

A RESPONSIBLE English statesman assured the public last year that the Allies would be ready to invade Germany in the early months of this year. Two months have elapsed and the German offensive seems to be more determined and marked than that of the Allies. In the West it has not succeeded with any degree of uniformity which presage an advance either towards Paris or towards Calais. A little advantage that may here and there be gained is not followed up—on the other hand it is counterbalanced by a corresponding success of the French. The British have had more rest in Belgium than in the previous month, and hence it is inferred that the advance to Calais has been abandoned as hopeless. While the headlines of telegrams received would at first prepare the reader to expect some decided achievement, all that is apparent from the details is that the tide does not turn on either side. The Allies however believe that time is on their side and they have repeatedly declared that they will not lay down their arms until their object is gained and probably similar declarations are made in Berlin. It appears that the Socialists in Germany are tired of the war, and the food supply in many parts is so short that the Government has been obliged to assume control over it. According to the expectations of experts, a famine will be inevitable in about June if not earlier if the present state of things continues. A nation under arms and skilled in the latest methods of warfare does not dread a signal defeat on land—starvation appears to be the only calamity which it fears, and to avoid it desperate measures are proposed. The German navy is too weak to protect the commerce of the Northland, and therefore it has threatened to destroy that of the enemy by means of submarines and mines in the Irish Sea and the English Channel. This is a novel method of warfare, and how the plan will work remains to be seen. One of the ways in which the submarines will be used will probably be that the mercantile vessels will arm themselves and move in groups. If a submarine appears above water to ascertain the nationality of a ship, an armed vessel may be sent

it for its temerity, and Germany has no submarines to spare. If it does not appear above water, it may hit a neutral ship in the area which Germany proposes to treat as military. The neutral Powers, especially the United States, protested, and the threat was not carried out on the day announced, the 18th of last month, though a few of the enemy vessels were destroyed before that date. The press in Berlin is reported to have assumed a threatening tone towards the United States, but the responsible Government has shown more caution. The belligerents have freely charged each other with violation of international law and Hague Conventions, and they have pleaded that the situation created by the opposite party is unprecedented and has never been foreseen. To starve a civil population is said to be against international law, to which it is replied that a nation under arms cannot be treated as civil population. To attack all ships promiscuously is said to be piracy, to which it is replied that one breach of law justifies another. Indeed in the very beginning of the war, when the neutrality of Belgium was violated, the German Chancellor declared that necessity knows no law, and perhaps that maxim will be acted upon throughout. In the Eastern theatre, the German pressure on the right wing of the Russians has been so great that they have withdrawn from East Prussia to fortified positions within their own borders. If America had not been dragged into the naval controversy President Wilson might have repeated his offer to mediate. But that stage is apparently past.

TURKEY did not abandon the hope of invading Egypt without making an attempt. Experts predicted from the beginning that an attack on the Suez Canal by troops who have to pass through waterless tracts would be doomed to failure, and German officers were credited with sufficient insight to deprecate the enterprise. But for some reason or other, possibly to satisfy the ex-Khedive, it was undertaken by a Turkish general and it failed. The Turks were first believed to be entrenching themselves; later advice stated that they were not to be found within twenty miles of the Canal, and many of their levies had deserted. In Persia the Russians have retaken Tabriz, and the Russian navy in the Black Sea is said to have bombarded some of the Turkish ports.

THE MONTH

No fresh activity was reported from the valley of the Euphrates. In this region the responsibility of holding back the enemy and defending Basrah, which was taken in the earlier stages of the war, has devolved mainly upon India, while in Egypt both Indian and Australian troops have distinguished themselves. The recent visit of H. E. the Viceroy to Basrah must have convinced the new subjects of His Majesty that if they permanently live under the British flag, they will be better looked after than under Turkish dominion. On the whole Turkey has cause to regret having joined Germany and the apology made to Greece in a recent incident, as also the earlier acquiescence in a demand by Italy, shows that the folly of relying too much on German support has already been realised. More countries are expected to join in the war, and this expectation has been raised not merely by unofficial prophets but by responsible British statesmen who have openly spoken of assisting them with money. If Germany has promised pecuniary and other assistance to Turkey, the Allies, who are richer, would naturally be expected to help the Balkan States and possibly others. In South Africa the rebellion has practically been stamped out. One leader surrendered and is on his trial for treason; another lost his life; and a third was shot by the Germans for his treachery. A traitor to one friend will be a traitor to another. General Botha has shed undying lustre on the name of his countrymen by his steadfast loyalty to his word of honour and by the energy with which he has put down the rebellion.

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THANKS to the tactful sympathy and courage of H. E. the Viceroy, the grievances of Indians in South Africa have been remedied to their satisfaction. In **Indians Abroad.** Canada the controversy about the rights of our countrymen is not yet closed. The emigrants to that colony appear to be a different class of men; they are apt to take the law into their own hands and to resist the laws of the colony by means which can scarcely be described as passive. Some of Gurudit Singh's friends, who returned from Canada, have been charged with acts of violence in their own land. From other colonies it was reported that the lot of indentured labourers was so hard that suicides were too frequent among them. According to the information supplied, public meetings in this country have sometimes favoured the abolition of the indentured system.

altogether. The Government deputed two officers to visit Trinidad, British Guiana, Jamaica, Fiji, and Dutch Guiana, and to report on the condition of the Indian immigrants there. It appears from their report that Messrs. McNeill and Chimman Lal have tapped every helpful and reliable source of information and looked at the difficult question which they had to study from all points of view. They have not slurred over the defects in the existing system; setting forth all these short-comings, they still express the opinion that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. In the nature of the case, comparison must be difficult, for the advantages are of one kind and the disadvantages are of another. Under the existing system, by whatever name it may be called, "poor but industrious Indians, whether landless labourers or the sons of poor cultivating landowners, who are content to be trained and acclimatised under private employers in need of a steady supply of labour, are offered prospects much more favourable than they could hope to realise at home." It is doubtful whether the emigration will take place if the indenture system be abolished. We believe that the officers take this for granted, for they do not discuss any alternative to the present system. Perhaps the Government, too, would consider a scheme of emigration or colonisation under an altogether free system as impossible. The critics also seem to think that the landless labourers and sons of poor cultivators need not emigrate, and that the advantages of colonisation are in practice realised only by a fraction of those who emigrate, and the fraction is so small that the disadvantages outweigh the advantages. This must ever remain a debatable question.

The frequency of suicides, especially in Fiji, is suggestive of a very unsatisfactory state of things. A suicide may be attributed partly to the temperament of the individual and partly to unhappiness. The emigrant is, perhaps, in most cases, of a different temperament from the stay-at-home Indian; and the unhappiness may be caused by domestic misfortunes as well as by the conditions of employment and the rigour with which penal provisions are enforced. Whatever may be the extent to which each of these causes operates, the authors of the report seem to think that a remedy may be found for each of them. The safeguards against

Suggested
Safeguards.

which they suggest. They suggest that unsuitable emigrants ought to be excluded in a larger measure than at present. Though the work exacted may be reasonable in the case of a strong labourer, who gets easily acclimatised, an emigrant who is not up to the mark may feel as miserable as a bullock yoked to a cart and to a plough. Perhaps it may not be easy to convey to a would-be emigrant an accurate idea of the climate, the nature of the work, and other conditions on which his health and happiness depend in a foreign land. The penalties for misconduct or failure of duty must at any rate be clearly explained to him. It is recommended that clear information on this subject ought to be included in the agreements. The disciplinary provisions under the ordinances in force appear to be sometimes unduly rigorous, and they are intemperately used. It is therefore recommended that these provisions should be relaxed or expunged; that officers of the Immigration Department ought to be empowered to control employers in the use of discipline, and to adjudicate in cases brought by employers against labourers so that recourse to the criminal courts may be minimised or altogether dispensed with, and that where imprisonment may be considered indispensable, separate places of detention should be provided. It is proposed that, subject to certain restrictions, a labourer should be allowed at any time to commute his indentures by payment of a graduated redemption fee, that facilities should be provided for occupying land, and the regulations affecting medical relief should be revised. Lastly, it is recommended that the proportion of female to male emigrants should be raised from 40 to 50 per cent, that the minimum age limit should be abolished, and that the registration of marriages should be facilitated. Messrs McNeill and Chinman Lal have endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid sensational writing, but apart from the facts mentioned by them, the very implications of these recommendations are far from pleasant to contemplate. The safeguards proposed against a hasty rush to the colonies by ignorant, unfit, ill-informed persons, against oppression by employers, against insufficient medical care, and the unhappiness caused by the paucity of women and the prevalence of too many immoral women are so various that whether the Government will succeed in adopting them all and securing effective enforcement may be doubtful. Perhaps many would say that the knot would be best cut by abolishing the system.

altogether. In view of the advantages, others may hold that an improved system is worth trying

By common suffrage, the late Mr M. G. Ranade was one of the greatest thinkers and noblest souls produced by modern India. While his personal likeness has been preserved by a statue in Bombay, it would have been a sad loss if his writings had been allowed to be forgotten particularly because he was so much of a philosopher that even when he spoke or wrote on a topic of apparently passing interest, he shed upon it some wisdom of abiding value. In having undertaken to publish his miscellaneous writings, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade has not only discharged a duty to her late husband but has placed her countrymen under an obligation, and in assisting her Mr V. V. Thakur has engaged himself in a patriotic duty. In his later days Mr Ranade's popularity was perhaps due as much to his political proclivities as to any other cause. It appears from his published writings that from his earliest career he was a religious thinker and he regretted that English education should help the cause of agnosticism in India. In reviewing the lectures of a European professor on Butler's *Analogy and Sermons* he remarked 'Agnostic and atheistic teaching is certainly out of time at the most plastic period of youth, and can only result in a perversion of the understanding and the decay of all moral earnestness. Our colleges are already cried down as places of godless education and if the neutrality of the Government system of instruction is turned to account for the propagation of agnostic teaching, this charge will be to a great extent substantiated.'

The late Mr C. K. Gokhale, whose untimely death last month we have the painful duty to record was a disciple of Mr. Ranade, but the public knew him chiefly as a politician. He does not appear to have stood up before the public as a leader of religious or social reform, though he has spoken on the latter from public platforms. As a political leader his fame has spread far and wide; he was known to the present and the former Secretary of State and consulted by them as a leading representative of Indian opinion. In the Imperial Legislative Council his ability, his fairness, and his grasp of financial and other questions were recognised by all. He was an eloquent speaker, but not one who wasted words and breath. His facts were as eloquent as his words. Though this also had great literary merit, and his argu-

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TWO VIEWS OF ALFRED NOYES

I

WAS it not Burns who said that "could he write the song of a nation, he'd let who would make its laws?" And Arthur O'Shaughnessy said of the poets

We are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever it seems

Popular fancies and popular ideals in every generation unite with popular practice to form the "spirit of the age." And the nations of the world follow the idealists and the dreamers—if not immediately, at least after a little time. Yet the ideals of a writer are influenced by the society in which he lives, and so the output. It was this combination of dependence and independence which led Shelley to say "Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians are, in one sense the creators, and, in another, the creations of their age." The idealist is not apart—at once does he serve and lead, by marching in the advance guard of his own time. He serves by leading.

Thus Shelley aimed to reform the world; thus Wordsworth played the rôle of seer and prophet, and teacher; Byron assailed what he found despicable and unworthy of humanity; Tennyson "looked into the future" and declared "some work of noble note may yet be done." The poets of the nineteenth century have been individualists, have sought to accomplish things, "with wonderful deathless ditties"—if you will. They are the music-makers, they are the dreamers of dreams; they have time to

think inasmuch as they do not act. We, groping in touch with the world of affairs, see but darkly face to face, they "with a new son's measure" present the idealism of the nation. And their thought, phrased in lasting rhyme shall lead us on toward truth

Is it not foolish to talk of truth of humanity, of worth and upworth, of ideals and dreams and fancies to think and talk in abstract terms of these things when we have war brutal horrid war in our midst? War where men are slaughtered for patriotism's sake war where both sides cannot be right but both believe themselves to be and so they settle the matter with scientific, cold, slaughtering machinery with might instead of right

Anti-militarism is a matter of common humanity promulgated by all the Churches. It is as old a socialism as old as Marx and Engels' Communist Manifesto and older. It is as old as anarchism as old as the first materialist of pure reason, Godwin—and older. The British radical writers of the 1790's Godwin, Holcroft and the rest agreed with the principles of the French Revolution but with the notorious exception of Tom Paine, they deplored the use of violence. Mrs. Inchbald in *Nature and Art*, Godwin in *Political Justice* and Byron later in *Childe Harold* spared no feelings in their denunciations of militarism. Robert Bage, another of the English revolutionary novelists, has a cutting remark. In *Mount Henrich* he makes Nancy Sutton urge her brother not to go to war. "Are there not a thousand schemes you might have fallen upon to obtain in your own country a free and independent subsistence but you must fly to foreign climes to tainted regions where war and desolation reigns to become an adept in the murder of mankind?" But, interesting as all this is it is in an eighteenth century novel; and eighteenth century novels are usually left unread to gather library dust. Better results may be obtained with the reading public by a popular poet who has the ability to press the lesson. The combination of brutality and diplomatic machinations render war an easy victim to one who sees things as they are and would have others see them so. We have been struggling toward international peace and arbitration for some time and one of the chiefest set-backs given to the cause before the present war was this forlorn affair of the Balkans. Useless, unnecessary all a matter of greed and jealousy, of insisted "rights" and curious "demands"—it

might all have been settled in arbitration by justice instead of "the cold arbitrament of steel." And it is proper that there should have risen with powerful protests * a poet whose ability and previous achievement have dignified him to a position where his voice must needs be heeded.

Alfred Noyes has been prominent as an advocate of international peace. He has written several poems on the subject, including *New Wars for Old*, *The Dawn of Peace*, *The Prayer for Peace*, *The Peacemaker*, *Lucifer's Feast*, *To England in 1907*, *The Litany of War*, *The Last Battle*, *In Time of War* and *A World of Peace for England in the Dawn of Nelson's Year*. He wrote a laudatory preface to a translation of *The Human Slaughter House* which caused such an astonishing sensation in the original German and which may have suggested this work. He has wielded bitter war on militarism—sometimes in a vein of didactic religiosity—sometimes with a power of damning that would do credit to Lord Byron himself. Witness the closing lines of *Lucifer's Feast*:

The champ of teeth was over and the champion's room
Gaped for the speeches now. Across the sulphurous fume
Lucifer gave a sign. The guests stood thundering up!
"Gentlemen drink your fesse

Every fellow cup
Frothed with the crimson blood. They brandished them on high
"Gentlemen drink to those who fight and know not why!"

And in the bubbling blood each nose was buried deep.
"Gentlemen, drink to those who sowed that we might reap!
Drink to the pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war,
The grand self-sacrifice that made us what we are!
And drink to the peace-lovers who believe that peace
Is War, red bloody War, for War can never cease
Unless we drain the veins of peace to fatten War!"

"Gentlemen drink to the brains that made us what we are!
Drink to self-sacrifice that helps us all to make
The world with tramp of armies, Germany awake!
England, awake! Shakespeare's, Beethoven's Fatherland,
Are you not both aware do you not understand,

Self-sacrifice is competition? It is the law
Of life, and so, though both of you are wholly right,
Self sacrifice requires that both of you should fight."

That is what Mr Noyes had done previously. In *The Wine-Press* he has written a new poem of real power and of horrible intensity. So well is the terrific mood maintained that one has to pause, in reading, for relief. It is the effect Mr. Noyes intended—disgust, revulsion, and through all a glimpse of the blind cruelty of it. He has told a tale of the Balkan wars, how the Greeks and the sons of the mountain advanced on the Ottoman crescent, and how little they understood it all save that they fought "those hosts of Christ" for the faith that was in them.

"Comrades," he cried, you know not
The splendor of your blades!
This war is not as other wars
The night shinks with all her stars
And Freedom rides before you
On the last of the Crusades

Over a valley of sunlit wheat the long lines crept under a cloudless sky, there was no enemy in sight—only, occasionally, a shell from the hidden enemy tore and havoc through their ranks, or the maxims opened great gaps—mechanically they advanced or took to cover at the command of the bugles, and so staggered into the hail of lead to carry their warm and breathing breasts against the cold machines.

The brutal inhumanity, the bloody horror of modern "scientific" warfare is impressed upon us by Mr. Noyes. "We see the dead, torn to pieces with shrapnel—lying on the field; pieces of flesh are hurled through the very air—we take one glimpse into a well, choked with corpses—one we want no more. But slaughter and bloody horror could almost be endured so long as it were in the cause of freedom and faith. There was something inspiring in the fond hope that mass might once again be celebrated—after an interval of nearly five hundred years—in the splendid church of Sancta Sophia

"Conquerors, what is your sign, as ye ride thro' the city?
Is it the sword of wrath or the sheath of pity?
Nay, but a Sword Reversed, let your hilts on high
Lift the sign of your Captain against the sky!"

"Reverse the Sword! The Crescent is rent asunder!"
 Lift up the Hilt! Ride on with a sound of thunder!
 Lift up the Cross! The cannon, the cannon are dumb
 The last Crusade rides into Byzantium!"

And this was very well until the Allies quarrelled, and they who had fought side by side turned their guns against one another, engaged in a second war because diplomats had disagreed.

As, after this present European war, friend and foe may need to turn against Russia.

'The men he must kill for a little pay
 Had marched beside him yesterday'

The whole mechanical aspect of war is shown, the troops huddled into cars like cattle, the scientific slaughter by far-off machinery - because diplomats had disagreed.

'The tall young men the tall young men
 That were so fun to die
 It was not then to question
 It was not then to reply

They had broken their hearts on the cold machines,
 And they had not seen them to
 And the reason of this butcher's work
 It was not then to know

Here Mr Noyes has followed his acknowledged master, Tennyson, but he views the matter in a different way. He has given an echo of *The Charge of the Light Brigade* but instead of sentimental hero worship he has aroused disgust at the blind brutality of war - at the murder of men - not because "someone had blundered," but because diplomats had disagreed.

But because diplomats had disagreed that is at the bottom of Mr Noyes's thesis. Because diplomats had disagreed and because they would not submit to arbitration to determine which was right, because the common law of private rights, settled in civil courts and not in bloody family feuds has not been extended to international relations - because each side believes itself right - naturally and there is no social agreement or compact to keep the peace there must be murder in its most horrible form - war. Because diplomats had disagreed - and what have these diplomats?

One was the friend of a merchant prince,

One was the foe of a priest

One had a brother whose heart was set

On a gold star and an epaulet

And— where the rotten carcass lies

The vultures flock to feast

But each was honest after his way,

Lukewarm in faith and old

And blood to them was only a word

And the point of a phrase their only sword

And the cost of war they reckoned it

In little disks of gold

" They were cleanly groomed— They were not to be bought,

And their cigars were good

But they had pulled so many strings

In the tinsel puppet show of kins

That when they talked of war they thought

Of sawdust not of blood

" Not of the crimson trumpet

Where the shattered city falls

They thought behind their vanished doors

Of diplomats' umbrellas

Budgets and loans and bounty lines

Courtesans and recalls

" Forces and Balances of Power

Shadows and dreams and dust

And how to set their bond asile

And prove they lied not when they lied

And which was weak and which was strong

But never which was just

" For they were strong— So might is right

And reason wins the day

And, if at a touch on a silver bell

They plunged three nations to hell

The blood of peasants is not red

A hundred miles away

To his task Mr. Noyes has brought his deftness and power his beauty and strength all the resources of his active mind. True the book is padded to some extent by a dedication poem, a prelude, an epilogue taken from his earlier collected edition, and the different tone of these somewhat detracts

On the whole, however, the poem is remarkably well versed. Mr. Noyes has brought to his task all the skill of his art, his tricks of repetition, his flamboyant use of the verb "to dare," his varying meters and various stanza forms, his apt descriptions, his telling imagery. He is a traditional poet, and the book is full of phrases reminiscent of other writers and other days. But beyond all the details is the sheer achievement of a poet. Here is a couple of his neat touches:

'The levelled rifles raked like whip
Against the dark hill brow

Again

'Then all the black unguided words
Behind them put red flame
A thousand rifles shattered the night
And after the lightning up the hill lit
A thousand steady shifts of light
The moonlit bayonet came

Mr. Noyes is a poet of distinction. *The Wine-Press* is worthy of him. Scarcely ever before has there been penned a more terrible or a more convincing indictment of war, nor shall be. The horror of it, the stupid slavish abnegation to "patriotism," the matter-of-fact interest of the diplomats, the ignorance of the world over the true state of affairs (for all men are not as Mr. Shaw's gunmaker unashamed), and the cold and inhuman unconcern with which men of the nation let others be murdered by thousands for the profit of a few—these are put into living lines that shall remain with the reader for many a day.

In closing, I am going to do a thing quite unprecedented. I am going to put together scattered verses to give a final effect.

A murdered man ten miles away
Will scarcely shake your peace
Like one red stain upon your hand
And a tortured child in a distant land
Will never check one smile to day,
Or bid one riddle cease

Not for a little news from hell
 Shall London strive or cry.
 Though thought would shatter like dynamite
 These granite hills that bury the right,
 We must not think We must not tell
 The truth for which men die

* * * *

The truth that all might know but all,
 With one consent, refuse
 To call on *that* to break our pact
 Of silence, were to make men *act*
 Good taste forbids that trumpet-call,
 And a censor sends our news.

It comes along a little wick
 Sunk in a deep set,
 It thins in the clubs to a little smoke
 Between one joke and another joke,
 For a city in flames is less than the fire
 That comforts you and me

Play up then fiddles! Play bassoon!
 The plains are soaked with red
 Ten thousand slaughtered fall out there
 Clutch at their wounds and tint the air,
 And here is an excellent cartoon
 On what the Kaiser said

For lust of blood, for lust of blood,
 His greasy bludgeon swung
 His rth butt sang in the air
 And the things that crashed beneath it there
 Were a cluster of grapes in the wine press,
 A savour of wine on his tongue

* * * *

On with the dance! In England yet
 The meadow grass is green
 Play up, play up, and play your part
 It is not that we lack the heart
 But that fate dettly swings the net
 And blood is best unseen.

*

For O, good taste, good taste, good taste,
 Constrains and serves us well;
 And the censored truth that dies on earth
 Is the crown of the lords of hell.

And these lords of hell shall attend Lucifer's feast and "drink to those who fight and know not why."

And now if we may change the subject and take another view of Mr. Noyes, I would like to call attention to the religious idealism in his work revealing itself in his sentiment. I have been amusing myself of late by looking over some critical notices which appeared in British periodicals, at the first publication of the poems of Lionel Johnson, Coventry Patmore, and Francis Thompson. There can be no doubt in the mind of even the most casual reader of the works of these three, that the religious spirit composed the underlying motive of their writing. A very high idealism, a bold aspiration, and a lofty courage—these elements are very evident and very evidently arise from deep religious faith. And yet—and most of the many very recent papers on Francis Thompson are likewise at fault in this respect—reviewers have been prone to overlook this side of the poems and to speak of the "medievalism," the "beauty of words," the "spirited verse," the "vivid colouring," to speak of almost anything except the faith which dominates.

This omission is really very strange. Poetry necessarily means idealism. So does religion. These poetic writers built their idealism on their religion. And yet the reviewers refuse to recognize the fundamental fact which breathes through all the lines. We wonder what contemporary critic could have written of George Herbert or Henry Vaughan or Richard Crashaw and not have mentioned the religious idealism.

"A verse may find him whom a sermon flies," and both *The Catholic World* and *The Churchman* are now coming to realize the utility of poets. They are devoting much more space than heretofore to criticisms and appreciations of Catholic and Anglican poets. Yet the other periodicals usually shew the religious phase, probably because they believe such emphasis not possible in spite of the universal truth that to every man thoughts of God and the life to come always have been, are and will be the most interesting and pressing of all his daily problems.

So also it has been with Alfred Noyes. In his case we have a poet of noteworthy achievement as a lyricist, whose religious idealism critics have overlooked, slighted or discouraged. Richard Le Gallienne, writing of the American edition of *Poems* (1906) in the *North American Review** speaks of Mr. Noyes chiefly as a singer, as a handler of moods and a manipulator of words, praising the "spontaneous power and freshness, the imaginative vision, the lyric magic." One reviewer† laid emphasis on his "sweetness rather than depth" and another‡ declared that he was "not good on the high notes" and should limit himself to the middle paths of human loves and pleasures. The *Outlook*§ boldly classed him as "a singer, not a thinly disguised philosopher or reformer." Mr. Noyes, in view of his own attitude toward life, could scarcely have been pleased with this criticism. Since the days of our own mystic prophet, Wordsworth, the rôle of priest and teacher has been acknowledged to be the province of the poet and Mr. Noyes has claimed for himself that position. Even Francis Jeffrey, arch assailant of the romantic "fraternity," said: "A great poet is necessarily a moral teacher."

Mr. Noyes has led into fairy land and into the world of a child's simplicity and faith with evident intention, remarking in the preface to the *Flower of Old Japan* "a certain seriousness behind its fantasy." In *The Forest of Wild Thyme* we read

"Oh, grownups cannot understand
And grownups never will
How short's the way to fairy land
Across the purple hill

The poet follows on the road of the young—remember, my reader, the childhood intimations of immortality of Wordsworth—and, on his journey

"Once they brought to his earthly prison
The passion of Paradise

for they, "with a love that is clear as the dawn" have their own songs and visions "that are far more steadfast and true" than his. Yet, in spite of all this stated purpose, the reviewers

* *North American Review*, 183: 1179.

† *Athenaeum*, 1908, I, 156.

‡ *Spectator*, 100, 119.
§ *Outlook*, 86, 372.

have not looked behind the fantastic, the strange, and the imaginative elements of *The Flower of Old Japan* to learn the vision itself. Then in noticing later volumes, one critic* said quite incongruously, that he was "pre-eminently the poet of fairy-land" and not suited to the part of missionary; another† favoured the stories of the fairy Mustard-Seed and exhorted Mr. Noyes to "continue to hunt fairy gleams and not run in" straighter lines of chiselled speech.

Drake and the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* have revived for us the spirit of Elizabethan England. Reviewers have praised the poet's skill in reconstructing the social spirit, have praised his beautiful interpolated lyrics, have praised his metrical effects, have praised his narrative and descriptive skill. They have, however, omitted to note that the permeating spirit of England's fighters and adventurers was an essentially religious, as well as nationalistic, sentiment. The pilot of the Marchaunt Adventurers was "a wind from Galilee" and their final aspiration was "God's free kingdom and the glory of the sea."

The antagonism to Spain was based on religious idealism. In *Flos Mercatorum*, in *Raleigh*, in *A Knight of the Ocean Sea* there is continued emphasis on this religious idealism. *The lyrics of Astrophel* and *The Singer of the Faerie Queen* both had to do with religious idealism. If, as had been said, these two books are great monuments to the British nationality, they are as great tributes to the religious idealism of other years. Andrew Lang thought Drake good in parts - "like all epics but two (and these are three thousand years old)." We wonder what parts Lang meant. For ourselves we like the two books in their entirety as standing for the spirit of Mr. Noyes.

We do not like to see Mr. Brian Hooker invigiling against the "didactic religiosity" of Mr. Noyes.‡ We believe the writer in the *Saturday Review* to be mistaken when he says:§ "the serious poems are not what we want from young writers of promise." It is depressing to find a really vigorous and inventive pen moving contentedly in a safe orbit of hackneyed conception." In a paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1911,** Mr. Noyes outlined his *Accomplices*, saying that these are certain heritages which we must accept from the past or perish. He remarked rather

* *Outlook*, 1910, I: 9. † *Saturday Review*, 1905: 145. ‡ *Bookman*, 1911: 10. § *Saturday Review*, 1905: 145. ** *Fortnightly Review*, 98: 82.

that "the lonely idealist, the lonely rebels, at the present day, are not to be found among the crowds of self-styled "rebels" who drift before every wind of fashion and every puff of opinion." As we have noticed, in the reviews the tendency to disparage his religious idealism as opposed to the rigid though picturesque materialism of other poets we become inclined to agree with him. "The real rebels in the great and honourable sense are to be found—to the astonishment of their advanced friends and, from a lonely point of view, solitary brilliant—accepting the gifts of their fathers, and sometimes not without a need for courage, kneeling to their father's God." Thus in the face of the critics who discountenance religious teaching in verse Mr. Noyes has become a "rebel." This is what they call "hackneyed conceptions."

We find a reviewer declaring concerning his work * "We rank them as talented verse-makers, the avowed of such things, but importing little when all is said and then our mind runs back to what Coleridge said of Keats and his critics. "The merest trifle he ever put into print had tenfold better claims to its ink and paper than all the silly criticism which prove no more than that the critic was not one of the few for whom the trifle was written."

We suppose it was but natural that both the weekly like *The Tablet* should have paid particular attention to the religious phases evinced in the *Collected Poems* of 1910.† Yet it is hard to understand why the *Saturday Review* that it offered "few glimpses to the mind.‡ In 1907 Miss Rittenhouse noted for her fine criticisms of contemporaries remarked "He plays as yet but a wandering prelude through which at times one catches hints of a waster theme.§ In the intervening years with the expected improvements Mr. Noyes has taken a definite stand for religious idealism. Poetry is the strongest part of what is called religion, because in the very broadest and grandest sense that can be given to the words Poetry is Religion.** And so when we recall that Whitman said very nearly the same thing in his introduction to *Leaves of Grass* and Wordsworth in the essay, supplementary to the preface in the second edition of *Lyrical*

* *Saturday Review*, 110, 551

† *Saturday Review*, 110: 551

‡ *The London Tablet*, 3 Dec. 1910

§ *Putnam's*, 3: 364

** *New York Sun*, 9 March 1912.

Ballads, we realize that Mr. Noyes has assumed the same position as the poets of other years.

Mr. Noyes has gone with the scientists of the present as far as they can lead, and watched them grope backwards to find the *Origin of Life*, and he has represented his own thoughts in a poem of that title. There still remain unsolved the two great unsolvable mysteries of *life* and *matter*. Behind it all there is the working of a great power which we cannot completely comprehend. So, Mrs. Noyes concludes "in the beginning, before the world—was God. He is a spiritual view painted with rich sentiment, consistent with every creed and inconsistent with none, because supplementary to all."

A critic has recognized the value of the bold position: "If Mr. Noyes has a vision of a new religion of poetry expressive of the harmony of life, it is a vision not unlike that toward which Tennyson groped in the stanzas of *In Memoriam* in an age when men were wondering whether the new discoveries of science had not sounded the death knell both of poetry and religion." We look over the work of Mr. Noyes and read *Mount Ida*, *Rank and File*, *Creation*, *The Watchword of the Fleet*, *The Origin of Life*, *Glimpses*, *What does it take to make a rose?*, *The Carol of the Fir-tree*, and his many poems on international peace. Here, and in many other passages, we find this religious idealism which the critics ignored or neglected.

"Is it nought to you that hear him?"

With the old strange cry

The weary hawker passes,

And some will come and buy,

And some will let him pass away

And only heave a sigh,

But most will neither heed nor heed

When dreams go by

"Lavender, Lavender!"

His songs were fair and sweet,

He brought us harvests out of heaven, •

Full sheaves of radiant wheat,

He brought us keys to Paradise,

And hawked them thro' the street;

He brought his dreams to London,

And dragged his weary feet."

(1) In the light of what we have said, and what we have implied concerning misinterpretation and misunderstanding, it may seem a little presumptuous for us to dare offer our own conception of Mr. Noyes. We thought differently of him, when he was last in America than we do to-day. We may think differently of him and of his spirit even hence. So we offer this little sketch for itself for what it is worth to-day remembering with proper humility the statement of Colverges already quoted. "The merest trifle he ever sent abroad had tenfold better claims to its ink and paper, than all the silly criticisms.

New York City

HARRIDGE COLBY

THE CALIPHATE.

A GROWING sense of duty as a Muslim in face of the recent tragedy that is being enacted in Europe and a hope, perhaps illusory, that I may contribute to remove certain misunderstandings regarding the question of the Caliphate, have impelled me to pen these lines. The fateful decision of the Turkish Government to throw in their lot with Germany and thus be dragged into a conflict which is not their own has cast a shadow of gloom over the entire Muslim world of India. This ill-fated community, since the outbreak of the European war, and before Turkey joined in it, had been living in a state of hope and fear and all eyes were turned towards the Government of the Sultan. But alas! their fear was justified. Fate decreed it and Turkey deemed it not right to remain neutral.

This event has brought into prominence at once the fundamental question of the loyalty of Indian Muslims to their King-Emperor and their attitude towards Turkey. The gravity of the situation cannot be overrated too much. The official declaration of the war with Turkey placed the Mussalmans of India in an indescribably tragic position. And whether for this state of things we are to thank the folly of the young Turk leaders or the forces set into motion by Sir Edward Grey's Eastern policy, based as it is on the Anglo-Russian Convention, is beyond the scope of this article.

Be what it may, a misfortune of the greatest magnitude has befallen the Mussalmans. They had to look the grim realities in the face and decide the line of action they were going to adopt. Their decision was not long in coming. It has come; and now the whole world knows what it is. But, on the other hand, there is no denying the fact that the Mussalmans of India; no less than

the Muslims of the other parts of the world, feel themselves strongly attached by a religious, traditional and sentimental tie to his Sultanic Majesty, the Caliph of Islam.

To an European this tie which binds a person in the Gangetic valley to an individual on the Bosphorus—persons who have never seen each other, nor are ever likely to see—may seem incomprehensible or even absurd. Yet such is the fact and it deserves, I venture to think, on the part of all right-thinking people, a consideration more grave and a less intemperate reprobation than it has hitherto received. For it is an expression of a feeling which is, and must always be, the most potent factor in the relation of one Islamite to another. Its causes are to be sought in the deep-rooted religious ardour of the Semitic races among whom Islam first sprang.

The religion of the Semite must always demand the first attention of the student of his laws and institutions. This strong religious sense has been a powerful factor elsewhere, and particularly where there existed a strong priestly class, as in India; but for the Semites this reached a limit and Islam formed no exception to it.

The real origin of the Caliphate may be sought in the character and institution of the Semitic races, who could not think of a ruler without an absolute authority coupled with a religious sanctity. Individualism preponderates among the Semites so greatly that they can only adapt themselves to a firmly settled state at the call of great religious impulses. Some sort of an elective system always existed amongst the Semites and was regarded as a sacred and political institution. Such an election has ever carried with it a kind of implied religious authority. The Kings of Edom appear, in very early times, to have been elective princes. And the Phœnicians (including Carthaginians) present a very large variety of political constitutions, which fact reminds one of ancient Greece. Absolute patriotism, in the modern sense, hardly ever existed amongst them, yet they were not wholly incapable of such a feeling as is seen by the wars of the Phœnicians against Rome in which Carthage perished, and the mortal struggle of Tyre against Alexander (though in the latter religious motives also played some part). But, then, who could say that the heroes of Marathon did more service to humanity than the armies of Macedonia? Islam effected great changes in the character and

customs of the Arabs, but it doubled their racial characteristics of religious ardour. Never before had the Arab people a national religion. Mohamad gave them one, and united his disciples in a politico-religious tie, the zeal of which even time and distance never seemed to have abated. Since the Prophet established himself as the head of an independent political community at Medina, Islam became the faith of a political as well as a religious body; and while he invited the faithful to accept his religious injunctions, he also gave them laws as their king. "He was their Imam," says Noldelke, "the leader in their prayer, and he was their Emir and Kadi - prince and magistrate." Thus the supreme temporal and spiritual authority became linked together and "Islam was from its beginning a nation no less than a Church."

After the death of the Prophet it was necessary to elect his successor who would act as an Imam in his place. The question of the Caliphate was not altogether absent from the mind of Mohamad. He did not nominate anyone to succeed him, he left it to the choice of the faithful to elect whom they willed. The word Caliph is derived from the Arabic root *Khalafa*, "to leave behind" which in the legal sense came to mean a successor of the Prophet and heir to the temporal and spiritual power. The Muslim law when originally framed did not recognize the existence of a king. The position of the early Caliphs and their authority might be compared to that of the Dictators of the ancient Republic of Rome, each successor being chosen from amongst the people by common consent. In the eyes of the Muslim law the Caliph is the only legal authority on matters of innovation, being a successor to the successors of the Prophet. He is competent enough to bring about any political, legal or social reform on the authority of the Koran. The first four Caliphs had arbitrary power to legislate. They modified at will the yet undeveloped *Leges non Scripte* of Islam and not only did they administer the religious laws but they were its interpreters and architects as well. As a Caliph the Sultan of Turkey can change or modify any religious law which ill-suits the modern conditions, as Suleiman the Magnificent did actually promulgate a series of decrees affecting the civil administration.

The ferocious nature of the Tartar combined with the religious injunctions of Islam produced a wonderful character in the

of the Ottoman Turk—a courageous yet mild, a lethargic yet energetic, a fierce yet tolerant human being. Gibbon remarked of one of these Turkish monarchs “The Catholic nations of Europe who defended nonsense by cruelty, might have been confounded by the example of a barbarian, who anticipated the lessons of philosophy.”

Mussalman writers have generally recognized four distinct phases which the office of the Caliphate has undergone, and four distinct periods of its history.

The first historical phase was a pure theocracy, in which the Caliph was a saint as well as a priest and king and was also, to a certain extent, inspired. The period was only of thirty years' duration and is represented by the four Caliphs—Abu Bekr, Omar, Othman and Ali who occupy, after the Prophet, the highest position in Islam. They are known as *Khalifaur-Rashadeen*. This was the most sacred historical period in Islam and represents the highest ideal of State and Statecraft.

The second period which lasted for six hundred years (661 to 1258 A D), was that of the Arabian monarchy in which the Caliphate became hereditary. The Caliph no longer remained saint or a doctor of law. Mawiyah was the first Caliph who nominated his son in his lifetime to succeed him. This phase of the Islamic Caliphate ended with Mostasim Billah the last ruler of the Abbasides.

The third period, which lasted for nearly three hundred years, was a phase of temporal interregnum during which the Caliph exercised no sovereign rights. The temporal authority was delegated to the Mamluk Sultans of Egypt.

The last period is that of the Ottoman Caliphate. The election of a Caliph was regarded as such an important event that the citizens of Medina proceeded to choose a successor before the burial of the Prophet. Even in the second phase of its history, when the Caliph was no longer a saint and a preacher, the Caliphate was held in great awe and veneration, so much so that it caused many a fierce war between the rival claimants for the office. Its dignity and authority were so deeply engrafted on the mind and imagination of the people, that a titular Caliph, like *Baqi-Billah*, could make the mighty Sultan Mohamad of Ghazni walk a mile merely to receive the Caliph's envoy who brought a robe of honour for the Sultan with the title of *Eminud-Dowla*.

Selim I conquered Egypt in 1517 A. D. from the Mamluk Sultan and received a bestowal of the dignity of the Caliphate from *Motawakkel Ibn Omar el Hakim*, the last remaining descendant of the Abbaside under the title of *Sultan es Salatin wa Hakamel Hawakin, Malikel Bahrayn wal Barraeyn, Hamin Din, Khalifah Rasul-Allah, Amirul-momenin, etc., etc*. This form is preserved to this day. It was an irony of fate that the very people who destroyed the Islamic civilization became the defenders of the faith. It was a remote ancestor of Selim who sacked Bagdad in 1258 A. D., from which shock Islam never recovered. Though the moral and intellectual stagnation caused by the destruction of the garden of justice by Halaku could never be repaired, yet the descendants of Halaku always fought the battles of Islam since their conversion to Mohamadanism.

Thus Selim had more than one claim to be regarded as the champion of the Mussalman faith. He was the grandson of Mohamad the conqueror, who had finally extinguished the Roman Empire of the East and in its place had established the Islamic rule. And he was the most powerful of all the Muslim rulers of that time. And then to crown all the dignity was delegated to him by the last scion of the Abbaside Caliphate. When Selim took the title a great controversy arose amongst the Doctors of Law as to his right, and after a long discussion and protracted debate of several years, his successor was formally accepted and acknowledged as the rightful Caliph at Mecca in 1522 A. D. Since then no one ever seriously or with any amount of success disputed the right of the Sultan to be the Caliph of Islam. The title of the house of Ottoman to the Caliphate is based on the following claims —

1. *Nomination* — Mutawakkel, a descendant of the house of Abbas, nominated Selim as Caliph. A precedent can be found in the recommendation of Omar by Abu-Bekr on his death-bed as his successor in the Caliphate.
2. *The Guardianship* of the holy shrines, Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem.
3. *Possession* of the sacred relics. These consist of the cloak of the Prophet, and the sword of Ali. It is still universally believed by the Mussalmans that after the sack of Bagdad in 1258, these relics were saved and brought to Cairo and then transferred to Constantinople.

4. *Election*, that is, the sanction of a legal body of Elders. It was argued that as *Ahl-el Agde* had been removed from Medina to Damascus, and from Damascus to Bagdad, and from Bagdad to Cairo, so it had been once more legally removed from Cairo to Constantinople. A form of election is to the present day observed in Constantinople. Each Sultan on his accession has to receive the sanction of the Ulama and the sacred sword of Ali from the hands of the Sheikh-ul-Islam in the mosque of Ayyub to complete his title to the Caliphate.

5. *Independent Muslim State*. This is an essential feature of the Caliphate.

6. *The Consent of the Muslim population*. *Imraul-Ummat*. The last mentioned is the most important condition.

If even a Mussalmán ruler seize the holy shrines, he cannot be regarded as a Caliph until he is accepted as such by the Mussalmáns at large, as happened in the case of Karmathian in the tenth century, and the Wahabites in the eighteenth century. So it is quite reasonable to suppose that the Sultan of Turkey is the Caliph only because he is the servant and protector of the holy shrines.

We have thus seen that this institution is a very old one and always carries with it religious sanctity. It has taken such a firm and strong hold on the minds of the Mussalmáns that it cannot easily be eradicated.

Such, in brief, is the origin and history of the Caliphate and such is the influence which it exercises over the millions and millions of the Mussalmán population of the world.

There is some discussion as regards the time when the Sultan of Turkey began to be recognized as the Caliph of Islam in this country. It is a fact which cannot accurately be ascertained. Yet the materials on this point are not altogether lacking.

It will be remembered that Selim I received this title from Mutawakkel in 1517 A.D. And in 1533 A.D., when Humayun marched against Bahadur Shah the ruler of Gujarat, the latter immediately sent an envoy to Sultan Sulaiman the Magnificent, soliciting his imperial protection. A big fleet consisting of 80 vessels was accordingly sent in 1538 A.D., which after successful battle took the two strongholds Kukele and Ket from the Portuguese. The fleet proceeded to Bender-i-Dity, Bahadur Shah's son, Malik Mahmud, the then ruler of Gujarat :

refused to supply food or render any assistance and the Ottoman Commander was compelled to retire. Since then the Sultan Sulaiman cast a longing eye on India, in fact, he aimed at the subjugation of the whole of the then existing Muslim East; hence his diplomacy in the Arabian and Persian seas. He was their spiritual lord and wanted the Muslims of the world to recognize him as such. Emissaries were sent to China, India and Afghanistan carrying with them the Fetwa of the Ulema and holy men of Mecca. And with the same and power of the Turkish Sultan was then well known and the story of his ever-increasing dominions was in everyone's mouth it did not take long for the people to be convinced of his right and title to the Caliphate.

An authentic account of his travel in India, Afghanistan and Persia has been left for us by Side Ali Reis, the Commander of the Ottoman fleet who was sent to conquer Ormuz from the Portuguese. The fleet landed in Gujarat and "great was the joy of the Mussulman of Surat when they saw them come." The book is entitled *Mevdul Memalik* and a German translation of it by Heinrich Friedrich Von Diez, which originally appeared in his *Denkwürdigkeiten von Asien* is now before me. The observations of Side Ali Reis throw much light on the topic under discussion. He was hailed by the Muslim population of India; wherever he went as an envoy of the Padishah of Islam (Sultan of Turkey). He expresses his astonishment at the enthusiasm with which he was received by the Muhammadan rulers of India who presented to him "addresses of loyalty and devotion to the Padishah of Islam." While in Gujarat, "I visited the Sultan," says Side Ali Reis, "his Grand Vizier, Imadulmulk, and other dignitaries." The Sultan, to whom I presented my credentials, was pleased to receive me most graciously and he assured me of his devotion to our glorious Padishah. Another Indian dignitary is reported on another occasion to have said, "We cannot afford to seek a quarrel with the Sultan of Turkey. We have need of him. Moreover, he is the Padishah of the Islamic world." A very interesting account of the arguments and conversation which took place between Emperor Humayun and the Turkish Admiral on the subject of the Khutba and the Caliphate is given, but in order to avoid details I would only mention one or two facts. The Admiral, on the occasion of the conversation referred to, informed the Emperor of India that even in distant years

name of his Sovereign was inserted in Bairam prayer. "Muslims," continues he, "approached the Khakan (the ruler of China) with the request to allow them to insert the name of the Turkish Sovereign in Khutba as the latter was the Padishah of Mecca Medina and Kibla. The Khakan although an unbeliever had insight enough to see the justice of their request which he granted forthwith, he even went so far as to clothe the Khatib in a robe of honour and to make him ride on an elephant through the city." This story we are further told, found credence in Gujarat where it was first brought by the merchants coming from China and narrated to Side Ali Reis. "Ever since that time," goes on the Admiral, "the name of the Padishah of Turkey has been included in the Bairam prayers."

The Emperor Humayun on a different occasion asked Side Ali Reis if the Khan of Crimea was under the Sultan of Turkey, and on being told that he held his office under the Ottoman Sovereign, Humayun remarked, "If that be so how then has he the right of the Khutba?"

"It is a well-known fact," replied the Admiral, "that my Padishah alone and no one else has the authority to grant the right of Khutba to whomsoever he wishes. The statement," says he, "seemed to satisfy everybody, and thereupon Humayun turned to his nobles and said, 'Surely the only man worthy to bear the title of Padishah (Caliph) is the ruler of Turkey, he alone and no one else in the world.' and then the Emperor and his Court prayed for the welfare of the Padishah of Islam."

Akbar did attempt as we think to seize the religious sceptre of the Muslim world and did wish the people to look up to him as the Caliph. He was even styled *Hazrat-Sultanul Islam, Khalifatul Anam and Amirul Momminin* (see Badauni Vol II, p. 271). His desire to be the spiritual as well as the temporal lord is discernable from the famous document drawn up by Sheikh Mobarak, Abul Fazal's father, a paragraph of which ran:— "Should therefore in future a religious question come up, regarding which the opinions of the *Mujtahids* are at variance, and His Majesty be inclined to adopt, for the benefit of the nation and as a political expedient, any of the conflicting opinions, he is free." (Badauni, pp. 279-280). But all his pretensions fell flat to the ground and he miserably failed in his futile attempt.

It is not, therefore, be rash to draw the conclusion (though

from the strictly historical point of view it may not be quite safe) from these and similar data that the Sultan of Turkey was recognised and acknowledged as the Caliph in India even in the early days of the Moghul rule when the Caliphate had just devolved on the House of Ottoman. Thirty-six years had only passed since the transfer of the holy title to Constantinople when **Sidi Ali Reis** visited India, and as it is seen the enthusiasm of the populace for the Padishah of Islam was unbounded everywhere. Moreover, a large number of Indian Mussalmans every year used to go to Mecca for the purposes of pilgrimage, so it is not unlikely that they returned with feelings of great reverence and affection for the protector of the holy shrines and spread them in the country. It is, therefore, misreading history to suppose that the introduction of the idea of the Sultan's Caliphate in this country is of a recent growth.

Following the advice of Abu-Baki we have given the real facts, for "to tell the truth" said the first Caliph, "to a person commissioned to rule is faithful allegiance, to conceal it is treason."

And now what effect would an attempt to meddle with this question produce on the masses with whom it has become a tenet of religion—I leave for the politician to solve.

SYAD MAHMUD.

Bankipur.

PERSONALITY—INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE.

— — —

THIS article does not in any way pretend to be a scientific treatment of personality from a psychological standpoint. Its aim rather is to illustrate by a few examples the striking effects of personality as a universally acknowledged existing force. By personality here is meant that inherent force or influence which certain individuals exert over others. The influence may be at times subjectively unconscious, but in almost all cases it is conscious objectively. For example, we all remember how as children we easily influenced or were influenced by others, and how later on as men the same influence was still at work, only with this difference, that at the latter period we were able at times to account for the various influences that we exerted, perhaps a more common experience of the effect of a woman's Personality. Certain women without any conscious effort on their part are liable to excite all kinds of desire, whereas others quite as unconsciously have a tendency to arouse all that is good and noble in man's nature. Whether the cause of this is psychological or physical or both doesn't concern us at present. The fact, however, that personality exists as a force, a decisive force for good or evil, nobody will care to deny.

It is always possible, of course, that while one man may exert a certain amount of influence, he himself may be influenced by another and still stronger personality. This process does not go on indefinitely, for we arrive eventually at the original source whence the force proceeded. In this case the original is a very powerful personality indeed and may be called a magnetic personality. Two examples, striking but probably different in effect, are worth recording.

The literary society of a certain college in the United Provinces invited Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya to address the students. Naturally there was great excitement and preparations

when he accepted the invitation. A large shamiana was erected in the grounds and all the students had taken their places long before the appointed time. His appearance was the signal for loud and prolonged applause. When he stood up to address them, however, there was perfect silence. Just for a moment a slight rustle might be heard as each student somewhat shifted his position either to get a better view of the speaker or to place himself in the most convenient posture for listening. His voice, when he commenced to speak, seemed to float on an absolutely still atmosphere. He scarce spoke above a whisper yet each word slow, distinct and penetrating went home. There was very little applause during the address. One felt that applause would be out of place in an atmosphere undoubtedly solemn and almost sacred. Then the ecstatic epilogue of the speaker lent an additional force. He scarcely moved. His eyes alone showed animation and they were alight with enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which somehow or other was transmitted to the audience. He ended as he began—on a prolonged note of quiet insistence.

The scene when he sat down is fast and hard to describe. The students who were sitting motionless a moment before seemed all of a sudden to be possessed. They shouted—nay yelled themselves hoarse. They surged round him in crowds, still cheering. They wanted to chain him, but he quietly and firmly refused. Then they wanted to take the horse from his carriage and thus he also quietly prevented. They insisted on accompanying him, however, for a greater part of the distance home, calling aloud his name ecstatically and now and then breaking into wild, ringing cheers. It was a wonderful sight the pale calm figure in the carriage surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd of jostling, hustling students all anxious to be as near him as possible. They were his body and soul, for the time being. And what brought about this effect? It wasn't his address or the subjects he treated. The subjects were ordinary subjects, dealing as he did mainly with the ideals which a student should always have before him, and towards which he should be constantly striving to attain. Nor was it his delivery, though he spoke with fluency and precision. It was the personality of the man—his personality at once marvellous and striking.

No less striking was the visit of Dr. Rabindra Nath Tagore, though the effect produced was totally different. The same

arrangements were made as on the previous occasion and the shamiana was crowded with eager expectant students. After the first outburst of enthusiastic greeting all settled down quietly in their places. His appearance invited calmness and tranquillity—a tall dignified figure with long white hair brushed back in waving curls from a high and noble forehead and wonderful eyes. They seemed to diffuse tenderness, compassion, sympathy and love. His voice when he spoke was silvery in tone and soothing in the extreme, and the address, all too short which he gave the students was sufficient to show that the internal emotions of the speaker were in no way belied by his external appearance. He spoke of honour as a tombstone laden with inscriptions, a suitable recognition and tribute for the dead but for the living an impediment which at all times was heavy and at most times awkward. Love, an all-embracing, comprehensive love should be the lot of the living. It was on this note of love he ended.

When he finished speaking there was silence for a time and then came the applause—enthusiastic applause but then a restrained kind of enthusiasm which showed that the personality of the speaker had made itself decidedly felt. The students rose and followed him quietly to his carriage. When he drove away finally there was more applause—the applause of loving children for a fond parent. He hadn't been amongst them in all above half an hour, yet it is safe to say that the impression he left behind was abiding and permanent. What produced this impression? Partly his appearance, partly his voice and speech but especially and above all his personality.

Perhaps it is that the Indian like the Celtic races are more or less susceptible to this kind of influence. It may be too that the imaginative element when it exists tends to make people peculiarly susceptible in this way and imagination certainly forms an important part in the characteristics of both the Celt and the Indian. The students listening to the two addresses idealised the speaker. They were not listening to the words of a mere individual, but they were listening to the utterances of men who represented for them the embodiment of patriotism in the first instance, and in the second the essence of a loving sympathy. Similar things happen in Ireland, where masses of people are capable of being wrought to a frantic state of enthusiasm for "the cause." Any individual might, and probably would, be at a loss for

the time being to explain exactly what he meant by "the cause." Yet it was for him an inspiring and vital force.

There is a vast difference between Individual and Collective personality. The one is undoubtedly inherent, whereas the other is as undoubtedly acquired. It may be acquired in various ways, and it is interesting, in view of the present state of affairs in Europe, to compare the collective personality of the component parts of the opposing masses.

The German army, for example, clearly depends for its personality on the fundamental principle that might is right. How far this is attributable to the philosophic tenets propounded by Nietzsche is a debatable point. There is no doubt that their splendid organization, their devoted loyalty to the Kaiser, their firm belief in their own superiority are largely due to the popular idea that their views are right and most important of all that they are strong enough to enforce them. This is a driving element in prosperity, is of incalculable value but it is scarcely likely that it will last long under the strain of defeat and adversity. The Austrians and the French alike have their personality founded on tradition. But whereas the Austrian tradition goes all the way back to the palmy days of the Holy Roman Empire, the tradition of the French may be said to have originated in the Napoleonic war. The effect of this long tradition on the Austrians is to make them more or less indifferent to the failure of the moment, and it is the main reason why defeat after defeat capable of paralysing others, have not the same effect on a nation which recognises to its full extent the instability of human grandeur. The tradition of the French, on the other hand, is still young enough to make its influence decidedly felt, and it is at all times an incitement to the nation to rival the glories of the early nineteenth century. Then the personality of the Russians and the English is founded on religion and secularism—but a secular spirit gradually evolved from, and in its final analysis dependent on, religion. The Russian spirit depends largely upon a personal element, the Tsar, who is for the most part an ideal to the masses, and as such closely connected with their ecclesiastical icons. The English spirit depends likewise on an ideal, but the ideal is "to play the game" and the spirit of "play the game" is, after all, nothing but the secularisation of all that is noble and self-sacrificing in religion.

In most cases their collective personality springs from an ideal, and on the intrinsic value of the ideal depends the force of the personality. Whether a personality founded on the primitive elements of barbarism allied to a traditional indifference can cope successfully with a personality founded on chivalry, religion and fair play yet remains to be seen. There is scarcely any doubt, however, about the importance of the part played in human affairs by personality both individual and collective.

C. I. O'DONNELL

Agra

THE PRESS IN INDIA AND JAPAN.

COMPARISONS AND CONTRASTS.

THE Press in Japan affords some curious contrasts with the Indian Press. Both are exotics from the same stock, that have taken root strongly, but they have borne strangely different flowers. That there should be a newspaper Press in Japan at all is no small tribute to Japanese ingenuity, for the language is the most cumbersome in the world. It is entirely different from the Chinese, but is written in Chinese ideographs; and as one ideograph may have several pronunciations, each line in a newspaper has a smaller line running beside it, in which the words are spelt in the Japanese alphabet or syllabary, as grammarians prefer to call it. Having the words spelt, why not omit the ideographs? is the natural question. They cannot be omitted, because while one ideograph may have several pronunciations, the converse is also true—one word may have many meanings, each represented by a different ideograph. The English language is not free from the same difficulties. We have, "lead," to guide, and "lead" a metal; we also have "rain," "rein," and "reign." We manage to do without a guide to the pronunciation of "lead," and any member of the "Simplified Spelling Society" would tell us that if we have the sense to distinguish "rain" from "reign" in conversation we could also distinguish them in reading, though spelt alike. There are two reasons why these dicta do not apply in Japanese. The first is that the possibilities of confusion are far more numerous than in English; the second is that there is an almost complete divorce between the colloquial and the written language in Japan. The Japanese practice of borrowing from the Chinese for the multiplication of new words required since their adoption of modern ways, has made confusion worse confounded in the language.

With this premise, the reader will have no difficulty in understanding that, with four thousand ideographs in common use, and as many more which may be called upon, besides a sort of running commentary in an alphabet of fifty letters, the Japanese compositor's life is not a happy one. He wanders among a multitude of cases, attended by two or three acolytes who help him in gathering his types. He has the one trifling advantage over his fellow-craftsman in Arabic or Hebrew—he can set up a whole "stickful" without having to lift it line by line, for a language which begins at the top right-hand corner and reads downwards comes to the same thing as one that begins at the top left-hand corner and reads laterally.

With a language like this it is impossible even to use the typewriter, and typesetting machines are out of the question. Even the hand-setting is painfully slow, and distribution must be slower still in comparison with the facility attained in European or Sanskritic languages. The difficulty, however, is not insuperable, and, when once it is surmounted the rest of the process is on up-to-date lines. Stereotype plates are cast and fitted on the cylinders of rotary machines, and the outturn thenceforward is as swift as even this hustling age demands. It has to be, for the circulation of the most popular papers is enormous—running up to a quarter of a million. It is here to begin with, that there is a great difference between the Indian and the Japanese Press. I think I am well within the mark in saying that no paper in India reaches the tenth part of a quarter-million circulation, with a consequence that printing direct from the types is the rule, and the coolie affords most of the motive power to the machinery. As samples of printing there is little to choose between the Indian and the Japanese newspapers—both are wretched productions, badly printed on the cheapest of paper. Both have the merit of cheapness, and neither has the reputation of paying well.

Four reasons may be suggested for the greater circulation which Japanese papers enjoy as compared with Indian: the people are of a more busy and inquisitive temperament in Japan than in India; their system of government simulates many of the party excitements of more democratic countries; the ability to read is more widely disseminated; and though the poor have a hard struggle to live, subsistence is not reduced to so exact a calculation as in India, and the price of a paper can be squeezed

out of a small wage. Of these four, the political factor is undoubtedly a very powerful one. India has a minimum of politics—perhaps for its own good. There is no burning question to be settled by popular vote, no road to Utopia except that along which, it is devoutly hoped, that mysterious entity called the Government is in its wisdom leading the country. The advantages and disadvantages of this interest might be set down, like the troubles and recompenses of Robinson Crusoe, in parallel columns, and there would be enough in the column of disadvantages to enable any philosophic mind to regard with equanimity the slow growth of the democratic ideal in India—but the balance would certainly be turned in favour of the condition which encourages the circulation of the newspaper by the stimulus it gives, in all but its basest forms, to an extension of the reader's interest in affairs.

The circulation of the Japanese newspaper, however, judging by any standard of averages is large out of all proportion to the interest of the majority of its reader in politics. The franchise is restricted, and the Government may be repeatedly defeated by a parliamentary majority without coming out of office. It may even pass and enforce legislation against the will of that majority. The popular voice is not without effect, however. A sufficient number of indignation meetings, seasoned by a riot or two in the capital will make the Government consider it discreet to climb down. Of course the Press is a powerful factor in this process, and the riksha-coolie who heaves a stone through ministerial windows feels at such a season that he is a political unit in the State, and if he can, reads his paper accordingly. Curiously enough, the mob is most strenuous and the papers are most strident in the very matter where the Japanese Government dare not give in to their clamour. Two successful wars have somewhat turned the heads of the journalist and his reader in the street alike. The "go on with the war" riot is historical, and the Japanese Press is ready to declare war on the United States or to annex China at a moment's notice. The lack of interest in foreign affairs in the Indian Press is in striking contrast to this. India has certainly grown into a sense of national solidarity, but as a dependency, it has no foreign complications; when a turbulent neighbour is annexed for the better preservation of order, the national feeling is not strong enough to produce a storm.

of spreadeagleism, though the annexation may be the sequel to the victorious valour of Indian troops; more often there is a dignified disapproval of the imposition of alien government on lands which had not theretofore known it.

As regards the liberty of the Press it is very difficult to find out where its limits in Japan lie. There seem to be fundamental differences of view both on liberty and propriety. Nobody could say that the Japanese Press is not outspoken. It is most unsparing in its denunciations. Not only this but it plunges lightheartedly into the vilest slanders. When the present Premier (an Admiral) took up office newspapers stated without incurring reproof, that he was known for his 'proclivity for accepting commissions and that the country might look on for a "big navy" policy accordingly. Other public men are as freely slandered and with as little grounds. The newspapers are celebrated for their "third page," which is popular reading, but does little credit to the taste of its readers. It spares neither age nor sex in its indecencies. One would think there was no law of libel in the land, yet at the present moment a case is before the Courts where the authors of a book are sued for libelling the elderly complainant's late grandfather.

In some directions, however, the Press is absolutely muzzled. While liberty and even license are allowed as a matter of policy, every now and then a Procurator-General is circulated to the newspaper offices, forbidding them to publish a word on some happening which the police think it best for the public that they should not know, and the subjects thus proscribed are of such curious diversity that there seems to be no limit to the extent to which the Press could be silenced in time of need, or supposed need, without the public being any the wiser or the Press itself being able to make any comment. Certain it is that the prohibitions cover opinions as well as facts. How far an Indian paper might go scatheless in speaking ill of the King-Emperor is, fortunately, never the subject of experiment, but certainly an indiscretion would not be attended with the abolitions and confiscations that would follow a disrespectful reference to the Mikado in a newspaper in Japan. An Indian journalist might also preach socialism to his heart's content so long as he did not create a riot, but in Japan the propagation of socialism is a criminal offence, and it is sailing near the wind to discuss the benefits of republicanism—

what though Dr. Ariga, the Japanese legal adviser to the Chinese Government, recently sailed for China with a scheme of his own for an ideal republic in his pocket, wherewith to deliver President Yuan Shih-kai from all his vicissitudes!

With all its outspokenness on domestic affairs, the Japanese Press maintains an ominous silence with regard to the strange things that sometimes happen in the recently acquired territories of Korea and Formosa. In Formosa there is a strict embargo on the dispatch of news to Japan and except an occasional official record of wonderful progress, news is rare. A belated complaint in a Japanese newspaper is almost the only notice that has ever been taken of a system of expropriation which has borne with great heaviness on Formosan cultivators. A Cingalese Buddhist named Dharmapalla who lately did a Japanese tour, addressing meetings as a "representative of the Indian Aryans," and slandering the Indian Government, much to the admiration of Japanese journalists who said his courage was the more conspicuous in that he was shadowed by two Indian detectives, stated in one of his addresses that the Japanese had done more in Korea in six years than the British had in India in fifty. One thing the Japanese have done in Korea probably not in Mr. Dharmapalla's mind at that florid moment is practically to extinguish the native Press, only two little papers being left, which both have to be extremely careful. It may be that this is not intended illiberally for it is a part of Japan's fixed policy to denationalise the Koreans absorb them, and make them all speak Japanese. It is worth recording, however, that when a Japanese writer recently criticised the Oriental Development Company (a subsidised concern) very severely in a Korean magazine printed in Japan, the copies arrived in Korea with the article blacked out, *à la Russe*.

There is not a great deal to choose between the ability with which the Japanese Press is conducted and that which distinguishes the Indian Press. The large circulation which the chief Japanese papers enjoy enables them to command a far more extensive news service than the Indian papers can aspire to. Some keep their own correspondents in England and America, who cable important news; but it must be confessed that these gentlemen's telegrams often convey little information in a good many words—which may be the result of "expansion" by the receiver, coupled with

times, no doubt, with an inability to grasp the import of the message. The best journalists in Japan and India are men of extensive knowledge and keen judgment, the lesser lights in neither country have yet acquired the journalistic art of cloaking a grotesque ignorance in a dignified disguise. On the whole the Japanese Press achieves higher flights of misinformation on Western matters, and its readers swallow it with practically no corrective. Comparatively few Japanese know any European language, and the number of Europeans who read the Japanese papers is infinitesimal—the less important ones have no foreign readers at all, besides, none of them correct their errors even when they are pointed out—so all sorts of queer beliefs are imbibed by readers with no corrective at all.

Foreign newspapers in Japan occupy of course a very different position from that of the Anglo-Indian Press, though both wield far more influence than their limited circulation would suggest. Both also are published largely in the interests of the communities which chiefly subscribe to them. In India the English papers are the chief gatherers of news—even of that which is mainly of interest to Indians—in Japan with the greater influence and larger circulation of the vernacular Press, the foreign papers do not hold such a pre-eminent place as sources of a public news supply—and a considerable amount of translation from the vernacular papers is done. This is by no means confined to a lifting of news items, however—it is of more service as showing to the outside world the course of public opinion which would otherwise, owing to the difficulties of the language, hardly become known.

This brings us to the subject of the Subsidised Press. Opinions differ as to the benefits to be derived from the Government having a newspaper in its pay. Several of the European Governments do it and appear to be satisfied with the results, but there is always a danger that the system will bring contempt both on the paper subsidised and on its paymasters. This has certainly happened both in India and Japan, though it must be confessed that the Japanese are much greater experts in the art of subsidising papers than is the Government of India. The latter was altogether too straightforward for its attempts to be successful. At a time when a flood of seditious rubbish was spreading devastation over the country, the Indian Government thought of encouraging a

dissemination of more truthful information and of sounder views, by becoming subscribers on a pretty large scale to one or two papers which were paying the penalty of their virtues in being left behind by organs which pandered to evil passions. These subsidies were made known to all the world, with the natural result that the papers subsidised became objects of the most virulent criticism. In Japan the subsidy business is worked more secretly, and a semi-official paper is recognised mainly by the impossibility of accounting for its existence and opinions in any other way than by supposing that it is paid by the State. There are, of course, items of confirmatory evidence at times. It is singular that while in India the subsidies are for the cultivation of native opinion, in Japan this care is largely bestowed on the showing of Japan in a favourable light to foreigners. Semi-official organs appear in English accordingly, and there are papers published in California, Hawaii, and Shanghai in Japanese interests. When these sheets are edited by Japanese the result is merely funny. When a European is sometimes happens, goes in for the semi-official business, he generally overdoes it and creates ill-feeling by blackening the faces of his countrymen so that Japan shall shine the brighter by the contrast. Of course, there is no proof forthcoming that the newspapers and magazines belonging to this class derive any direct support from the Government. It is mainly that there is no other way of accounting for them. It is hardly necessary to add that their ultimate effect is quite contrary to that which they endeavour to attain. Judging by the amount of Japanomania published quite voluntarily in English-speaking countries during the past few years, besides the smaller quantity of well-informed commendation, one would not have supposed that Japan was in any need of artificially improving foreign opinion. However, the national sensitiveness is a well-known (and much-advertised) quality, and it does not take a great deal of Japanophobic literature to make the authorities consider the necessity of supplying counteraction; so, besides the daily papers there are one or two semi-official magazines which add to the duty of nations. The hired foreign editor in a patriotic Japanese pose is a quite delightful caricature.

One grave fault of the vernacular papers in Japan is their inclination to prejudge cases. Notable instances are those of the Japanese socialists who were executed two or three years ago.

and the Korean conspiracy case. In both these important cases the Japanese Press proclaimed the guilt of the accused in a chorus of condemnation before they had even been arraigned before the Court. The same sort of thing happens daily and never appears to suffer reproof. It is, in the last issue, a fault of the Courts as much as of the Press. In India the Courts are extremely sensitive on this point, and not long ago the Bombay High Court solemnly reproved and penalised a paper for a report into which the most morbid sensitiveness could hardly read an improper comment. On the whole, however, the Press in Japan is held on a much tighter rein than in India. The law demanding in certain cases a large pecuniary deposit as a sort of guarantee fund for pains and penalties was regarded as a great hardship, if not an infringement of liberty, in India. In Japan, however, all newspapers have to provide this security. The seizure of a whole issue, whether of a daily paper or of a magazine, on account of its containing some article which the police consider detrimental to morals or order, is a common occurrence; it is also rather futile, for often the greater part of the issue is in the hands of subscribers before the seizure can be made. Sometimes it is impossible for the ordinary critic to discover anything in the confiscated paper worthy of suppression.

"Prison editors" became quite common in India in the blood-thirsty days of the *Yugantar*. Although the Press laws in Japan are not at all unlike the measures introduced into India for dealing with sedition by Lord Minto's Government, they have not succeeded in abolishing the "prison editor," who is still a regular institution in vernacular newspaper offices, and whose existence has been ingeniously traced to an analogy in the dual form of Government as it existed under the Shoguns. He serves his purpose so long as the case is not sufficiently serious to bring down the ire of the law on the whole staff, printers and all.

As for vernacular journalism as a profession, its popularity both in India and Japan is out of all proportion to its pecuniary rewards. It is said that not even a circulation of a quarter of a million secures to a Japanese editor an income much over Rs. 350 a month, while the great majority of editorial stipends are more in the neighbourhood of Rs. 50. Indian journalism is no better paid—except in proportion to its circulation, and editorial, like other salaries, reach a lower mark in India than in Japan. These

miserable rewards probably account for many of the shortcomings of the Press in both countries, but if the public will not pay for good journalism it cannot expect to get it. The fault possibly lies in a want of popular discrimination due partly to the novelty of the profession. Things will doubtless improve as time goes on, and meanwhile the Indian or Japanese journalist who is badly underpaid for good pioneer work has the satisfaction of knowing that he is working for a future generation which shall be taught to appreciate merit and show discernment in its reading.

A. MORGAN YOUNG.

Japan

THE DREAD REALITIES OF LIFE

THE founder of Buddhism was by the strict order of his father carefully shielded from every sight of woe, and as far as possible protected from all the chilling blasts of life that blow upon ordinary mortals. It was the desire of the fond parent that his royal son should grow up in happy ignorance of the existence of the problem of pain—that problem which has vexed and baffled the most thoughtful men of every age. Gautama's eyes were not allowed even to behold the sights of sorrow that pierce the tender heart; his ears were not permitted to hear the cries of those who wept and would not be comforted because those for whom they shed the bitter tear were no longer within reach of voice or friendly hand. The cruel thorn-town that sorrowful experience plaits and places upon the brow of every mortal was not to be worn by this much-favoured, dearly beloved prince. Such was the well-meaning but wholly vain determination of his father. But such fond fancies were doomed for in spite of every precaution the thoughtful and curious prince crossed the threshold of the royal palace and witnessed sights of woe that wrung his heart and stirred to the depths his fount of sympathy.

To most of us childhood and youth are like the walls of the royal palace that bounded the experience of Gautama. Youth is above all else a time of joy. Youth thirsts for joy, and is gifted with a short memory of its own wrongs and pains. All the tentacles of youth are out to gather pleasure, and sorrows and trials are only incidents by the way, no more thought of than the knocks received in a scrimmage or the scratches one gets while picking blackberries. Indeed, youth is capable of turning the most tragic circumstances of life into a game or a pastime. Witness a band of children playing at funerals for example. The sorrows of life are drowned in its deeper joys, at

least until the hour arrives when reason awakes and begins to sift the heap of garnered experience, and divide its wheat from chaff. To some this awakening comes early, and to others it comes late in life. It does not always come at the time when young people begin to talk solemnly about "the problem of pain," and "the enigma of life." We begin to talk about these things early enough, and are quite familiar with the vocabulary long before we have had any experience of what it really expresses. We catch the current speech of our seniors, or we read about the problem in books, or it may be that the sad, bitter wail of the world echoes in our soul. But just as young and inexperienced people can talk glibly of the deep problems of the spirit that are still but dimly discerned upon the far distant rim of their own spiritual horizon, so those who have never felt a real pang and who have no first-hand knowledge of suffering, can talk freely of "the dread facts of life," "the problem of pain," "life's insoluble mysteries and inexplicabilities."

But the hour of awakening does come, when for the first time a man becomes experimentally aware of the dread facts and insoluble mysteries. How it comes it is scarcely necessary to ask, for there are varieties almost innumerable of the experience. Here, for example, is a poor bed-ridden woman who for months past has been fighting with all her feeble strength for mere breath. Her life hangs on a filmy thread that may snap to-day or to-morrow, how soon no skilled physician can tell. Life is already on the wing, and as swallows hover round the old nesting place ere they take their departure, so her life hovers round the tottering body ready to depart at any moment to a more congenial home. Ask that bed-ridden patient her story. She will tell you that thirty years ago she was the mother of five sturdy children, and the possessor of average health and strength. Life was a sweet song. Every lisping tongue, and every clutch of baby fingers was an eloquent testimony to the merits the bountiful Father had bestowed, and they were all prophetic of better things to come. They were fulfillments and promises laden with hope. But a day dawned, the record of which was cut as with a pen of iron upon that poor woman's quivering heart. It was a dark day for death "the shadow feared of man" spread his pinions over the happy home and within two brief weeks carried off three of the darling children and seriously threatened the life of the two who

were left. Consolation was not wanting. Faith was not eclipsed. God was not forgotten. The glorious hope was not ignored. But that fortnight and the shadowed weeks and months that followed it have never been forgotten and the wound then made in the heart has never been healed. Other losses followed and there was no strength left to stand up against them, and so twenty years ago that shadow upon the bed became a confirmed invalid; and now for fifteen weary years her only surviving daughter has had to bear the burden and live a secluded life—clean cut off, or almost clean cut off from the current of joy that cheers and refreshes us on our pilgrimage.

Thus came the awakening. There is another family wrapped in weeds which the observer sees are but the least—and only the outward conventional expression of the soundless grief they feel. Their's was a happy home type of Heaven and for his every act helped all to understand what they really meant when on bended knee and with folded hands they lisped or said "Our Father which art in Heaven." He was their sun and shield, and his smile of approval was their exceeding great reward. If friendship be bound to friend with "hoops of triple steel," then how strong must have been the bond of union between this man and his devoted family and how terrible must have been the wrench that separated them! But a day came when the sun was blotted out at midday and the world upon which he had shone with such soft light such glorious splendour was plunged in a darkness deeper than that of night. An accident occurred and the warm palpitating loving, all-embracing life fled from its earthly tabernacle to its permanent building in the heavens. Here too there was consolation,* encouragement, faith, and hope undimmed and in the end blessed peace. But peace was won only after untold agony, and not without a wound in a long drawn out "battle." There was the awakening of a whole family to "the dread realities of life." To some of them it came after manhood and womanhood had been reached, while to others it came in life's dewy morn, but to all of them it came in the stern, emphatic, unapologetic way such awakenings generally come.

And so at some time and in some way we are all awakened from our dreamy slumber by these dread realities. To one the awakening comes through broken health, crippled energies,

paralysed endeavours. To another it comes through the reverse of fortune, the loss of worldly goods, the failure of cherished ambitions and carefully projected schemes, "the hopes that have turned liars." To another it comes through the loss of friends, the breach of trust, the whispered secret, the betrayal of confidence. And to another it comes through the fading of the vision splendid, the passing of love, the mysterious, inexplicable change of feeling that withers life and dries up the fount of hope. A favourable breeze had filled the sails and the bark was being blown towards the harbour, but suddenly the wind died away and the boat was becalmed on the high seas far away from home and rest. Others are awakened by the current events of life by such things as coal-pit explosions, railway disasters, shipwrecks, the devastation of plague, the ravages of famine and the dread havoc of war, and in the midst of all the awful silence and seeming abso- luteness of God.

These experiences and observations cause the iron to enter into the souls of men and lead many, rightly or wrongly, to find expression for their feelings in Tennyson's words

"And Time a maimed scatterer darts,
And Life a hurly-shin in a flame."

There are times when even the faithful is hard put to it by these enigmas of life. There are occasions when even the best of men are tempted to think what they would shrink from putting into formal speech—namely, that if the destinies of this world were in the hands of some arch-fiend who deliberately plots and ingeniously plans how he may most successfully and cruelly thwart and buffet men, he could not conceive of a treatment more harsh or cruel than what is meted out to some people we know. It looks at times as if some skilled but cruel alchemist had laid his finger upon human lives, and by a single touch had turned all their hoarded gold to dross. The thought is a wrong one, is but a spectre of a mind temporarily deranged, but it embitters and unnerves many a man. To indulge such a thought is irreligious if not indeed atheistic. No matter how dark the night, may be, the sky that silently looks down upon us is studded with stars whose light is constant and unchanging.—"All things work together for good to them that love God." "These light afflictions which are but for a moment."

work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Such stars of hope and promise shine upon our darkened ways. Happy is he who has learned to "stand alone and find contentment in the stars," for they are but the guiding Eye of God which is "upon all that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy ; to deliver their souls from death, and to keep them alive in famine "

*

Wadhwan

ROBERT BOYD

A FEW SKETCHES BY THE WANDERING MUSE.

(Continued from our last Number)

AN ILLUSTRATION TO SHELLEY'S POEM.

VAIN artist! what madness sways thy ambition? Canst thou dip thy pencil in the odours of the hyacinth and jessamine or the fleeting shadows of clouds and the pharos of the delicious music of the skylark on the towers? Nature, and not you, is Shelley's artist and the vernal shower and the crim on rays of the setting sun are her brush.

ON SIGHTING THE LONDON PUNCH.

Life is seeming life, a dream, never mind, another has said "life is real, life is earnest." We dream in the day no less than in the night. We pause, we falter, we decy and die, before we resolve and act. The present no less than the past is a speedy grave do find in Stygian waves, and the future harkens to follow suit. We err, we offend, we clothe ourselves with vanity when we suffer and for a time do seem to enjoy. I hail thee *Punch* as thy pen draws aside the veil that shadows our life. Thy frontispiece in the wake of the new creed of futurism calls up in a few dripping lines, a host of dreamland freaks.

FINIS.

The solitary crow in half sleep crow, the goldsmith hammers in rhythmic blows, the sun-burnt hawket in the noonday tunes, the sunbeam dust in silence flows, the lizard rests with aimless looks, and my half-closed eyes conjure up a world of forgotten bliss. But suddenly the wind blows and moans and whistles through my window chinks. The forest heads of palmy groves maintain a perpetual swing. It looks the world is again astir with change and is busy shaking off its sloth. Why should I alone, a soulless life machine when nature around girds up and cries "life is motion, motion, life?"

ON HUMOUR.

I draw a picture in light humour. I dip this side and the nose
lengthens. This stroke again makes a warrior dight, and a third
makes another on a chair reclined. It is woeful, yes, this picture's
plight. Each stroke indeed doth make a wight and a newer life
grows out of every bend. Be not this picture short or long, bow
not thyself to every chance. Draw thyself but be not drawn. Be
not a sport to circumstance.

TO HENRI BERGSON

Behold, the sage of mystic love doth pour his magic spell over
the East. His voice is the voice of Indian sages of yore and his
theme is again the *ever sublime*. Hail prophet! Open unto us the
vision that seeth life's profound lesson and reminds us God's breath
flows in all that nature calls her own. The sacred breath that bids
the atom move moves us to think and go to greatest heights
it is given to us to rise for man is the privileged being whose will
swings in regions wide and crown himself with noblest things.

ON A COLLECTION OF LOVE POEMS

As nature varied her delicate creations fleeting forms and bid
them move with pulsing joy, so love weaves around its beloved
many, many a spectral shade from its fancy-begotten world, and
drinks the beautiful in that charm that kindles and dissolves its
soul in ethereal waves. The beaming eyes that dart the amorous
looks, the heaving breast that summons the crimson blush, the spright-
ly wit that brightens the sombre depths, the gentle step that but the
green grass bends, and the cloudy locks that embower many a stolen
kiss lend ever vernal wings to fancy's flights. Oh, bard of beauty and
love, play on thy tunes to love's ever-changing themes, and let the
hearts of the youth, like lotus fed on the dews of love's ambrosial
joys,

ON SEEING A YOUNG WIFE.

The Zephyr plays on the temple locks, the lover's gentle curls,
with whispers sweet. The hyacinth wafts delicious airs and the rose
forgotten kisses. The evening skies shed golden colours on thy cheeks
and the blithe bird sings harmonious hours. But whence from thy
cornered eyes a streak of pity runs on the wight by thy side, and thy
heart like a billow sends up many a stream of hot-felt sighs? Why
does thy soul pent up thus set a hardened seal to the doors of gentle
love? Perhaps thy cup is with bitter liquid filled by hands that
yoked thee to that human form. But shall not love free thee from
the tangled webs of custom?

PREMATURE DEATH.

How am I to think of thee my child? Thou wert a fleeting form across the expanse of my memory. Hardly three summers had passed and yet the pains of life and its fickle joys were thine. Full loads of fretting and moments of innocent glee crowded thy life's but short space. Memory saddens our life sadder are thoughts of our past pleasures, but saddest still are those of those we had loved before. We loved thee when we *had* thee but why do we pine we have thee not? Death lay his icy hands but is it to smite the budding soul? Ah what a gap in nature! The air the earth and the fire made thee, By the self same air earth and fire wast thou too soon consumed. Death's massive waves swept thee away. Silence crowns thy head, Shall we hear thee yet in the evening breeze, see thee in the setting sun, feel thy presence in the ashes of the dissolving earth?

For thee we are content to be weak to embrace the weakness of sorrow to shed fanning tears to dream of pious hopes and false purification.

P. PAKHASAPATHY AIYENGAR

Madras.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

(Concluded from our last Number)

CHAPTER X.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LANGUAGE

HAVING traced English literature to its source, we have nothing more to do than to examine very briefly into the origin of the language and the gradations whereby it passed from the swamps of a formless barbarism into a clear and well-defined stream. The idioms of the piratical tribes who, crossing from the estuaries of the Elbe and the Rhine, gradually drove the Welsh into the Western Hills and laid the foundation of the modern British races, were complicated like most early sorts of speech. The inflections, genders and tense forms which are still abundant in the "Low Dutch" languages of that part of Europe were once characteristic of old English, and in comparing Netherlandish, Frisian and Danish with the antique ballads of Scotland we become aware of a vocabulary and to a less extent, of a grammar bearing some resemblance to those, but which have been eliminated from classical English. Indeed, it may be said that this language is the only one of the Teutonic group which has discarded the encumbrances referred to and which puts the words of a sentence into a reasonable and immediately intelligible order, besides employing compounds of Latin and Greek in lieu of rude combinations. Take a common phrase such as,—*"I shall take a second-class ticket"* a Dutchman has to say for this, *"Ik zal een kartji vor de tweedi clas nehmen,"* where you are not sure what he means till his sentence is finished.* And note

* Until you heard the last word you could not be sure whether he meant to take the ticket for himself or to give it to another.

that nearly every word is more or less identical with its English equivalent, yet one feels that to read a page of such sentences would be pain and grief to us

So again, with what the experts call "old English," we are told that late in the tenth century there was a ballad made in that language on the defeat of the Scandinavian pirates by Earl Brihtnoth at the battle of Maldon in Essex. And this is how it begins -

" Het tha bord beaur becomas gaugan thaet
Hi on tham ca stod, calla stodon "

This is not gibberish: it is even an ambitious literary effort if we please to say so - but we could not venture to say it is the language of Tennyson. In fact that supreme artist published a version of a later ballad of this kind - frankly classed it among his "Translations" - from foreign tongues, availing himself of another rendering in prose to enable him to turn it into a sort of poem in English.

The period immediately preceding Chaucer was, in the South of Europe, one of considerable illumination which produced in England something analogous to what in Persia is known as 'Isfah Dahn'. At the end of the 13th century the triumph of the Guelphs and the prosperity of some of the Italian Republics had brought about a temporary civilization of which Dante was at once the product and the recorder; and the establishment of petty tyrannies in most of the republican States rather increased the signs of culture, by the erection of standards of taste, and by making over military life to a class of professional soldiers. The little courts of the tyrants patronised the arts, the citizens did their best in the pursuit of commerce, with its intercourse with the East, an inglorious luxury took the place of rough but manly freedom. Some refraction of this light, some echo of these tones of melting melody found their way into England soon after the subsidence of the Black Death and the French war; and the Papal scandal that began in 1308 naturally affected men's minds in all Catholic countries where the relaxation of physical calamity gave time for thought.

Then the period immediately preceding the accession of Edward III was in England a time of considerable activity, though

hardly favourable to the development of art—whether literary, pictorial, or musical. What culture there was took the form of architecture, and the fine church-building of the age was far in advance of any literary undertakings which—whether in French or Latin—might timidly appeal for favour. A voluminous verse-writer, named Adam Davy, is believed to have produced a quantity of rhyme about 1300, which Chaucer appears to have had in his eye when he was telling the Rime of Sir Thopas and recording the hostile criticism of the Host of the Tabard, the jovial but short-tempered Harry Bawley. About the same time Robert of Gloucester brought out a rhymed chronicle in which is an interesting incidental notice of the prevalent fashion of speaking, the style is already too rich to be easy reading --

"Ich wene that no be man in worlde countrys none
That he holdeth to his kinde spech but Englonde one
Ac wel me wot you to come both wel at ys
Voe the more that I am on the more worth he ys."

Before this came the long and barren time of the Barons' war, in the feeble reigns of Henry III. and his worthless father nothing worth recording was produced though there was no moment of total silence.

The *Romance of Sir Isumbras*, edited by Walter Scott, has been with some confidence assigned to the year 1230 and is in the Northern dialect. Of the same period is *The Owl and the Nightingale* assigned to Nicholas of Guildford a southern writer, who uses the following style

"Ich was in the sumere dale
In one suthely dithely hule
Ich herde holle grette tale
And hule and aye nightmeale

The pretty ballad beginning
"Sumere is ycomen in
•. Lhude sing cucu."

is of the same period, as also the *Ancient Rincle*, or Rule, a treatise on the duties of female anchorites, * the *Ormulum*, a metrical arrangement of the Gospels intended for Church use,

* Edited by the Rev. Jas. Morris, and by him ascribed to Bp. Poor (d. 1257) the English is pleasant and can be read with a little study and practice.

by Robert Orme, an Augustinian Canon; and lastly the *Brut* of Layamon, priest of Bewdley, about 1205. This poem about 56,000 lines in length is a translation of a work by the Jerseyman commonly known as "Robert Wace" in the mythic history of the ancient Britons. With Layamon we may be said to touch bottom—he is thought to embody the current language of the time, and an uncouth language it is, e.g. —

An preost was on leoden
Layamon was a hoten
He was Leonenadhe's Sone
Ladhe him beo drihten

Beyond this we are unable to trace the English language; the clergymen and chroniclers write in Latin, Wace and Map and Marie de France are intelligible in their old-fashioned French; but the vernacular is what the earlier historians, ending with Hallam, recognised as 'Anglo-Saxon' and which it seems pedantic mystification to call by any other name.

The various styles of this primitive tongue have however, been for some time past known as English of various denominations which may be understood from a chronologic arrangement, namely —

First transition period 1000-1200. In this the language is seen struggling to shake off case, tense and gender, described by Hallam as the passing of Anglo-Saxon into English, sufficient, in the opinion of that able historian, to constitute "a new form of language." The most valuable monument of this process is *The Saxon Chronicle* bringing down the history of the southern part of Britain to A. D. 1154. The authorship of the early portion has been traditionally ascribed to King Alfred, but that is somewhat earlier than the period under consideration, although the language was nearly stationary from the time of Alfred to the Norman conquest.

Late "old English" is held to have some small increase of archaism; and it is dated from 800 to 1000, and includes "the works of King Alfred in the end of the ninth century."

Early "old English" (700 to 800) is illustrated by Baeda ("Venerable Bede"), born about 673 near Durham, the author of a very famous Latin *Ecclesiastical History*, who has left a vernacular translation of the Gospel according to St. John, which he

had just time to complete when overtaken by death in 735. Baeda gives some particulars regarding a still earlier writer, Caedmon, the putative author of a poetical work which is thought to have supplied some ideas or materials for Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

All sorts of doubts have been propounded as to the author of this work, which is mainly a 'paraphrase'—as it is generally entitled—of the earlier chapters of the Scriptures called Genesis, with subsequent portions ending with an original narrative of the triumph of Christ over Satan. All that is on record of the supposed author is derived from a tradition put on record by Baeda, to the effect that Caedmon was a scroviner in the Abbey of Whitby in Yorkshire, who was patronised by Hilda the Abbess on account of a gift of poetry which he ascribed to a vision, and the date assigned to this event is A. D. 680. Some parts of the text were preserved by Baeda, some by King Alfred, and there is a manuscript of the tenth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The opinion among scholars is that several authors are to be supposed, and it has been observed that a Latin version was published at the Hague in 1655, which might well have been known to Milton. How far an ordinary English reader of education could have used the paraphrase without some such assistance may be judged from a specimen taken from the description of the enemy of mankind setting forth on his fatal mission:—

" Haeleth helm on hea ted asette
And thoune full heande geband,
Spenn,med spannum

Which being interpreted is said to be "old English" for:—

" The chief on head his helmet set
And it full strongly bound
Fastened with clasps "

But things of this sort are only proper subjects for special study, like the *Vedas* or the *Odes* of Pindar, and they have no particular connection with our present subject beyond showing from what rude and rough beginnings our language and literature have arisen. We may be pretty certain that if England and Scotland had been left to their indigenous resources, they would have had little more literature than the Faroe Islands.

In point of fact, however, our country has not been so entirely divided from the rest of the world since the days of Horace. In the 14th century we notice the Italian intercourse of which we have seen an example in the case of the Sonnet, in which Surrey was the first to use the correct Italian form. As soon as the Civil Wars were over a strong current set in from France which never ceased until the middle of the 18th century when the current was reversed and French writers began to copy ours. The inspiration of Richardson by Marivaux has been hinted at above, although rather as a conjecture than as a certainty.

In conclusion we must admit that the English Classics, like the English people generally, show a mixed strain and are none the worse, but all the better for so doing. What the future may have in store for us it would be beyond the scope of this little study to foretell. Let us finally express a hope that writers now living will never forget their great predecessors, but will bear themselves ever as inheritors of great traditions and citizens of no mean city. Especially let us never forget that continuity has been the peculiar characteristic of our whole literature. From Chaucer and Wycliffe to Macaulay and Tennyson we may find occasional interruptions of progress, but the spirit of the race remains a spirit of love and hope, of moderation and energy, of reverence for the past and courage for the future.

H. G. KEENE.

England.

SADHANA" AND A PESSIMIST

"SADHANA" fell into the hands of a pessimist. He was an out and out pessimist. There was no optimistic element in his nature. It is, therefore, not surprising that he did not find "Sadhana" quite to his taste. In fact, the perusal of the book threw him into a melancholy fit—he was so much upset by reading the simple truths so simply stated in the book. He had just recovered from his fit when some of his friends called on him. Wondering whether they had read the book and if so, what effect it had produced upon them, the pessimist began to question his friends as follows:

"Have you read 'Sadhana'?" he asked.

"Yes," cried several voices—enthusiastically.

"How did you like the book?" This question was addressed to one of the men who had said "Yes." The pessimist decided to make this individual his victim, as his "Yes" was very loudly, unhesitatingly and, therefore, truthfully.

"Very much indeed," replied the victim. "I enjoyed reading the book. It is so fresh, so bright and so cheerful. There is not a single melancholy thought in the whole book. It inspired me with hope, it filled me with joy. I only wish that the author were not so brief. 'Sadhana' comes as a beam of light—a blessing to us in the midst of our sorrows and anxieties."

"So you admit that there is such a thing as sorrow in this world," said the pessimist. "You, at any rate, do not deny the existence of suffering, which the author of 'Sadhana' does."

"Does he?" said Abinash. "I was not aware of it. My impression is that he considers pain to be the negative aspect of pleasure. He does not say that there is no evil in the world. Such a statement would be false. Evil, as someone has said, is a dark and dismal nightshade which casts a gloom over every department of human life, and which continually pervades its brightest and fairest form. What the author of 'Sadhana' seems to believe is that this nightshade is no real and true, positive thing. In other words, evil and happiness are two

inconsistent things. They differ in kind. One is positive and permanent; the other is negative and impermanent. I am convinced by the book that it is so. Can you prove the contrary to be true?"

Pessimist. "I do not know if I can, but I should certainly like to have a chat with you on this question. May be I am wrong."

And then the pessimist and his friends settled down comfortably in their chairs. They knew what was coming. The pessimist was a fighting man. He fought for his opinions and fought hard. And they liked to hear him talk, as he always spoke earnestly and truthfully, and perhaps also convincingly. Abinash knew what the pessimist's line of argument would be, and so he quietly waited for him to speak.

Pessimist. "Let me first state as clearly as I can the theory elaborated in the 'Sadhana.' What is death? asks our author. 'It is the negative aspect of life.' We must not keep 'the searchlight of our observation turned upon the fact of death.' If we persisted in doing so, the world would appear to us 'as a huge charnel-house.' It is life that counts. Death counts not. It is an ugly fact, and facts are odious things but it casts out the intellectual domain, Oliver Wendell Holmes called them. Death is no positive thing. It does not blacken existence, and in that respect it is like the sky which 'does not leave its stain upon the wing of a bird.' Again, the author does not want us to be always thinking about our failures and shortcomings, for if we did so we should lose all hope of bettering ourselves and, perhaps, fall into utter depression. Let us therefore ignore evil, ignore suffering, ignore pain. If they cannot be ignored, regard them negatively, treat them as the negations of their opposites: joy, pleasure and purity. Nothing is gained by keeping our eyes fixed upon what does not inspire us with joy. Think of evil as if it were not, and then the realization of yourself by yourself, whatever that may mean, becomes easy. Let me tell you that this is the idealist's usual way of approaching the study of the question of pain. The idealist hates facts. He has his own theory of creation. Whatever contradicts his theory, he likes to omit. He mentions it as seldom as possible. He makes an attempt to leave it out altogether. When he fails in that attempt he makes light of the whole affair. He lacks the courage that takes the bull by the horns and faces the facts squarely and boldly. Does it make any difference to the existence of facts whether you consider them or ignore them? Not the slightest. Your method misleads you, and in the end it is you who suffer. It is true that 'the more steadily you fix your eyes upon the darkness, the more immeasurable does it appear,' but is that any reason why we should 'for our own sakes turn away from the question of evil? As the well-

known device of the ostrich does not save it from the weapon of the hunter, so the mere shutting of our eyes to the reality of evil does not make it vanish, but delivers us only the more surely into its power."†

Abinash: "But the author of 'Sadhana' recognizes that there is evil in the world. In one place, I remember, he speaks about 'our lust, our greed, our love of comfort' which result 'in cheapening man to his lowest value' and about 'ugly sores in the body of civilization' which 'give rise to its hovels and brothels, its vindictive penal codes, its cruel prison systems, its organized method of exploiting foreign races to the extent of permanently injuring them by depriving them of the discipline of self-government and means of self defence'."

Pessimist: "But what is the best way of dealing with these ugly sores? Can they be removed by regarding them philosophically and talking about them metaphysically? Suppose a doctor were consulted about the sores in the body of one of his patients. Would not the patient feel a bit surprised if the doctor instead of taking measures to cure him began to lecture him in the following strain: 'My dear Sir, I know there are ugly sores in your body. The sight is painful. But I assure you that disease is no absolute positive thing. It is merely the negative aspect of health. Do not pry, keep the searchlight of your observation turned on the fact of these sores, for that would distress you. We shall talk no more about sores, and, by the way, death itself is no evil.' It is the negative aspect of life. Let me change the topic," and so on. I wonder if such a doctor will kill or cure most of his patients by dosing them with a theology of doubtful value instead of medicines. And to consider the question more carefully: what reasons have we for asserting that pain is the negative aspect of pleasure? Pleasure is simply a feeling and so is pain. The feeling of pain is as real as the feeling of pleasure. Suppose I asserted that pleasure is the negation of pain, and that pain is the only real thing, the absence of pain being pleasure. How could you contradict me?"

"I do not see your point," remarked Benode, who was taking a keen interest in the discussion.

Pessimist: "I will state it in the words of the philosopher of Königsberg: 'Our lot is so cast that there is nothing enduring for us but pain, some indeed have less, others more, but all at all times have their share, and our enjoyments at best are only slight alleviations of pain. Pleasure is nothing positive; it is only a liberation of pain, and therefore only something negative.' Socrates practically held the same view: pleasure and pain are inseparably connected together. If we obtain the one we are 'almost always under a necessity of accepting also the other, as if both of them

† Muller on the Christian doctrine of sin.

depended from a single summit ; and' continued Socrates, 'if Aesop had perceived this he would have written a fable upon it and have told us that the Deity being unwilling to reconcile their conflicting natures, but at the same time unable to accomplish this design, conjoined their summits in an existence one and the same, and that hence it comes to pass that whoever partakes of the one is soon after compelled to participate in the other. Plato's doctrine was the same—that pleasure is the negation of pain, pain being a root and antecedent. Sir William Hamilton reached the conclusion that both pleasure and pain are 'to be considered both as absolute and as relative:—absolute, that is, each is something real, and would exist were the other taken out of being ; relative, that is, each is felt as greater or less by immediate contrast to the other' "

"I will not conceal the truth from you. I object to 'Sadhana' because the book is too optimistic. An idealist is an optimist. He cannot be a pessimist for pessimism and idealism are two inconsistent terms. Contrast the language of Kant with that used by our author. The world is 'a creation of joy.' 'From joy are born all creatures, by joy they are sustained towards joy they progress, and into joy they enter.' And if the question be asked 'Where can joy be found?' the answer is, 'It is everywhere, it is superfluous, unnecessary, nay it very often contradicts the most peremptory behests of necessity.' Could anyone tell me whether Buddha believed in a Creator?"

"No definite answer can be given to this question," said Abinash.

Pessimist "The charge of atheism has been brought against Buddhism. We cannot say whether Buddha did or did not even theoretically believe in a Creator, perhaps he did, but this, at any rate, is certain that his god was not a personal deity, an Ishwara. 'If the world had been made by Ishwara there would be no such thing as sorrow or calamity or sin,' remarked Buddha once to Anathapindika. And this is most true. A vast amount of ingenuity has been expended by modern theological writers in explaining away sin, which is the most formidable form in which evil encounters us. Sin has been attributed to a personal devil, to a being who is not God but is His rival in authority, and to a man's free will. The story of Adam and Eve was probably invented to account for the existence of sin. But there is no getting away from the fact that sin exists and that a sinful world with its 'hovels and brothels' is very far from being a perfect, ideal world, or a 'gift of joy.' Experience shows the world to be 'in a very strange state,' as Butler put it, and 'it may well be doubted, if it was ever in a perfect state, or that mankind will ever become perfectly good.' It was the existence of pain and suffering which led Buddha to renounce his faith in a personal god, and it must be admitted

that evil is 'the supreme difficulty which theistic faith has to overcome.' Buddha overcame this difficulty by frankly recognising the existence of evil. 'Birth is suffering; old age is suffering; disease is suffering; death is suffering; sorrow and misery are suffering; affliction and despair are suffering; to be united with loathsome things is suffering; the loss of that which we love and the failure in attaining that which is longed for are suffering; all these things, O brethren, are suffering!'^{*} And it was probably to explain evil and the inequalities of life, social and political, that Buddha was driven to invent the theory of Karma and the doctrine of re-birth. I feel strongly tempted to add to Buddha's list of human suffering. May I do so?"

"I have no objection," said Abinash.

"Certainly, if that will give you any satisfaction," said Benode, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

Pessimist: "Social abuses are suffering; poverty of all kinds is suffering; to starve in times of famine is suffering; pestilence is suffering; to lose your all by fire or flood is suffering; wage-slavery is suffering. The list is capable of infinity, expansion but I am, perhaps, growing tedious. A complete description of human ills and how mankind has suffered will fill volumes."

Abinash: "But does it not appear to you that the amount of evil is rapidly diminishing? A day may come when the dream of Rabindranath will be realised, and evil, the vestal virgin, casting off her dark veil will 'bare her face to the beholder' as a revelation of supreme joy."

Pessimist: "That day will never come. Evil is permanent. We have been waiting for the millennium for more than a thousand years, but the time for ordering our ascension robes, as Oliver Wendel Holmes puts it, has not yet come. The golden age, curiously enough, always belongs to the past. Men can more readily believe that the past was idyllic than hope that the future will be ideal. For each evil which we have been able to eradicate there are ten that have defied our power. Evil can assume a thousand forms. Sometimes it comes to us in the form of physical calamities, sometimes in the shape of moral or social inequalities. Its resources are unlimited. The most that we can hope for is that in the future we may not suffer so much as we do now. A mitigation of suffering is possible, but the abolition of suffering is inconceivable. Men must first be transformed into angels, and the world into heaven before you can persuade me to believe in the extinction of suffering. Human nature must change before class-war, civil strife and economic poverty disappear. And when that time comes the world would stand still. All progress would be ended.

^{*} Gospel of Buddha—Carus.

The law of evolution would cease to operate. For progress, as has been conclusively shown by biologists, depends on competition, on continual selection and rejection, on the victory of the strong in the struggle for existence. Will such a stationary world be worth having? Most of us would say 'No!' But if the struggle for existence would continue indefinitely, the dream of a perfect world in which there is no sin nor suffering will never become a reality."

Abinash: "Can we not wish for the impossible? Human nature may change and the change bring with it peace, joy and eternal contentment."

Pessimist: "Wish away, my young friend. As for myself, I have freed myself from this delusion. The seed of evil was sown in man's heart and the harvest has been abundant, even superabundant. You may be able to rid yourself of external evil, but how can you escape the monster that is within you? We think evil almost instinctively. Sin has been defined as a perversion of a man's mental nature, as a disease of the will, as the opposite of reverence and trust towards God. However we may define it, the fact cannot be ignored that it is not a mere negation. A bad motive is something quite as real as a good motive. A bad motive can incite us to rob, steal, or murder, all positive acts, just as a good motive can impel us to do good to our fellow-men. A cruel and dishonest purpose, as has been said, is surely something that actually enters into the mental experience of the cruel or dishonest man. Moreover, sin is a permanent debilement and corruption of the heart, and the innate tendency or bias towards sin exists in every human being. No world can be perfect in which sin exists, and no man is perfect whose nature is sinful. We heartily disapprove of sin and yet have formed a life-long connexion with it. The evil which we would not, that we do. Pain may not be evil, but sin is nothing but evil. How human beings can pretend to be happy, in spite of the spectre of sin, is an enigma to me. How anything can be a thing of joy to us when the very centre of our being, our vital nature, has been corrupted by sin, is a riddle which I cannot solve."

Abinash: "Then what would you have us do? Shall we cease from work and begin to rail at God and the universe? There is, at least, this much to be said for idealism, that it is a religion of hope. Pessimism is the religion of despair. If I were to choose between hope and despair as incentives to activity, I should certainly choose hope."

Pessimist: "And you would be doing the right thing. But you must not forget that you choose hope for the sake of being saved from despair. One who chooses hope for its own sake is a dreamer, a sentimentalist, an idealist. He lives in an atmosphere of hope and love, and for him there is no evil in the world. The pragmatic value of

idealism is *nil*. The idealist sees the One and the All everywhere. The All obsesses him, never leaves him, comes between him and his business. He is always at the universal standpoint, seeing God in man and man in God. For such a man the most hideous spectacle is the revelation of supreme joy. How can the idealist work for the salvation of his fellowmen? An idealist as an idealist must be a dreamer of dreams. India has ever been the home of idealists, of people who have developed their imagination at the expense of other faculties. Imagination predominates over our understanding. Our imaginative faculty has produced systems of philosophy which, as works of imagination, are without their equal. But I long for the time when idealistic visions will cease to appeal to us. The actual is not the ideal and the conflict between the two is irreconcilable. Why mistake the one for the other? Leave the ideal alone. It will take care of itself. We have paid dearly for idealism. Let us learn a lesson from the past. What India wants is a practical manly vigorous system, not a system of Infinite love, Infinite joy and Infinite laziness.

And here the discussion ended. Pessimism and smoking evidently went hand in hand, for the pessimist, having brought the discussion to a close, leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigarette.

BRIJ NARAIN.

Delhi.

THOMAS HARDY : OUR GREATEST PROSE POET.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

It has been remarked already that *Under the Greenwood Tree* is almost the only novel in the score or so fathered by Hardy which does not end in tragedy, or at all events in the discomfiture or ruin of the bulk of the characters those novels contain. And even in this tale, which is a short one, we seem always to be standing on the brink of disaster ; catastrophe is merely averted, deferred rather, for knowing the author's bias, and indeed without knowing it, in the nature of things we know that there is no likelihood were the novel continued, that alluring but vain little creature, Fancy, who gives herself haltingly to the most attractive young man in the village, would have been proof in after years against any serious temptation ; while in any case the secret she is harbouring from her husband must have poisoned and embittered her existence. Fancy is, in fact, the rough sketch for that long series of more finished pictures of frail but beautiful women, led into the wrong paths by vanity and love of admiration, which are the commonplaces of Hardy's novels.

The story is certainly the least depressing of the author's creations. It is indisputable that apart from the keen pleasure of encountering a consummate artist in words, a nature poet in prose of the highest genius, Hardy's books are sombre enough to sadden Mark Tapley himself. He pursues his people with relentless, with almost savage purpose, with the merciless persistence of the Greek dramatists ; they may wriggle, they may double ; they may fast and they may pray ; they may try this way and try that ; but we know they are finished from the beginning ; there is to be no escape for them ; unkind fate is to hunt them to their doom. Hardy penetrates into the very heart

of humanity and reveals the canker that is concealed there. He is a past master in depicting the pathos, the ineffectual nothingness of life. This is doubtless one reason, another being that he deals with the humble walks of life, that outside a comparatively small circle of readers, who read because to them literature, and not an idle story, is meat and drink, Hardy cannot be said to be a popular writer. His treatment of his children, the children of his brain, is thought by many readers to be cruel and perverse, and they strongly resent it. They are up in arms at the dominant note of sadness. It must be conceded I think, however, that prevailing sadness, or in any case, a high and severe seriousness, is the note of nearly all art of the first distinction, be it in literature, painting or music.*

As to their being any definite philosophy other than that which the narratives themselves unfold underlying his stories, I do not think as I have already indicated that Hardy has any serious intention to emphasise any particular teaching. In the preface to *Jude the Obscure* he would seem to repudiate distinctly any such inference. For a novel he writes, "addressed by a man to men and women of full age, which attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fact and fever, derision and disaster that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, to tell without a minding of words of a deadly war waged with the old Apostolic desperation between flesh and spirit; to point the tragedy of unfulfilled aims. I am not aware that there is anything in the handling to which exception can be taken. Like former productions of this pen *Jude the Obscure* is simply an endeavour to give shape and coherence to a series of searings or personal impressions, the question of their permanence or their transiency being regarded not of the first moment."

* I know this proposition will be hotly challenged, but I am sure it is sustainable. In literature from the Greek dramatists to Shakespeare, and from Shakespeare to Shelley and so on to Francis Thompson from Cervantes to Dickens and so on to Meredith and Hardy. In music from Handel to Mendelssohn and from Mendelssohn to Wagner. In painting from the Italians to the great landscapists of the Barbizon School, for even the art of the sprightly Corot is, at its best, productive of chastened thought, there is scarcely a great work of art in which the note of pathos and sadness is wanting, even when the theme is, in itself, joyous.

"Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell
Of saddest thought."

However this may be, it is certain that no Isaiah, no St. Paul, St. Francis, Ignatius, Savonarola, or Dante has emphasised or could emphasise the lesson with greater force than Hardy has emphasised it, the lesson, not to step outside my province, which may be briefly indicated by the text, "the wages of sin is death."

Hardy's attitude toward orthodox religion is uncertain; there is nothing in his books to show precisely where he stands. That he is familiar with the hundred and one forms of free thought, so called, is obvious; he associates himself with none of them. Likewise, although he has apparently a healthy horror of the nauseous doctrines of free love, discerning plainly that in practice they are destructive of woman's purity and of the institution of family, he never misses an opportunity of representing marriage as something worse than a lottery, for with him it is one in which nearly all his men and women draw blanks. It would really seem as if he regarded life as something to be borne with as much equanimity, quietude and resignation as one can command—a journey to be got through as best one may, leading nowhere and meaning nothing.

Occasionally, as in the last few lines of *Tess*, Hardy bursts forth into a rebellion and defiant note. The concluding paragraph of the *Mayor of Castlebridge* when Elizabeth Jane has finally found rest as the wife of Farfrae—and by the way it must be, I think, that Hardy intends this man—the very pink of respectability to stand as the type of a heartless, shallow prig, thereby to make us love the sinner, the man of blood, bone and human failings, Michael Henchard, the more—this concluding paragraph would seem to go some way to epitomise Hardy's view of life. "Elizabeth Jane's experience," he writes, "had been of a kind to teach her, rightly or wrongly, that the doubtful honour of a brief transit through a sorry world hardly called for effusiveness, even when the path was suddenly irradiated at some half-way point by day beams as rich as hers. But her strong sense that neither she nor any human being deserved less than was given, did not blind her to the fact that there were others receiving less who had deserved much more. And in being forced to class herself among the fortunate, she did not cease to wonder at the persistence of the unforeseen, when the one to whom such unbroken tranquillity had been accorded at the adult stage was she whose youth had seemed to teach that happiness was but the occasional episode

in a general drama of pain." These last lines re-assert Hardy's position and tell us plainly that had he continued his story, the drama of pain, in one form or another, would re-open for Elizabeth Jane, about whom he tells us elsewhere, making his puppet the vehicle of his own philosophy, that "She felt about life and its surroundings that they were a tragical rather than a comical, thing; that though one could be gay on occasion, moments of gaiety were interludes and no part of the actual drama."

This novel, the *Mayor of Casterbridge*, may be instanced to uphold Hardy's claim to be considered a master of dramatic situation, though almost any of his stories would amply vindicate this claim. There are two situations in this story which could hardly be equalled for dramatic intensity. Here is one of them: Henchard, the Mayor of Casterbridge, who it will be remembered in early life, in a fit of drunkenness, pique and devil-may-care had sold his wife and child, and never ceased thereafter to deplore his infamy, had come by his own again. The wife is now dead, the child has become the apple of his eye. This child has gone by the name of the sailor who gave five guineas for the wife. Henchard is entirely convinced that the child is his. He has succeeded in inducing her to take his name, and to satisfy her that she is actually his child, he goes in search of certain confirmatory papers. It is then he leaps upon an envelope containing a statement written by the wife on her death-bed and marked not to be opened until the day of Elizabeth Jane's marriage. The seal is insecure. Henchard withdraws the paper to find it contains the confession that his daughter, his Elizabeth Jane had died, and that the girl he had in recent years treasured as his own, is another Elizabeth Jane, of whom the sailor, who had purchased the mother, was the father.

As to Hardy's humour, almost every chapter of the greater number of his books bristles with it; humour as spontaneous and unlaboured as anything in fiction. It is the comparative absence of this quality in *Jude the Obscure*—for the village yokels, full of their sententious quips and quirks are lacking in this novel, that has much to say to its general unacceptability. Perhaps in none of the novels is the saving grace of humour more conspicuous than in *Far from the Madding Crowd* and in the eighth chapter, the chat in the malthouse, where Gabriel Oak, the shepherd, is engaged in discursive conversation with

the ancient malster and his familiars, high-water mark is reached.

One constantly comes across the assertion that Hardy is a "democratic writer," whatever that may mean. In this particular connexion it commonly means however, democratic in the special and limited sense in which that term is used in party warfare. Certainly Hardy pleads for a greater measure of charity between man and man, class and class; he shows how the ramifications of blood, resultant upon the changes and counterchanges in the social placement of units and families among the people, have gone far to weld together, in blood that is to say, the different races and classes in the existing make-up of English folk. So far Hardy is a democratic writer. But in the political sense there is nothing in Hardy's writings to justify any political party claiming him for its own, much less the party which affects to believe in the political equality of men. It is difficult to imagine that a mind so scientific as his, by which I mean so supremely conscious of the laws of cause and effect, could have any sympathy with those illogical political theories, which are generally understood to be implied under the head democratic. For Hardy, although full of sentiment, rarely allows sentimentality to obscure his judgment; he is never a sentimentalist in the sense that the protagonists of the French Revolution were sentimentalists, and neurotic ones, at that. He shows that whatever of excellence there is in mankind is no chance creation, but has resulted from steady growth throughout successive generations. For the rest Hardy has generally held himself aloof, standing as he does immeasurably above the ugly and sordid game of party politics, and although he has occasionally been led into betraying sympathies, one side or the other, in certain political controversies of the moment, it is, I think, quite beside the mark to assume that the revolutionary spirit which sometimes tinctures his writings predominates over that passionate affection for things grounded in the past to which his pages constantly give evidence. Particularly one traces in his work, over and over again, strong sympathy with that system of human governance which the socialists of to-day delight to hold up to ridicule and abuse; the so-called feudal system; a system so logical in its theory, and in practice so nearly in accord with the unalterable facts of human nature, that shorn of its abuses, in the realm of actuality

no less than in that of theory, it still, in the opinion of some of us who have given some attention historically and practically to politics, holds the field as the most perfect of all political systems invented by man.

Obviously it will not be possible to attempt a close analysis of all Hardy's novels. There is, indeed, from first to last, a strong family likeness about them: the same insistent note of tragedy; the same sacrifice of the higher types to the lower; the same underlying vein of humour, the salt of life, which, however, as Hardy uses it, causes us to laugh pitifully at ourselves; to dismiss ourselves scornfully as individuals and as humanity in the abstract; to brush ourselves aside impatiently as poor fools for taking our loves and joys, our debasement and uprisings so seriously, for Hardy is determined we should see ourselves as the atoms we really are, and teaches us to acquiesce silently in our final overthrow and oblivion. On the antidote to this gloomy outlook, altruism, Hardy has little to say; nor does he point to that other and surer way in which so many brave souls find deliverance.

It may be profitable, however, to run through two of Hardy's novels: *The Return of the Native* as representing his earlier period at his best and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as so representing his later. The first-named story, *The Return of the Native* published in 1878, opens with a description of Egdon Heath which illustrates to the full Hardy's genius in penetrating to the very heart of external nature. "The time seems near," he writes, "if it has not already arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain, will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the mood of mankind." Across this waste of Egdon, strewn with barrow and tumuli, silent records of a vanished race, Hardy brings certain travellers whose casual meeting marks the beginning of entanglement—the skeins of their lives merge to their confusion. The sentiment of mystery is created and sustained. Bonfires glow everywhere on the heath which owed their origin not so much as the invention of popular feeling about Gunpowder Plot, but are rather, to continue in Hardy's actual words, "unconscious survivals, jumbled and distorted, of Druidical rites and Saxon ceremonies." To continue from the pages of the book:—

"The brilliant lights and sooty shades which struggled upon the skins and clothes of persons standing round caused their

lineaments and general contours to be drawn with Dureresque vigour and dash. Yet the permanent moral expression of each face it was impossible to discover, for as the nimble flames towered, nodded and swooped through the surrounding air, the blots of shade and flakes of light upon the countenances of the group changed shape and position endlessly. All was unstable, quivering as leaves, evanescent as lightning. Shadowy eye-sockets, deep as those of a death's head, suddenly turned into pits of lustre. A lantern-paw was cavernous, then it was shining; wrinkles were emphasised by ravines, or obliterated entirely by a changed ray. Nostrils were dark wells; sinews in old necks were gilt mouldings; things with no particular polish on them were glazed; bright objects, such as the tip of a furze-hook one of the men carried, were as glass; eye-balls glowed like little lanterns. Those whom Nature had depicted as merely quaint became grotesque, the grotesque became preternatural; for all was in extremity."

Presently we enter into the orbit of the impending tragedy. Wildeve, half genius, half adventurer, is torn between his love for Eustacia and another. Eustacia is a woman of appealing beauty "whose mouth seemed framed less to speak than to quiver, less to quiver than to kiss," a creature who would be Wildeve's natural mate, were it not obvious that neither one nor the other, the woman or the man, was a possible mate for anyone save for a reason, because of the instability of their characters. Eustacia though in a less brutal sense, is as much a Ninon as was Arabella in *Jude*. She is a compact of contradictions with feelings and aspirations unsustainable on any solid bedrock of ability or character, and both she and Wildeve are the victims of their temperaments—the artistic temperament, which when there is more temperament than artistry about it, is a curse to its possessor. Wildeve, then, is torn between his passion for this woman, and his feeling for a woman, Thomasin, of quite different mould, a woman with whom honour and duty, rather than pomp and vanity, are the impelling forces of life and conduct. Eustacia tiring of Wildeve increasingly, as she perceives he is not made of the stuff either to realise his own dreams, or to dream of one woman that she is ever fair, sets her affections on Clym Yeobright, the counterpart, as a man, of his cousin Thomasin; for the solid things of life, rectitude and fidelity are his loadstars. Eustacia wins Clym, only to find that

there is a fatal antagonism between them, for as with Arabella in *Jude the Obscure* and many another of Hardy's women, Eustacia has not married for love of the man alone, but mainly of the things—which in her case took the shape of a gay life in Paris—which she has secretly resolved he shall give her. So, she reverts by a natural law to Wildeve, who meanwhile has drifted, his heart being very little in it, into marriage with Thomasin. When unexpected fortune comes to him, the inevitable happens, and more by the force of circumstances, which are ever ready to conspire to the destruction of wayward souls, than from any actual preference for evil courses, the two, Eustacia and Wildeve, are brought together again, though in this case Hardy is somewhat merciful. Rather than allow them a brief spell of unhallowed bliss, to descend step by step into the hell appointed for them (and in saying this one is not merely echoing the conventions of morality, but is stating the law of cause and effect as it operates in civilized communities, upon which law the aforesaid conventions are based), he sends a swift thunderbolt to hurl them into space. Such then, shorn of subsidiary details, are the outlines of the tale, and out of such materials, most of Hardy's tales are constructed. In the bald telling, of course, a gross injustice is done to the author, for it is in the manner in which a plot is unfolded all the value of a story lies; and above all in the setting, and the setting of this tale as of all Hardy's tales is inexpressibly beautiful. Take for instance this description of nature's sounds, the linguistic peculiarity of the heath. "Throughout the blowing of these plaintive November winds, that note bore a great resemblance to the ruins of human song which remain in the throat at fourscore and ten. It was a worn whisper, dry and papery, and it brushed so distinctly across the ear that, by the accustomed, the material minutiae in which it originated could be realized as by touch. It was the united products of infinitesimal vegetable causes, and there were neither stems, leaves, fruit, blades, prickles, lichen nor moss." And again:

"The water at the back of the house could be heard, idly spinning whirlpools in its creep between the rows of dry feather-headed reeds which formed a strong stockade along each bank. Their presence was denoted by sounds as of a congregation praying humbly, produced by their rubbing against each other in the slow wind." And yet again:—"The pause was filled by the intonation

of a pollard thorn a little way to the windward, the breezes filtering through its unyielding twigs as through a strainer. It was as if the night sang dirges with clenched teeth."

As an example of Hardy's uncompromising directness, recalling that memorable saying of his in *Tess* where he describes the village swains and maidens masquerading in their best at Sunday service, as "flesh coquetting with flesh," this may be instanced. "In an ordinary village or country town one can safely calculate that any villager who has been absent and has not lost his appetite for seeing and being seen, will turn up in some pew or other, shining with hope, self-consciousness and new clothes." Of Hardy's second period I select *Tess*, because it is perhaps the most distinctive, as, apart from *Jude*, it is the most debated novel of Hardy's later life; and also because, it so happens that I have a special reason for being interested in it, since at the time of its publication I was selected by the editor of a weekly review to defend it against the *Quarterly*, that sedate periodical, whose reputation is largely based on arrogating to itself a traditional right to attack every vital and unconventional demonstration of literary genius.

"I don't know about ghosts," said Tess to her lover, Angel Clare, "but I do know that our souls can be made to go outside our bodies while we are alive." Had Tess also said that our bodies can be made to go outside our souls, she would have aptly expressed what actually occurred to herself. George Moore, in *A Mere Accident*, horrified a great many readers by bringing home to them, in all its bald unloveliness the terrible risks the purest of women may encounter in daily life. Hardy, in "*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*," emphasises the same solemn lesson. Those who take the conventional view of what constitutes purity in woman have quarrelled with this book. They pity Tess, but deny her right to be considered a pure woman. Yet St. Augustine's authority, despite his austerity, may be cited for what Mr Hardy claims.

The facts of Tess's case are these: She is the daughter of a poor higgler, John Durbeyfield and his wife, Joan. The Durbeyfields suddenly discover that they are the lineal descendants of an ancient Anglo-Norman house. This discovery leads them to all sorts of castle-building. They find occasion to send Tess, a beautiful girl just blossoming into womanhood, to fulfil a nonden-

cript situation in the house of a family bearing the name of her forefathers. But these D'Urbervilles are of a coarse stock, they have obtained wealth by sweating the poor, and think to make themselves distinguished by filching the name of the patrician race which they suppose to be extinct and with which race they are not even remotely connected. The son Alec, the kind of man whose life is spent in "leading captive silly women," is a self-indulgent waster, the hero of many an easy conquest, to whom the virtue of a village girl is a thing of no moment: such as he appear to question its existence. The poor girl resists this creature's insidious advances as best she can. She hardly understands their nature, and so far from her compliance being obtained, she is really the victim of stratagem and force. Hardy has done a real service in demonstrating how dangerous a thing purity, that is to say innocent ignorance, can be. For a time, before and after the birth of her child, Tess's spirit is crushed, though these are really the days of her spiritual awakening. She seeks and obtains at a farmhouse another situation, and there she meets Angel Clare, a young man of gentle birth who is learning practical farming. Clare's ideal of womanhood is as high as D'Urberville's was low. He is drawn to Tess not only by her physical beauty, but because of the nobility and sweetness of her character. Conceiving after what has happened to her that such is her duty, Tess struggles desperately against her growing love for Clare. She evades him persistently and refuses his offer of marriage several times over. He imagines her sensitiveness to her social disabilities to be answerable for her conduct, for it is clear to him that she loves him. At last, having gained over his parents to the union, Tess consents to be his wife. Within a few hours of their marriage Clare tells Tess of certain dark spots in his own past history. Then it is she is emboldened to impart to him her own secret, a secret which she had longed from the first to divulge, but has been hindered by her natural delicacy. At first he disbelieves the story; but when he is convinced he tells her that she can never be anything but a wife to him in name. Situations are introduced here, open to objection on the score of their impossibility, but which bring home to the reader the supersensitive delicacy of Tess's womanly reticence and spiritual purity. Clare goes to Brazil. Tess's family encroach on the money he has left her. She is driven to undertake the meanest kind of field-labour. In

an unhappy moment she meets her seducer. The creature's sensualism has taken another turn: he has blossomed into a revivalist preacher. So soon as he sees Tess the old passion is re-awakened in him. He pursues her ruthlessly, using every cunning wile and vile sophistry, the pernicious doctrines which are the stock in trade of such as he to win her back. Her family are in the greatest straits and through their necessities the pursuer makes them his allies. He assures the perplexed girl that her husband has deserted her once and for all, and indeed his silence, for her pleading letters remain unanswered, confirms this theory. Clare's hardness, the subtle incitements of Joan Durbeyfield—how often does a base and sordid mother contribute to the undoing of her daughter—induce absolute recklessness and despair, and drive Tess in the end to yield to her tempter's advances; so that when at last Clare returns, broken and repentant, he finds her living under D'Urberville's protection. The scene between the husband and wife is the most dramatic in the book which teems with dramatic situations. There is nothing for the unhappy man to do but to leave and thus he does. But D'Urberville discovers that Clare has returned and directs a slighting word at him. This awakens the latent devil in Tess's breast, and in a moment of uncontrollable frenzy she stabs the man who has defiled and ruined her to the heart. In her flight she overtakes her husband who now offers her the protection he has so long withheld. But the end is not far distant.

The book was ruthlessly attacked. The underlying note of the *Quarterly's* attack was that it is virtuous for a girl to sell herself in wedlock, thereby profaning a sacrament, virtuous to bind herself by a bond from which there is no honourable escape; but that a woman who has been caught unawares in a snare has lost all right to the title of purity. For the rest, the interest in Tess is so absolute in this novel that we can but regard all the other characters as mere shadings of the picture. It is about Tess, and Tess alone, we care. She dominates the drama, in much the same way as Electra, in Sophocles' tragedy of that name is dominant. None but a master of the highest powers could have created such a character. Walter Pater says of Mérimée's *Colomba* that it vindicates the function of a novel, as no tawdry literature, but in very deed a fine work of art. The like may be said of Hardy's *Tess*.

I have had occasion more than once to class together Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. It is a curious fact that they were accidentally associated from the first, apart from any literary affinities. The first published work of both authors appeared in the same year, 1865, and in the same magazine. A few years later it happened that Meredith, being the reader for a publisher to whom, quite by chance, Hardy submitted his first novel, recommended that novel for publication to the firm by whom he was retained. Hardy has much the same mental bias, much the same ethical tendency as Meredith, and the two writers are allured by kindred problems. But how different their methods. Hardy gives us absolute simplicity in plot and diction: Meredith must be read again and again if we wish to get from his text his meaning. Meredith introduces his characters as aids to dialogue, and dialogue is the medium whereby he writes for us his criticisms on the comedy of life. Hardy's characters and situations are essentially the servants of his narrative; he makes his people absolutely live; whereas Meredith gives us symbols merely, delightful abstractions of the brain, only sufficiently vitalised for his purpose which is obviously equational and analytic. In common with Meredith, Hardy began his literary career as a writer of poems, and again in common with Meredith his poetry is of no mean order. In feeling it is no less pessimistic, probably it is more so, than his prose.

A few words in conclusion on Thomas Hardy as a man may not be out of place. He was born near the county town of Dorchester, 73 years ago and comes of an old Yeoman family, of which his great uncle Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's friend, was another distinguished member. Hardy in his novels is never tired of dwelling on the interesting results following upon a generous admixture of blood, both as regards class and race. This admixture is almost invariably discoverable in tracing the ancestry of great men. A so-called pure race tends to sterility of mind and body. He is, moreover, deeply interested in that curious fact, known to journalists, that the best blood of a country often flows in the veins of very humble families. I know from my own researches that the descent of Tess from a noble family has countless parallels in fact, and so far is not therefore to be put down as the mere device of the romancer; such instances as this abound all over the country, especially in Sussex and Wessex. For the rest

Hardy may be called the novelist of the *mésalliance*, for unequal marriages, unequal in the social sense, abound in his pages. No doubt his own remote Norman descent and the admixture of the blood of his paternal ancestors with that of Briton, Saxon and Dane, explain his keenness to account for the characteristics of his puppets on hereditary grounds. His father was, I believe, engaged in some form of masonry, and he himself was articled to an architect and proved himself no mean practitioner in that profession. In early life he also concerned himself with the study of painting, and the fact is frequently attested in his novels. As becomes, or as, I should say, as is essential to any great creator, Hardy has led a life of some seclusion, though that is not saying he has shut himself from his kind; he is in fact a magistrate for his county. In 1874 Mr. Hardy married Emma, the daughter of Mr. J. A. Gifford and niece of Archdeacon Gifford. This lady died in 1912. As I conclude this brief monograph the announcement of the novelist's second marriage, the bride being his secretary, Florence Emily, daughter of Mr. Edward Dugdale, is made. He holds the coveted Order of Merit and is President of the Society of Authors, his predecessors in that distinction being Lord Tennyson and George Meredith.

Thomas Hardy is, in a word, no ordinary novelist, who spins yarns for the beguilement of idle hours; he is a great epic poet choosing prose as his medium. He has enriched the literature of his country, and leaves to it a priceless legacy, for he has preserved for posterity, as in an indestructible crystal, national records which but for his genius and industry would have been lost to our children for ever.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

England.

•
FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE.
 . A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR
(Continued from our last Number)

CHAPTER VII

CHARGE OF THE PRUSSIAN GUARD

• **T**HE General was lying on the ground full dressed as he was trying to put in a few hours' sleep when Palmer approached him. 'I'm sorry,' spluttered Palmer. 'You must need rest. I ought to have waited, but the Colonel said you wanted to see me.'

'It doesn't matter. In the morning it certainly would have been more convenient. However, as you're here, the fact is I wanted to ask you if you would accept a commission in the army.'

Accept? Palmer was delighted.

Thank you, Sir, of course I'll accept, but I must first go to Leclerc and tell him.

"Of course, and you can bring us in information, if any. You will probably be posted to one of the Indian regiments—the Gurkhas or Sikhs, but I shall want you to do some—er—intelligence work. You understand, don't you?"

Palmer did. The term "spy" is not used in the British army. "Agents"—that's what the men are styled who risk their lives, creeping into the enemy's trenches to secure information.

"That's all," continued the General. "Get off to-morrow morning early."

While Palmer poured forth his gratitude as warmly as possible for the General's great kindness, a Staff Officer hurriedly approached.

"Telephone message from our right, Sir. Flashlights have disclosed enemy massing in great numbers, several army corps in fact."

Even as he finished speaking, there came the dull roar of artillery.

The General was on his feet in an instant. His orderly, anticipating something from the Staff Officer's hurried approach to the General, had already the General's horse saddled.

Away rode the General and the Staff.

Palmer went with them.

The German attack on the British position south of Ypres was only one of the attempts on the night of the 11th to capture that town. Two other attacks were delivered to the north and east. The mightiest onslaught of all was on the Allies' position, east, which was carried out by the 1st and 4th brigades of the Prussian Guards, the Kaiser's chosen soldiers, the *corps d'élite* of the German army.

The English position round Ypres was a semi-circle. It was one of the horns of the semi-circle that was now being attacked by massed infantry, cavalry and artillery.

It is well to remember that the country round Ypres is covered with woods, and these woods had made the fighting and the British retention of Ypres most difficult. In the present instance, however, the wood behind the British position acted as a screen where reserves were called up and stationed, and turned, what looked like a rout, into a victory, as will be seen presently.

Flashlights discovered the Germans debouching from a wood. Instantly the French and English guns opened fire. The French held the advance trenches.

The General despatched officers to call up reserves, and these, including the Life Guards, now fighting as infantrymen, occupied the wood.

"Busy Berthas," Krupp's 42 cm shells, pounded round the Allies' positions. For half an hour there was an incessant hail of shells. Then—

"They are coming!"

Yes, fifteen battalions of the Prussian Guards, unutterably brave men, marching in a great grey column on the French trenches as steadily as on parade.

Shot and shell mowed them down, yet the ranks moved on unbroken. Shrapnel burst over them with deafening report; machine guns rained bullets viciously; and French and English rifle bullets carried death on front and flank.

But the Prussians came on steadily.

A Staff Officer galloped into the wood.

"Life Guards—this is the day of your lives—the General says so. He knows you will do your duty."

A hearty cheer greeted the officer's words.

"Halt! Halt!"

The British regiments were already manifesting some impatience to get at the enemy.

Life Guards' day. Here was an opportunity to prove that it was not only on parade that they made a brave show.

"There goes another Staff Officer. Lord, he's plucky," commented a guardsman.

The "Staff Officer" was Palmer. He rode clear of the wood. Shot and shell pouring round him. His wounded arm gave him only a little pain, and it was noticed that he held the reins loosely. Palmer was careful to avoid a wrench as he would have to use his revolver presently.

He rode to an angle of the wood which flanked the British position - and where was a machine gun.

"Lieutenant Whittle!"

He pulled up his horse and listened. There was no response.

"Where is Lieutenant Whittle?" he called again.

A head peeped round the gun shield.

"They're carrying him to the rear, Sir, badly wounded."

Palmer sprang from his horse.

"I'll take command in his absence," he said.

He was not sure if he were doing the right thing from the point of view of military etiquette, but the orders he had received were of great importance - and as the machine-gun officer was disabled, he decided to see those orders carried out personally.

The Prussians were steadily advancing to storm the trenches held by the French. To the rear of the French were the British.

It was a wonderful march, and the men sang as they advanced—

"Fast stands and true the watch on the Rhine"

Shrapnel and rifle bullets cut lanes in their ranks; but they advanced, still singing and cheering.

Ha! They are closing their ranks. The moment for the final headlong charge had arrived.

"Hock! Hock!"

"Deutschland über alles!"

The German ranks shouted, and charged down on the French who were waiting for them. A hundred yards - fifty yards—the deadly hail of bullets did not stop the brave Prussian Guards. The Kaiser was watching them.

The French trenches were reached. Once on top of the trenches the attackers had all the advantage. But the French upheld the honour of their country.

They fought like men. They died like heroes.

Vive la France!

"Now comes our turn," cried a British officer. "Steady lads! Take the time from me."

They were quite steady.

Some of the Germans on the right pursued the French into the woods; and here they met British supports, and the fighting soon became single combats.

The mass of Germans, however, came from the captured trenches to attack the Life Guards in front of the wood. It was to the Life Guards that the British officer had appealed.

The "mad minute" had arrived. The Germans called it by that name and as soon as it started, the Germans fell in hundreds. The enemy could not understand how the Britishers were able to fire so steady a stream of bullets; and at first it was imagined by them that each British soldier carried a machine gun. Anyhow, it was true, that in one minute every British soldier could empty fifteen rounds of ammunition into the enemy.

The "mad minute" had started and behind it, the machine guns fifty yards or better, and the Prussian Guards wavered.

Then

"Life Guards—charge!"

They met the Guards of England and the Guards of Prussia. But the British Life Guards are cavalry and were fighting now as infantry. That, however, made no difference to them—they used the bayonet quite as well as the sword lance.

The German wave broke. The British drove the enemy back to the trenches they had captured from the French.

The fight in the wood, meanwhile, continued.

Palmer soon lost all his men. He was working, single-handed, the machine gun, howering a hail of bullets on the German flank.

A German officer cried to his men: "Stop that infernal machine."

Three men heroically tried. The machine gun swept them aside. The Officer lost his revolver, but the gun's shield protected Palmer.

"Our only chance is hand grenades," shouted the officer.

The order was passed down. "Hand grenades to the front."

"They are coming," the information was passed back.

A great strapping Pioneer crept up. Palmer saw him. The man was soon a corpse. The officer picked up the grenade and with a mighty swing, flung it towards the gun.

Palmer saw it coming. The aim, he calculated, was true, the gun was doomed, so was he himself, unless he quitted his post, and that instantly.

He sprang away from the gun—a few yards, and then fell flat on the ground, his nose almost in the earth. Two seconds; then a

roar, and a thick black cloud of smoke. The gun was out of action.

Palmer had had a miraculous escape from the grenade; but the German officer was now near him. Palmer was unarmed.

"Surrender," cried the German.

Palmer gave himself up for lost. Some more Germans had come up and covered him with their rifles. Surrender, however, was out of the question.

"It's I who must ask you to surrender," he said, with a smile. "I have men in the trees who will shoot you the instant I hold up my hand."

There had been men in the trees, Palmer had not made it his business to find out if they were still there, therefore he was not lying. His calm smile carried conviction to the German officer who hesitated. This hesitation saved Palmer, for all firing in the wood suddenly ceased. The Germans in the wood, what were left of them, had surrendered.

The officer handed Palmer his sword, and some soldiers at that moment coming up to see what had become of the machine gun, took the German Guardsmen prisoners.

The fight was not yet over.

Between the trench and the woods lay about a thousand Germans, dead and dying—eloquent testimony to the desperate nature of the fighting.

The British, too, had lost heavily.

The Prussian Guards still held the captured French trenches, and these were now rushed by the Allies. The Prussians, smarting under their disgrace at being beaten and remembering that the Kaiser had watched them advance to "victory," fought desperately.

The first attack was repulsed with heavy loss.

"This is a matter for a few, not many men," said Palmer to a Staff Officer. "Give me half a dozen volunteers and we'll creep into a corner of the trenches and then, while we are making things hum, you can advance."

The General approved of the suggestion. A whole regiment volunteered, but Palmer wanted only a handful—men good at scouting.

"I'm the man for you," said Private Jenkins.

"So he is," said an officer. "At home Jenkins is a revivalist preacher; out here, one of the best stalkers we have."

At Jenkins' suggestion Palmer reduced the number to six.

"I know the trenches," said Jenkins. "You follow me, one behind the other and do as I do."

They crept cautiously on hands and knees. Jenkins led them to a corner of one of the trenches. So silently did they move in the dark that the Germans did not hear them. When only a few feet away from the enemy, Jenkins whispered to Palmer :

"You and the others crawl away to the right, a good twenty yards or more. When I think you have gone a sufficient distance, I'll fire into the trenches then spring aside. The enemy will blaze in the direction from which the shot had come, and you and your men just get into the trenches and I'll follow."

But he didn't follow.

After waiting long enough to allow Palmer to get into position, Jenkins fired. The Prussians, expecting an enemy, were quick in replying, and Jenkins fell mortally wounded.

Palmer, however, knew nothing of his fate. He and his men, without a shot being fired at them, dropped into one of the traverse trenches unoccupied by the enemy.

"Follow me," said Palmer, and the men filed along the trench after him. Turning into the main trench, Palmer, and his men behind him, found the Germans waiting for a sally from the front. With a loud hurrah, Palmer fell on the nearest of them.

It was sword and bayonet work, firing was impossible.

The Germans thinking they were attacked in force, were thrown into disorder and began scrambling out of the trench, when the Life Guards and the French charged down on them. The men in the trenches were killed, those who had scrambled out ran hard towards their lines.

"No, I lost no men. I'm the only one wounded, a mere scratch," said Palmer in answer to an officer's enquiry as he stepped out of the trench.

"A splendid piece of work," the officer said. "Your head is bleeding, see a doctor at once and then come on to the General. We've bagged quite a number of prisoners."

Find a doctor—the R.A.M.C. men were all over the field, attending to the wounded.

The carnage was great. Palmer came across a British soldier badly wounded, his head pillowed on a dead German, and near him was a wounded Frenchman, shot through both legs and trying his best to get near the Britisher and hand him his flask. Palmer took the flask and gave the British Tommy a drink.

"By Jove! I feel better after that brandy," said the Tommy. "Thanks Frenchy, you are a brick."

"And you," answered the Frenchman, "you fought like—what you call it—the devil, eh? You English got funny expressions."

He laughed at the thought in spite of his wounds.

"I'll direct the ambulance this way," Palmer told them.

"Thanks, no hurry," cried back the Tommy, and then sang:
"It's a long way to Tipperary."

And as Palmer went on, he heard the Frenchman repeat: "You English got funny expressions."

A little further a British Guardsman, propped up against a tree, was trying to roll a cigarette. The paper was bloody. Palmer found that the man had half of one hand cut off. He helped the man out of his difficulty.

To the right stood a small group of men. One was busy with instruments.

"Ha, Palmer, you did it, eh?"

It was Capt. Macpherson, R.A.M.C.

"Jenkins deserves all the credit," was Palmer's modest reply.

"Jenkins, poor beggar, he was muddled."

"I'm sorry, I feared."

"Tut man! One must not think of getting into that mood, for how will you get out of it? Sorry—Lord! how many of our fine fellows have gone under!"

The Doctor's jaws twitched, but he recovered himself instantly.

"You are wounded, let me—"

"After the others. There are some poor fellows down there—"

"Oh, they are everywhere. Our men are looking for them. But I must bind your wound, you deserve it after what you did this night. A bayonet scratch. There, you'll be all right in a day or two, and now I must see to these poor fellows."

Palmer went and enquired for the General. He was directed to a farm house.

The General held out his hand when Palmer entered the room.
"Thank you—England owes you thanks for the services rendered."

Palmer was about to reply when the General interrupted him.

"I have appointed you a Lieutenant in the—Punjabis, a famous regiment. You may have heard of them."

"I have heard of them, Sir, all giants."

"That's so—that's why they are popularly called Long Toms."

"I became acquainted with the men the day I joined the Tireurs."

"Ha! Is that so? Where did you meet them?"

Palmer told him.

"And the officials permitted you to travel by the same train?"

"Lefebvre, the leader of the Tireurs, has been allowed—"

"So I've heard. And you want to return to him?"

"Yes, Sir; I'll be back again in a few days."

"As soon as you can. Of course, if it is possible for you to bring us some good information, don't hurry. Well, I'll bid you good-morning, Lieutenant Palmer. I'm tired and want a little rest."

So was Palmer, but he decided it would be safer for him to get across the German lines before it was daylight.

He was moving away when, suddenly he felt dizzy—sick—and fell to the floor.

Some minutes later, when he recovered consciousness, he found Captain Macpherson attending him.

"Well, my son," said the Doctor. "Why didn't you tell me that you had a second wound in the shoulder?"

"That's an old one."

"Old? It has been bleeding."

"And you've stopped it. Now I must get on, Doctor."

"Yes; to the hospital."

"By no means. I have the General's permission."

"And I've got the General to countermand previous orders. See here, you've got to remain quiet, or we'll have to bury you. A week—that's about it—you'll have to spend in hospital."

An hour later Palmer was taken off in a motor towards the hospital.

CHAPTER VIII.

*NINETEEN'S TREACHERY.

Major Rosenberg occupied one of the best houses in Roulers. The Major was not in the great battle of Ypres, fought over a fortnight ago, but he and his men had been badly handled by the Belgians further west—trenches inundated by the opening of the dykes, and his men caught in the swamps and hundreds of them shot or drowned.

But Rosenberg was not brooding over these disasters. A check in a love affair was a bigger defeat to him than a repulse by the enemy. The latter involved national disgrace; the former was purely personal. In a defeat by the enemy, the whole nation shared the disgrace and no one could jeer at his neighbour. How few, however, of Rosenberg's companions gave a thought to his private love affairs; it was the Major, himself, who imagined that his brother officers were laughing at him; and for the reason that he had boasted of never having been thwarted in a love affair.

It had never occurred to him that some day he might meet a woman that would refuse to accept his caresses. And now that he had received

• a check, he was angry. It is true Joan had promised to marry him ;
• but her consent was conditional. Unfortunately for him, the English-
man for whom Joan had been willing to make a big sacrifice escaped
without his intervention.

Rosenberg had heard of Joan's escape from the ruined building ;
It was she, herself, had advised him of it, and in that same communi-
cation had let him clearly see that the contract was off. " You will
not hear from me again," wrote Joan in her letter. " I'm going where
you will never be able to trace me."

The Major believed she was still at Sancy. He had had no time
hitherto to make enquiries. He had not given up hopes of finding
Joan and then --

• Rosenberg had loved Joan. Now he hated her. The delight--yes,
• it would give him keen enjoyment to have her at his feet begging for
mercy. He smiled as he conjured up such a scene. Joan's eyes stream-
ing with tears ; her face twitching with agony. He would make sport
of her first, then cart her to his soldier. He knew how to break the
• spirit of this proud English girl.

And Ninette had promised to help him.

Ninette, when she left Palmer vowing vengeance, had gone to
the German camp. It was she who had told the German commander
that the British were coming out to meet him. That is why the
British found no enemy where Palmer had said the enemy was posted.
Ninette, by her treachery, had nearly succeeded in satisfying her
revenge. Palmer, for a time, was suspected of being a spy, and
would have been shot.

Ninette's information had greatly pleased the Germans. She was
at once appointed a spy and was sent on to Roulers. She was an
attractive little woman, and Rosenberg, before he set out west, took
• her under his charge. She lived in the same house with him.

Ninette had an object in pleasing Rosenberg. She had learnt
that Rosenberg was in love with Joan. She hoped to create in him
a feeling of jealousy. She soon discovered, however, that Rosenberg
required no such incentive to destroy Joan.

One night, when Rosenberg had drunk deeply, he told Ninette
of his desire to find Joan and to punish her. Ninette promised to
discover her for him and on the day Rosenberg went west, Joan went
east, to Sancy.

It was early morning, the Curé was saying mass. Joan was in
her accustomed seat. A woman--a strange woman--knelt near her ;
and throughout the service the woman sobbed. Joan's heart went
out to her ; yet she cared not to interfere, to appear inquisitive, and
the service went on and the woman sobbed.

The service was over ; the congregation trooped out of the church. Joan hesitated. The woman made no signs of rising from her knees. Joan thought she might be of some assistance, and remained standing, waiting for the woman to get up from her knees.

The noise of retreating feet died away. There was silence in the church. The woman's sobbing ceased suddenly ; she looked cautiously around and saw Joan. She bent her head again, and sobbed.

Joan stooped and touched her on the shoulder.

" You seem to be in distress," said Joan. " Don't think me inquisitive ; but I may be of some help."

The woman stood up and brushed the tears from her eyes. She was young and comely.

" Help me ? How can you ? No one can. I'm ruined."

" God can."

" Then why did He not at the right moment ?"

" Did you ask Him ? Or did you trust in your own strength ?"

The woman hesitated ; and then

" I forget. I've forgotten most things, except—except—"

" Don't tell me."

" Why not ? I am homeless, I want protection, and those offering to protect me must be told what I am."

" I'll protect you without asking any questions."

" You ? You are a woman. I have not yet heard of a woman who would befriend one of her own sex if fallen."

" I'll protect you."

The woman laughed—a mocking laugh.

" Hear me first," she cried. " My parents are dead—murdered by the Germans. I was reserved for a worse fate. Major Rosenberg—"

" Oh—the villain !"

The woman clutched Joan by the arm convulsively.

" You know him ?"

Joan nodded. She was afraid to speak.

" Then I need tell you no more," and the woman laughed hysterically. Joan guessed the meaning of that laugh and the woman's words. She steadied her voice.

" You misunderstand me," she said. " Rosenberg has attempted to make me a prisoner."

" I'm not asking you any questions," sneered the woman, and Joan was beginning to hate her when, remembering that the stranger was distraught with grief, she said, kindly:

" Come to my house. I'll make you comfortable."

" Even after what I've told you ? Perhaps you are surprised that I've not taken my own life. That will come. First—revenge. The

good God! I was happy once. I loved and was loved in return, by a good man, an Englishman, named Palmer--what ails you?"

"No - nothing. What is your name?"

"Ninette. And yours?"

"Joan."

Ninette had already guessed to whom she had been speaking--guessed it when she had mentioned the name of Rosenberg.

"Will you come to my house?"

"Thanks, good lady, you are kind; after what I've told you, too. But I'll only stay a few hours--a little rest and then on. You must not ask me where."

Joan had no intention to, but she felt sure Ninette was going in search of Palmer.

Arrived at her house, Joan made Ninette sit down.

"I'll have tea ready presently. The kettle must be boiling. An old woman, whom I call my pensioner, sees to it while I'm in church. Sometimes Mr. Buck boils the kettle," Joan chatted on while laying the table. There was no sadness in her voice; but she was feeling a void in her heart.

"Who is Mr. Buck?"

"Oh, a friend of mine. By the-way, he knows a Mr. Palmer I wonder."

Joan held up a finger.

"Promise me not to say a word to him. I recognised the name at once. I have never seen Mr. Buck, nor he, me. Mr. Palmer purposely kept us from meeting; at least he did not want Mr. Buck to know me."

Joan had paused in her work and now stood looking at Ninette.

"Why?" she asked.

Ninette hesitated. What excuse was she to give. In desperation she said--

"It--it is a secret. Oh, I should like to tell you, but I promised not to. If you demand it of me, however, I'll--"

"I demand nothing. I'll not question Mr. Buck."

And yet Joan, as she returned to the tea-table, wondered what was the mystery.

And Ninette?

She smiled softly; she knew she had played her cards well. For once she had found that over-sensitive people were of service, that people who made it a point of honour not to enquire into the affairs of others, were of some use.

Having satisfied herself that Joan would not question her relative to matters that would require answers difficult to frame, and that she

would not tell Buck about the secret Palmer had held, or supposed to have held, from him she began to torment her rival.

"Ha!" she began, and sighing loudly. "You, who have not been in love—are you in love?"

Joan did not answer. Did not turn her face towards Ninette. Ninette smiled.

"No," continued Ninette. "You are not in love and therefore cannot understand what the separation from my brave English boy means to me. All night I think of him and I know he thinks of me. Only a fortnight ago we met."

"Where was that?" asked Joan.

Ninette felt there would be no harm in telling her the truth.

"At Ypres," she answered. "Just before the big battle. He fought splendidly—but was wounded."

Seriously Joan asked, turning round with a jerk.

"Yes, how ill you look."

"No, I'm all right—a pain."

"Ha! Heart spasm—are bad. Yes, seriously—but was doing well when I left."

"Then when—when did the murder of your family occur?"

Ninette drew in her breath with a gasp. In her anxiety to wound Joan, she had nearly blundered. Fortunately, Joan had asked the question before she had run on, telling more, he covering the days between the fortnight she had referred to, and now.

"Only two days ago," he answered. "She was not obliged to say more: she knew Joan would not question her further, but was annoyed that Joan had almost caught her tripping; and was about to wound her still more viciously, when—"

"Hello, Joan!"

Buck had called to Joan. His head was in the window. He turned and saw Ninette.

"Come in, tea is ready," invited Joan with a smile.

"Halt a second!" exclaimed Buck, and was gone.

Joan burst out laughing in spite of her grief. She guessed why Buck had bounded away.

And she had guessed correctly. When Buck returned, he had cleaned his boots, brushed his peasant's clothes, and scented his moustache.

"How are you?" he said to Joan, bowing.

"We've met before," laughed Joan. "Allow me to introduce you to Mademoiselle Ninette."

"How are you?" said Buck. "Er—" he looked at Joan, and then turned to Ninette again. "My name is Buck."

"You didn't let me finish the introduction," Joan told him.

"Sorry awfully. Let me—" and he took the tea tray from Joan's hands and offered Ninette a cup.

"Are you staying here any time?" he asked, in almost a whisper.

"Leaving immediately," Ninette answered him.

"Can't I persuade you?"

"No."

"Oh, you might let me try."

"Don't be silly Mr. Buck. Ninette has informed me why she must leave early."

Ninette looked at Joan and smiled.

"Then may I escort you?"

"No."

Ninette's monosyllabic replies disconcerted Buck; he nearly spilt a cup of tea on Ninette, apologised and went to Joan.

"Where did you pick up that thing?" he whispered.

"Such a waste of good cosmetic," laughed Joan.

"Now—Miss Carew—You know I always try to make myself look respectable when I visit you."

"You are always respectable, but that cosmetic."

"Please don't. Are you coming for a walk this morning? You promised, you know."

"Did I? I'm sorry; I'm not feeling up to it. We'll see this evening."

Buck was about to try what a little coaxing would do, when Ninette announced her intention of going. Joan tried to persuade her to rest awhile, but Ninette, with a smile, whispered, so that only Joan should hear: "I must go to my boy."

Joan said nothing.

"A surly creature that," remarked Buck, "where did she come from?"

Joan evaded the question. She could have truly said she did not know, but Buck would have asked her further questions.

"You seem to be very interested in this French girl."

"Pon my soul, I'm not. You know, Joan, that there is only one girl in this world that I adore—"

Joan held up a warning finger.

"I beg your pardon," said Buck. "I promised not to broach the subject again. But, tell me, must I never refer to it—?"

Why shouldn't he? Buck was a good fellow at heart. Palmer—he loved another girl.

"I think you'd better not," she answered. She still loved Palmer

in spite of all that Ninette had told her. "Now, go away! yes, you can take me for a spin on the bicycle this evening. All my patients have left hospital, I'm free. I want to ask your opinion as to how I can get to one of the hospitals in France."

Buck, as he went back to his own quarters in the Curé's house, only a short distance off, resolved to give Joan the best advice possible--marry him and return to England or go to his people in India. But when the afternoon came, Joan was still feeling very depressed.

"To-morrow morning," she pleaded.

Buck was wise. He knew it was to his advantage to surrender to Joan's wishes, that it was no good trying to persuade her to adopt his suggestions while she was in the present mood.

"Certainly," he replied cheerfully. "To-morrow we'll go for a nice long ride."

To-morrow!

..

Little did either guess what the morrow was going to bring.

• • It was 6 a.m.

"Joan! Joan!"

Joan was in bed, but not asleep. She recognised the voice.

"Oh, go away," she cried. "It is quite dark yet and too cold for a bike ride. You'll wake La Poupée if you make such a din."

But Buck hammered at the door.

"Let me in, Joan, quick. It is not the ride, something serious. Don't delay, all instant."

Joan sprang from her bed, and hastily putting on a warm wrap, opened the door and admitted Buck.

"The Germans," he said.

Joan's hands flew to her throat. She had not expected this startling news.

"Where?" she gasped.

"Out-side the village. A man brought the Curé intelligence. Quite a lot of them; they are securing, first, all the avenues of escape, but there is time for you to get to the church and hide in the crypt."

"The crypt? Do you forget it was from there Rosenberg carried me to his quarters? No - it must be in the vaults."

A groan escaped Buck.

"The masonry--you know a portion of the wall fell and covered the entrance? Well--Oh, God! I've been promising to clear it every day." -

"Is it still there?"

Buck nodded. "And," he told her, "there is no time to remove it."

"Then I shall remain where I am. If Rosenberg is not with the German troops."

"Take no risks."

"Well, suggest something."

"Disguise yourself as a man."

Buck had hesitated to make the suggestion; he was not sure how Joan would take it. To his great delight, Joan did not blush and say it was immodest. She was sensible and welcomed the suggestion.

There was no time to be lost. Buck rushed off to bring from his own quarters a peasant's suit of clothes. When he returned, he found Joan busy, burning half her own hair which she had cut off.

"Can you trim?" he handed Buck the scissors.

Buck could, but his hair-shearer, it was in operation he did not quite relish. However, he did his work satisfactorily, and Joan hurried to her room and dressed.

When she returned, Buck hardly recognised her.

"You make a lovely boy," he said.

Joan ignored the compliment.

"What next?" she asked.

"To Father Pullet's rooms."

As they went along Joan said: "You have not asked about La Poupee. I've left her with the woman-servant. They are fond of one another, and Mary will not miss her for a few hours."

Joan thought the Germans would not make a long stay in the village.

The church bells began to toll.

"Morning service," remarked Joan.

"The church is the best place for us," said Buck.

Joan agreed. As they went on, they heard shouts coming from a distant part of the city, also the trotting of horses.

They hurried. The church was already full. More people were coming, men and woman, the women, with white faces, and trembling.

The Huns had come.

The Curé was at the altar. The bells had ceased to toll, and the opening sentences of the mass were being intoned, when there was an interruption.

Up the aisle, towards the altar, tramped some German officers, followed by soldiers.

The leader was Rosenberg.

At the altar rails Rosenberg and his officers halted.

"Silence!" roared Rosenberg.

But the Curé was not afraid of him. He turned and pointed his finger at the Major and cried:

"Thou man of sin! Fear ye not God's vengeance?"

Rosenberg laughed as he pulled out his revolver.

"Here's evidence how much I fear the God you worship and who is supposed to be my God also."

There was a report. The Curé, hot through the heart, pitched headlong down the altar step.

A cry of horror from the congregation not prolonged cut short by fear.

Rosenberg turned Captain Gotschall. "This is terrible."

The Major turned to the Curé but before replying strode up to the altar and flung himself on the cold, lifeless躯体. From the altar he peered to Gotschall. "He spoke loudly for he wanted the people to hear."

"I fear no God. I fear no God except what the imagination breeds. We Germans are of old nations till the time come for us to teach high people one creed. That time has come for the Belgians. In other countries, in Turkey we are Mahomedans; in India, we'll kiss the tail of the cow; till we become one, then the only God will be the German nation; that's what we want now to the Belgians."

An old man looked from a pew in front and pointed to a withered hand of Rebecca, a man's lucky voice declared:

"Descend to a church! A slaughter of women and young girls, murder—God's wrath will be on you even as it did on Sodom!"

Rosenberg for a moment turned pale. Then he lifted his revolver but before he could fire Captain Gotschall stood between him and the altar.

Rosenberg lowered the revolver.

"Fools, how you Gotschall," he said in a quiet voice. "What are you afraid of? A Pope's edict? Well, let it fool you. As for me, this is how I fear the God that madmen worship."

He flung the sacred vessel of the altar, lifted the Cross and tossed it in the air with a mocking laugh. The Cross fell on the dead Curé.

But Rosenberg drew no meaning from it. He commanded silence.

"Belgians men and women," he cried. "The church doors are guarded; you cannot escape but it is not my intention to keep you prisoners; you will be set free presently. First, I want you to give up a woman known to you as Joan—she is a spy. The Curé

there—"pointing with his finger—"was also a spy. He sent a message one night to the enemy's trenches, and the enemy's aeroplanes and an armoured motor-car answered that summons. As you all know, the handful of Germans whom the Curé had destined for slaughter, drove the enemy back to their trenches with heavy loss."

He paused and looked around him. He expected that someone might call him a liar, but none dared. Buck, however, nudged Joan and smiled, and then whispered: "I'm going to wriggle away from you. We had better separate: you'll escape detection, then," and he successfully wriggled to a pew in front.

"Now, Belgians," continued Rosenberg: "that girl Joan helped the priest. She must be given up. Then, another matter: I have heard that only recently a large sum of money was brought to this village from Antwerp; that also must be given up by 10 a.m."

He paused again. The people in the church whispered among themselves, but no one came forward to betray Joan.

"Where is that woman, Joan?" cried Rosenberg impatiently.

There was no reply.

Rosenberg signalled to a soldier, who went out and presently returned with a woman.

It was Ninette.

Both Buck and Joan realised now, what a traitress they had befriended, and Buck was glad he had moved away from Joan.

"Find that woman, Joan," said Rosenberg.

Ninette went about her task gladly, but her brow clouded when she failed to find the object of her search. Buck had put a muffler round his neck, partly concealing his features, and Ninette passed him twice; the third time, she recognised him.

"Here's a man who will tell us about Joan," she cried. "Besides, he is an Englishman."

An Englishman! Capturing an Englishman, to hang or shoot, was, to the majority of the Germans, better sport than securing Joan.

But Rosenberg was not pleased.

Buck, unresisting, was led to him.

"You're an Englishman," was the first question put him.

Buck, with a broad smile on his face, replied—"No."

"A Belgian?"

"No."

"You're not French or a German--"

"Quite right."

"Do you mind telling me what you are?"

"You would have saved time by asking me that question first,"

"I'm Irish."

Rosenberg looked pleased.

"Irishmen hate the English."

"Some of them do. Some of them have given your soldiers a taste—"

"Do you hate the English?"

"I've some very good friends among them."

"Will you take service with us? You know it is our intention to grant Ireland her freedom."

"Glory be! I'd rather take service with the King of the Zulus—they are more civilised." Buck's face became flushed. His voice grew louder as he continued: "If this is culture—to kill God's ministers, to destroy churches, to outrage women—to hell with culture."

A German soldier hit him in the face with his fist. Buck's smile returned. He spoke to the soldier: "I bow to German kultur," he said.

Rosenberg was growing impatient.

"Enough of theatricals!" he ordered, addressing Buck. "You know where that woman Joan is. Your life will be spared if you deliver her to me."

Buck was an Irishman, and Rosenberg thought that both the Irish and Indians, subjects of England were little better than slaves, all manliness knocked out of them and ready to accept any bribe so that their persons be not injured.

"When St. Patrick went to Ireland," said Buck, speaking quietly, "he killed all the serpents. I would to God," he cried, "he had gone to Germany."

Rosenberg was not dense; he caught Buck's meaning—puffed and panted unable to speak for a few seconds—and then—

"Off with that man! Shooting is too good for him. Hang him head downwards from a tree—roast him!"

Some soldiers eagerly stepped forward to do their officer's bidding when—

"I am Joan!" rang through the church.

Joan advanced quickly and, throwing off her cap, stood in front of Rosenberg. She looked beautiful in her defiant attitude, despite the clumsy clothes she wore. Rosenberg smiled mockingly at her; but Joan stared him full in the eyes.

"I am Joan," she repeated.

"I recognise you," Rosenberg told her. "I can't compliment you on your get up. The jacket is too tight-fitting and the trousers—"

"You Germans are mean—cowardly." Rosenberg's criticism had brought a blush to her cheeks, had broken her resolve to remain cool and collected. Rosenberg was delighted: he had discovered at least one instrument of torture.

"You are condemned to death," he said.

"I expect no mercy at the hands of brutes. Now let that man go."

"What orders from you?"

The church echoed with Rosenberg's laugh. The soldiers also laughed, but not so loudly.

"No— not orders from me; but you swore to Mr. Buck that if I were delivered into your hands, his life would be spared. You promised."

"Bah! We keep no promises made to an enemy. Soldiers—march both away to my quarters. Open the doors, let the people out. They know what they've got to do."

As they were being led away, Buck turned to Joan.

"You are a silly fool," he said, and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand.

(To be Continued)

H. WILLMER.

Lucknow.

VERSES.

(Concerning a friendly game of chess that never was played.)

The Man speaks :

My name is Rex
And I rather guess,
I'm pretty good
At playing chess.

You challenged me
And then withdrew
Before I played
A game with you.

The Lady replies :

Your name is Rex
And I rather guess
We meet you oft
While playing chess.

You boast of fame,
You—a king,
A common king,
A paltry thing,
That's checked and mated
In every game.

You're always weak
To the Queen's attack !
When the sport is o'er
They lay you back—

Back in your box
At the end of play :
You're only fun •
For an hour a day.

Remember still
That you're the king,
 Merely a clumsy
 Kind of a passive
'Sort of a thing.

The Queen's the one
Of most accord
For she's the one •
Who sweeps the board
Who is full of life
 Who beats on the firing line,
 In offense and defence
The brunt of the strife

When you stop to think,
Whose is the game,
She wins it all,
Queen of the game •

So, when you're starting
To take a fling
At her, remember
You're only a king,
 Merely a clumsy,
 Kind of a passive,
 Sort of a thing,
A futile, paltry king.

ELBRIDGE COLBY

New York City.

THE MONTH.

The War. THE chief interest of the progress of the war during the past month centred round naval operations. On land the British success at Neuve Chapelle showed what a sufficient supply of ammunition, added to the determined pluck of the soldiers, could achieve.

The casualties among the Indian as well as the British troops that took part in this action were heavy. But the losses of the enemy were much heavier, indeed, the German Press is reported to have characterised the execution as murder rather than war, and the General who led the Germans is said to have been superseded. The victory at Neuve Chapelle has been celebrated in parts of the British Empire, and the great lesson which Mr. Lloyd George has drawn therefrom and impressed upon the operatives is that the future developments of the war on land will depend to a large extent upon the quantities of ammunition manufactured. At an early stage of the war a military expert thought that the French had to retreat because their equipment was not adequate, and especially their supply of ammunition was insufficient. Germany had been preparing for the war for years, while the Allies realised their unpreparedness too late. Perhaps by this time France has come up to the level of the enemy in this respect, and the taking of several trenches at Champagne seems to indicate the improvement. Up till now General Joffre has adhered to the policy of "nibbling," and the author of the despatch of war news to H. E. the Viceroy explained some time ago that the French plan was to wear down the enemy. Recent opinion communicated to India is that the enemy will ere long have to retreat from Belgium or northern France and to reduce the length of the occupied front. In the East, Russia has appeared once

more on German soil and the fall of Przemyśl was one of the most notable events of month.

It is generally expected that some new Powers will shortly join the war, and while the Allies have undertaken to provide financial assistance to friends, the object of the German naval policy is also believed to be to provoke such action on the part of the Allies as must be resented by the neutral Powers. Perhaps this object has been to a certain extent already gained. German submarines have not fulfilled the expectations reported to have been formed in Berlin, and indeed a considerable number of them appear to have come to grief. But they have destroyed a number of merchant ships, chiefly British, a few neutral, and compelled retaliation in the shape of a blockade. It is believed that the law of nations justifies the British, which does not destroy neutral vessels, but prevents them from reaching enemy ports with forbidden merchandise. While the general principle of international law is admitted, some of the details of the plan followed appear to have displeased the United States, the Netherlands, and other Powers, but it is not yet clear how the presentation of notes of protest will affect the situation. Of the few German cruisers abroad, the "Dresden" and "Karlsruhe" are no longer a menace to British shipping, there is still one which sank eight vessels last month and may do more mischief. To say that the threat of a war on shipping by means of submarines and mines could cause only amusement is to overrate the capacity of a nation for amusement. But as yet the threat which has been answered by another, has not produced any direct result upon the war. Mr. Asquith, while announcing his policy of retaliation, made it clear that the talk of peace was premature, and the Allies would not lay down their arms until their object was gained.

The bombardment of the Dardanelles was the outstanding feature of the operations against Turkey during the month. Several forts have been silenced and altogether the work of the warships has been pronounced to be brilliant. But the danger from mines has been greater than that from the guns and the loss of some of the warships of the Allies has compelled the assurance to the nations concerned that it was not too heavy a price for the results achieved. Yet it must have produced a deeper impression in England than similar disasters in the North Sea.

INDIA was prepared for fresh taxation in consequence of the war. The public was taken by an agreeable surprise when the Hon. Sir William Meyer announced that the Government found no necessity for adding to the burdens of the people which trade was in a

depressed condition and the rise in food prices was abnormal. Deficits for the current and coming years are inevitable, and while the railway programme and the outlay on Delhi will be reduced, a full standard of expenditure on irrigation will be maintained. Nevertheless, the Government will be able to meet the deficits and other requirements by borrowing in England or in India. It is well known that our national debt is very small, as compared with that of most civilised countries. The policy followed by H. E. Lord Hardinge's Government is to avoid causing anything like alarm or irritation during war time. Though the non-official members of the Legislative Council have more than once assured the Government of the loyalty of the people and would have supported additional taxation, if necessary, it is undoubtedly prudent, in a country which is only too ready to believe in evil and in alarms, not to make it appear that the imagines of the Government have been upset by the war. One of the earliest results of the outbreak of war was a rush upon the Post Office savings banks. In a couple of months the withdrawals were estimated at six crores, the drain has since slackened, and did not perhaps exceed ten crores by the end of the financial year. The encashment of currency notes was another result of the panic. Though a note is encashable as a matter of right only at a currency centre, the Government, in order to obviate panics, issued instructions that as far as possible all demands for encashment should be promptly met from the district treasure. Among the more complicated results, the first effect of the war was a threatened break in exchange. The Government promptly announced that it would support exchange by all means in its power, and that in pursuance of that object it would sell sterling bills on London to the maximum limit of a million a week. The gold standard reserve in India was strengthened, and the dissipation of gold was prevented by laying down that no gold should be issued to any one person or firm to a less extent than 10,000 pounds sterling. It is believed that some people gained their object of obtaining gold by combination. But the panic soon subsided;

and while Marwaris could charge six annas extra for each sovereign soon after the outbreak of the war they cannot ordinarily get more than an anna or two now.

The effect of the war on trade and on economic conditions generally has necessarily been rather serious. The bank rate, which was 3 per cent before the war, gradually rose to 6 per cent. Nearly 7 per cent of the import trade of India was with Germany and more than 2 per cent with Austria-Hungary. Germany received more than 10 per cent of our exports and Austria-Hungary 4 per cent. All this trade has stopped and so has the trade with Belgium and Turkey. The trade with France has also largely suffered, and the effect is felt not only by the mercantile community and the people but also by the Government whose customs revenue has proportionately declined. The prices of commodities which were being exported have in some cases declined, and the purchasing power of the cultivators being reduced, the demand for some of the imported and locally manufactured articles has diminished. On the other hand the price of wheat having risen, measures had to be adopted to restrict its export. The position of the Presidency Bank has been strengthened by Government by maintaining its deposits at a high level, and thus every facility is created to finance the trade. No one knows how long the war will last. Fortunately the last monsoon was good.

When a country is engaged in war the executive Government finds it necessary by special measures to prevent the publication of information which is likely to be of use to the enemy and of reports likely to cause alarm or disaffection. Disaffected persons may endanger the public peace and safety and special powers may be necessary to deal with them. In England as in every other country the law gives such powers to the executive, and the Governor-General's Council here passed the necessary emergency legislation last month. Pending formal legislation the Governor-General has the power to pass ordinances which have the same force and this power was used after the outbreak of the war for several purposes. It is not easy to foresee what measures may be found indispensable by the executive and hence the powers given are inevitably wide and comprehensive. The

**Public
Safety.**

Government may, for example, empower any civil or military authority, where such authority has grounds for suspecting that any person is acting in a manner prejudicial to the public safety, to direct that such person shall or shall not remain in a specified area, or that he shall conduct himself in such manner as the authority may direct. It is unfortunate that there should have been outbreaks of lawlessness in certain areas at the present time. They are, however, in no way connected with the war, and their coincidence with the war is accidental. In Bengal, the anarchists are once more active, and they have committed several murders and abductions. Hitherto police officers were marked down for vengeance, among the latest victims is a schoolmaster, who is believed to have reported against some of the students of his school. When H. E. the Viceroy visited Calcutta, special precautions were taken to guard his person. It is well known that these anarchists have been active for some years, and notwithstanding optimistic reports, now and then spread about the effect of police action upon the vitality and resources of the secret movement, the recent outbreak seems to show that it is capable of reviving and is certainly not dead or on its last legs. In the Punjab the tribesmen of the frontier or beyond the frontier do not appear to have seen in the war a special opportunity to carry on their raids upon peaceful villagers. In times of peace they have sometimes given more trouble than they do now. But a new source of danger to the public peace appears to exist in some of the emigrants who returned disappointed from Canada. War or no war, they would have given practical proofs of their resentment: in war time their activity must necessarily cause more anxiety than under normal conditions. They are not able to shake the allegiance of the people at large; the Indian army is devoted, and recruiting is carried on successfully on a large scale. But the time is tempting to those who are bent upon mischief. Reports have reached India that the Canadian attitude towards Indian immigrants has changed since the outbreak of the war and the participation of Indian troops in the defence of the Empire. It is probable that all Colonies will relax their prejudice against the reception of Indians. But those who have returned disappointed have a personal grievance, the memory of which may not readily fade. In the south, Moplah fanatics have broken the public peace in a part of Malabar. Such

outbreak of fanaticism is chronic in certain portions of that district and there may be other reasons for the present recrudescence besides the absence of soldiers. The war may predispose people to exaggerate or mistake these sporadic instances of lawlessness which occur in normal years. While that tendency cannot be ignored, especially in a period of economic disturbance, the country as a whole enjoys profound peace and is as conscious of the blessing as of the Government's solicitude to protect it in the fullest measure. The proposal to take over all stocks of wheat from exporters and to keep it within the country is intended primarily to relieve the hardship to the poorer people. But indirectly it is a measure which ensures the public safety, for a scarcity of food may lead to discontent and crime. Indeed, the vigilance of Lord Hardinge's Government and its endeavours to check every hardship to the people may be caused by the war are beyond all praise.

Educational Progress. As Sir Harcourt Butler, the first Education Member of the Government of India, is to retire from that office after the expiry of the usual term and will be promoted to the Lieutenant Governorship of Burma, every province will cast a glance back and note with satisfaction the progress that has been achieved during the five years and the policy that has been chalked out for future guidance. Primary education has received, perhaps, the strongest impetus during his time, but all branches of education have received ample assistance, and the universities have sometimes been bewildered by the generosity shown to them, not feeling quite certain how the funds placed at their disposal should be spent. At the last convocation of the Calcutta University, H. E. the Viceroy announced a fresh grant of ten lakhs for the building of hostels. This generous and given to higher education, at a time when the railway programme and the Delhi programme have to be curtailed, affords the best proof of the prominent place which education finds in His Excellency's heart. The Hindu University Bill introduced in his Council last month will ever figure as a distinct landmark in the history of education in India. Much careful thought has been bestowed upon this novel project of recognising a private university, which the Government has undertaken to assist with money as well as advice.

Indeed,* the prolonged deliberation, coupled with repeated discussions, was construed by impatient critics as a token of Government's unwillingness to accept the scheme at all. No further room for doubt can exist after the introduction of the Bill. A few members of the Legislative Council expressed their regret that such a movement for education on denominational lines should have sprung up and received so much support when Indian publicists strive so hard to weld all communities into a united nation. But the Mahomedans have also committed themselves to a similar scheme; indeed, they ventilated their idea before the Hindus and will undoubtedly take it up again. As Hindu and Muslim schools and colleges have existed for a long time, a residential denominational university is not a radical innovation from the national standpoint. In the history of education, however, the birth of a private university marks an era. The oldest State universities saw the light in the throes of internal commotion; the first private university synchronises with a great war.

THE Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace appointed a Commission to inquire into the causes and conduct of the Balkan wars, and the report of the Commission was published last year. When the atrocities committed in those wars pained the conscience of the greater and more advanced nations, one might perhaps have imagined that south-eastern Europe was inhabited by barbarians of a class not found elsewhere in Europe. It is now acknowledged that a nation like Germany is also capable of shocking the enlightened conscience of the civilised world. The lesson of the two Balkan wars is said to be that "united, the peoples of the Balkan peninsula, oppressed for so long, worked miracles that a mighty but divided Europe could not conceive. Disunited, they were forced to come to a standstill and to exhaust themselves further in their effort to begin again—an effort indefinitely prolonged." One difference between the Balkan wars and the present war between the greater Powers is that in the former the worst atrocities were not committed by the regular soldiers; the little nations killed one another and hence the bloodshed. The German excesses are attributed to the soldiers. The pacifists do not condemn war in all circumstances. Their maxim is, war rather than slavery; arbitration rather than

war; conciliation rather than arbitration. The Commissioners seem to hold that the first war was justifiable, but not the second. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have repeatedly told the world that the Allies have drawn the sword in the cause of liberty of the smaller States.

It appears that the Indian universities have been invited to condemn the barbarous conduct of the Germans towards hostile seats of learning. In Bengal, young educated Indians have formed an ambulance corps for service abroad during the war. The sacrifices made by young men at the universities in England have been gratefully acknowledged by the Prime Minister. The Oxford University has further published a series of pamphlets on the war. They are written by eminent authorities in a tone of academic dignity. They are full of information, and for Indians they appear to be the cheapest and best booklets on the war yet published. They may be had from the Oxford University Press, which has branches in India.

Milestones in Gujarati Literature. By Krishnadas Mohanlal Jhaveri, M.A., LL.B., Judge, Small Causes Court, Bombay. Price, Rs. 2.

THE indigenous literature of India has until recently been a closed book to western nations, and the literature of Gujrat has been no exception to the rule. Mr. Jhaveri has therefore rendered useful service by the publication of his little volume and we hope that with its wealth of detail, simplicity of language and apt quotations, the book will make our literary foreigners are concerned, the study of Gujarati literature more inviting. The Gujarati speaking people also owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Jhaveri for supplying them with a connected and concise history of their literature.

Mr. Jhaveri has divided his work in two parts. With the inauguration of English education, Gujrat has passed through an intellectual crisis and its literature from the latter part of the 19th century onwards has taken a colour which is fundamentally different from the spirit of preceding centuries. Of these two phases, Mr. Jhaveri deals with the earlier one in the present volume, reserving the modern period for fuller treatment in the next.

Beginning with the 15th century, the author traces the history of Gujarati literature from Narsinh Mehta, the first poet of Gujrat, down to Dayaram, the last great man of this early period, winding up the volume with a chapter on the "Indigenous Literature of Kathiawad" —

perhaps the most valuable chapter in the whole book, which, by the way, appeared in these pages in July, 1913. Early Gujrati literature, most early literature does not boast of any prose works, wholly written in verse, so much so, that even such abstruse subjects as the Vedānta philosophy have been conveyed in rhyme. In the early period of which Mr. Jhaveri treats in this volume, Gujrati poetry, though somewhat rough and lost its characteristic simplicity and religious fervour, and one may make bold to say that it is inferior to any other contemporary literature in any other language. In the hands of Dāyaram, full of the religious fervour and of that music of which he was a master, the songs of Mr. Jhaveri are full of the same melody and feminine purity, though they are not so good as those of Narmad. The literature which in their beauty and beauty will be found hard to rival elsewhere. Not only in religion but in the region of fancy also early Gujrati poetry holds no mean rank. Premānand and Shāmad have been authors of tales which even now, after the lapse of three centuries, hold their ground in rapid attention and are recited in every town and village homestead throughout Gujrāt. The Bhāgavat, the Rāmāyana, the Mahābhārata, the Purāṇs, all were translated by Premānand to satisfy the literary craving of the people, and he and his school have left a rich legacy of literary treasures to Gujrāt. Shāmad, Premānand's great contemporary and rival on the other hand, followed the beaten track and busied himself with works of pure imagination. He was a master of the art of story telling and his language is simple and forcible and is pleasing to all. Mr. Jhaveri's treatment of the great writer, which is at once sympathetic and discriminating, and also sufficiently full to give a clear conception of the persons dealt with and their poetry. With a short biography of each poet, the author adds an account of some of his principal works, giving most interesting quotations illustrating the charm and peculiar characteristics of each, and rounding up the whole with a brief note by way of criticism. Scarcely all the early poets of Gujrāt, Hindu, Jain and Parsi, have been touched upon, and as such the book is most exhaustive. One word may be said here by way of mild criticism. While recognizing the value of the work, we are afraid the author's chronological method of treatment in subject deprives it at times of some of its interest. We hope he will readjust the perspective of his view according to the historical spirit in his next volume and so outline the interest which this volume even in its present form undoubtedly possesses. Mr. Jhaveri is to be heartily congratulated upon the production of this work, and we trust it will meet with such a cordial reception from the public that the author will be encouraged to bring out his second volume dealing with the modern period of Gujrati literature, at no distant date.

CORRESPONDENCE

"CHRIST OR ANTI-CHRIST"

To the Editor, EAST & WEST

SIR,—The article under the above title in the January number calls for comment on one or two heads. As it appears to be a *résumé* of an address by the Rev. Mr. Hardy, no discourtesy is intended to the lady, under whose name it is published, by what follows. It opens up questions which can only be dealt with adequately in a lengthy paper.

The reverend gentleman commits himself to this general statement: That owing to critical thought and its extension in Germany, faith in Christianity has been undermined and the ground cleared for acceptance of the particular doctrines of one writer, namely, Nietzsche. That such acceptance is the natural corollary of critical study of Christian tradition and English civilisation is in danger from the same cause. That force is justifiable to preserve our civilisation from a similar "pagan" contamination.

Now, if the statement respecting the general spread of Nietzschean tenets in Germany were correct, it would lead to the leaders of Germany from the Kaiser and the Chancellor down through the general staff, official hierarchy, professors, teachers, and ministers. Had proclaimed themselves disciples of "Anti Christ," Immoralists, etc., this would be a proposition, and a situation worthy of serious attention not only from believers of all persuasions, but also of non-believers. As a foreigner I make no pretence to acquaintance with the extent to which the doctrines of Nietzsche may have won credence among German people, seeing that he has written some very uncomplimentary things of them in the wars, and was personally proud of his connection with aristocratic Polish forebears. But what are the facts as regards the responsible authors of this war and its conduct, "the nameless horrors, which have attended the progress of an army inspired by the Nietzschean spirit?"

The German Emperor is supreme War Lord, and so far as he gave a decision that led to war, is himself a vociferous Christian believer

and even acclaims his people as under the special favour of Almighty. He has God's support in his undertaking. He justifies the actions of his army in Belgium in this divine adventure by the need of making "terrifying" examples of any civilians who impiously thwart in any way its purposes. The war, again, is pursued by the united Austro-German Power, of which about 50 per cent. of the population are Roman Catholic. The Evangelical or Protestant Churches of Germany have charged England with joining in war against a Protestant country, in alliance with a semi-Asiatic barbarism like Russia, for purely selfish ends. This Russia, by the way, claims to be Christian as well. Evidently then there are not a few Christians or Believers left in the German world. Prayers were offered and services held, alike at home and in the army in the field, on the Emperor's recent birthday for success to German arms; and I did see a statement that a Protestant service was held in Belgium in a Roman Catholic church to the honour of this last phase of Christian feeling.

Similar outrages to those reported in France and Belgium are charged by Serbia against Austrian arms in Serbia, and by Russia, against Germans in Poland. Similar outrages and violations of chivalry and humanity were charged against each other by the Balkan States in their internecine quarrel, all nominally Christian, not to mention those of the "unspeakable Turk" who is a devout believer of sorts and certainly has not come under Nietzschean influence.

I leave it to the reverend gentleman to square these facts with his diatribe about Christian civilisation being menaced by a nation inspired with anti-Christian feeling. I must also pass the issue thus raised over the conduct of armies in the field. Christian or otherwise

the problem of holding the human beast in leash on the one hand, while you unloose it on the other. What does concern me is the second aspect of his deliverance - the attempt to create prejudice against free thought on these grounds both in our Universities and the Churches.

I am unable to gather in his use of the term "Catholic faith" whether he speaks as a Roman or an Anglican Catholic. If the last, then the very charge he brings against Liberal Churchmen of abusing their position as priests and Christian teachers is made against "Romanising" clerics by extreme Protestants. If he speaks as a Roman Catholic he has no official status to talk of "national" beliefs. The Roman Catholic Church in England is a private sect, like Quakerism and Methodism. Then, as to free thought leading to some particular conclusion, Nietzschean or other, he fails to understand the meaning of free thought. I have half a lifetime's acquaintance with movements of critical opinion in England, and remember discussing Nietzsche's doctrines twenty years back when they were unknown here and little

I venture to assert they are not calculated to make any impression on the English mind for reasons I cannot now detail. The eye won attention in Germany, it is partly because some of the official utterances chafed with the predominant aggressive nationalism of that State—a militarism created long before his advent. The very spirit of free thought is the critical examination of all works, religious, philosophy and social in order to discover if they be sound and true, how far false, how far helpful to the civilisation or the reverse.

This principle is, happily, the foundation of *Enlightenment* is distinct from Christian civilisation today and has a profound relation to a world empire that shelter under its great banner every faith under the sun. In this time, here nothing valid has anything to fear leave in a faith claimer or support. The appeal to force merely reveals the latent evil of its own nature. Red it is fortuitously a vain appeal. Only the part that has entered as a peculiar interest for myself, a man of letters, has been studied the *Soul of England* I have learnt a lesson of a great lesson with the place of free thought in our civilisation and its spreading knowledge and light of our era.

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED VERNY.

London

